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DOMESTIC PORTRAITURE;

OR,

THE SUCCESSFUL APPLICATION OF

RELIGIOUS PRINCIPLE

IN THE

EDUCATION OF A FAMILY,

EXEMPLIFIED IN THE MEMOIRS OF

THREE OF THE DECEASED CHILDREN

OF THE

REV. LEGH RICHMOND.

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Gift
C. W. Richmond
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TO MRS. RICHMOND.

ALLOW me to present to you the following little work, in which I have endeavoured to draw out your late husband's plan of education, and to illustrate its success in the conversion of three of his children. The materials placed in my hands appeared to me too valuable to be buried in oblivion; and I am persuaded I shall receive the thanks of every Christian parent for having brought before them such an exemplar to direct and encourage them in their own labours. My excellent friend has long since been known as a minister of the gospel and the advocate of our religious societies, and "his praise is in all the churches." But in the following pages it will be seen that his private character, as the father of a family, shone with no less bright a lustre, and is worthy to be held in still higher estimation.

My heart's desire and prayer to God for you and for every member of your family is, that you may continue to follow Christ after the example

of your instructor and guide, and under the influence of the same spirit, may bear an honourable testimony to the nature and worth of vital religion. I am, be assured, with the highest esteem and affection,

Your faithful servant,

THE AUTHOR.

TO THE READER.

IF any apology be deemed needful in presenting to the public another volume connected with Mr. Richmond's name and memory, we might refer to the lively interest with which the productions of his pen have ever been received, and the frequent demand made for more of his correspondence. It must be remembered that the letters now published were not intended to be read by any one beyond the circle of his own family, and they are not introduced on the present occasion as specimens of extraordinary talent and composition, but with a view to exhibit the unwearied efforts of a Christian father in the education of his children, and to encourage those who are engaged in the same pursuit to hope to the end, while they diligently persevere in the use of means, since they may here contemplate another proof that God is faithful to his promise—"Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

It has not been the design of the Editor to censure others, who may adopt a mode of education somewhat different, or to claim for his friend or himself an exclusive right to dictate to the Church of God. Mr. R. had, in some respects, his peculiarities, and men must judge for themselves as to their imitation of them; but there can be no mistake in earnestly recommending to their regard his zeal and love—his devout and heavenly spirit—his consistent and firm preference of eternal to temporal advantages, and the evident blessing of God, which crowned with success his method of instructing his family. May the same divine blessing accompany the present humble attempt to promote the glory of God and the spiritual good of men,

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FAMILY PORTRAITURE.

CHAPTER I.

Quoniam refert a quibus et quo quisque modo sit institutus.

*Quintillian.**

THE importance of education has ever been acknowledged by all civilized communities. To the diffusion of knowledge, and its influence on the economy of life, may be traced the superiority of one age and country over another; and it is the neglect or the cultivation of their minds, which forms the only true distinction between man and his fellow.

The education of their youth was esteemed by some nations as so intimately connected with the public weal, that they placed the children of the subject under the superintendence of teachers chosen by the state; a practice which, no doubt, inspired a political patriotism, but at the expense of many better feelings, and with the enfeebling, if not dissolving, those parental ties, on which the conduct and happiness of life must greatly depend.

There have been many writers on this subject, and widely differing from each other in their respect-

* "It is of great moment by whom and in what manner every one is educated."

ive theories. The opinions of some are so extravagant and opposed to all sound practical wisdom, as scarcely to deserve an allusion. Who could have supposed that a grave and intelligent author would recommend a parent to leave his child without instruction until nearly the age of manhood, under the pretence of not embarrassing freedom of thought? If such a strange conceit could be acted upon, it would soon reduce an enlightened people to the condition of barbarians. But the experiment is impracticable, for "the process in the formation of character, though rude and ruinous by neglect, will go on." From the cradle to the grave, a succession of hourly events and influences of a thousand kinds will gradually and ultimately establish habits, and give a capacity for happiness or misery on an entrance into the eternal world according to their result. A bias of some kind or other will be received, and the only alternative for our choice is, whether that predisposition which arises from the inculcation of good principles, and a reliance on authority for a time, is not preferable to the impulse of corrupt inclination and the influence of more corrupt communication.

There have been other writers who seem disposed to consider man as the mere creature of circumstances, and education as forming "the only ground of difference between the judge on the bench and the prisoner at the bar." These attach too great an importance to human effort and the force of habit, when they compare a rational agent to the plant of the field, and expect that he will of necessity take his form and shape from the hand of the cultivator. If they do not deny in plain terms the need of divine interposition, they make no appeal to it, and seem to regard it as superfluous to the purposes and ends of education. But whatever value we set on moral culture, its failure, in many

instances,—a failure so great that corrupt nature seems as it were exasperated to evil by the very means employed for its correction,—affords a mournful proof, that “*it is a poor centre of a man's actions, himself.*” Another equally affecting fact leads us to look higher than mere human agency; for have not many useful and virtuous characters sometimes appeared like lights in the midst of darkness, emerging from influences the least calculated to warrant such an exception. It never must be concealed or forgotten by a teacher, that “God worketh both to will and to do of his good pleasure.” He gives to the mind its first impulse, and directs every step in its progress wherever the culture of man is successful. Independence is no attribute of a creature; and to challenge success as the necessary result of our own efforts is a presumption no less opposed to reason than denounced by revelation. “Not by might nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord.”

There is a third error which has its advocates. While some attribute too much to human culture, others expect too little from it. There is a pride which inspires an undue confidence in the use of means, and there is an indolent reliance on divine aid which vainly looks for an end without them, and disposes men to neglect or wholly disregard them. This perversion of a truth generates a reckless feeling, and has done great mischief in religious families. It is perhaps a chief cause of the melancholy spectacle not unfrequently exhibited in the ruin of many children whose parents have professed to respect and value christian principles. They ‘seem to overlook both the precept and the promise of the word of God.’—“Train up a child in the way in which he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.”

But dismissing whatever is chimerical or mis-

taken in these theories, (for it is not to my purpose to carry the discussion to a greater length,) I would observe, that *to train and prepare the soul for its eternal destiny is the proper business and end of education.* It must be admitted that there are subordinate ends which may be desired, and means of the same character which may be employed for their attainment: that a competent provision; acquirements which will render us respectable in life; all that is connected with the security and promotion of present happiness, are lawful objects of pursuit, and it is folly to neglect or despise them. In many cases it would be a dereliction of duty; for we must not consider ourselves as insulated beings, and “go out of the world,” but continue in it as “the salt of the earth,” to dispense a purifying influence. I am not the advocate of superstition or eccentricity; but I contend that the *chief* end of education is to train for eternity. There may be an awful consistency in the sentiments of those whose hopes and prospects are bounded by time, when they say, We and our children will eat and drink, for to-morrow we die. But, independently of revelation, and assuming only the belief of a future state,—a state to be determined by our conduct in the present world, it follows as a necessary consequence, that whatever we teach or do, ought to have a bearing on another condition of being, and be made subservient to its interests. Here I stand on the vantage ground, and fear not to make my appeal to every thinking man; not only whether the welfare of a future life can be reasonably set aside, and children taught to despise and disregard it, but whether it be consistent with the expectation of another world to give it less than the chief and foremost place in our thoughts and actions. It cannot be regarded as subordinate or secondary without exciting a just suspicion that we do not

admit its existence. Such an appeal may be made with still greater force to an avowed disciple of the Christian faith. The whole bearing of revelation goes to this point, "Seek first the kingdom of God." Let it be observed that the question is not here one of mere opinion. Few would venture to deny the principle, for this would be to deny the authority of the principle; but we must look to opinion as realized in practice, and insist on the propriety and necessity of interweaving religious principle as a golden thread in the whole texture of education; deriving from it the motives, the means, and the end; and so steadily keeping in view the final result, as to make a cheerful sacrifice of every thing which would be likely to impair or interfere with it.

I may be censured for rashly libelling the community in which we live, yet it must be apparent to an unprejudiced mind, that for the most part we *are a nation of christians by profession, and of heathens in opinion and practice.* Christianity may have improved the moral sense, or at least driven into the shade the grosser abominations of ancient times, but it is a palpable fact, that the Bible is not our standard; nor a provision for the world to come, our object, and end. Are not our motives derived from reputation, interest, or gratification; and were not these the fulcrum employed by the gentile world to move the youthful mind to exertion? What are the virtues which are prized and commended? We hear of a becoming pride—a conscious dignity—a noble ambition—a deserved scorn and contempt—a just revenge—dispositions and impulses of corrupt nature which are totally condemned by the word of God. In what light are many acknowledged vices regarded by us? The Christian and the heathen moralist equally reprobate murder, impurity, and fraud; and legislators of

every age have enacted laws to deter from their commission ; but do we not in a multitude of instances endeavour to hide the enormity of these crimes, when we cannot alter their character, and talk of a proper defence of honour, an affair of gallantry, and a fortunate stroke of policy ?

“All these things the Gentiles did,” and we, though professing to know God, by our imitation of their actions, dishonour him. Even when a stricter rule of morals is approved, the leading feature of heathen ages is still retained, and a boy is taught by the example of his teacher, and by the conduct of all around him, to regard religion as an affair of secondary importance,—at best to be viewed with awe at a distance—not to be brought into contact with all his aims and ends ; as a something he must submit to of necessity, rather than choose as a source of his purest enjoyment. The peculiarities of the gospel, in principle, disposition, and conduct, are so far from being applauded or enforced, that the very reference to them on any occasion, would expose him to suspicion, scorn, and reproach.

This is no idle declamation, but a simple statement of facts ; and it is worth while to enquire the cause of so lamentable a departure from the character of true Christianity.

We will therefore examine the course of education pursued in this country, as it is conducted in public schools or by private tuition, and which if carried on, is usually completed at one of the universities.

A public school presents some advantages. These consist chiefly, perhaps, in the superior ability and attainments of the masters, who are generally selected from the ablest scholars of the age. The pleas often urged, of the value of connections, and the knowledge of the world, (which to boys can neither be necessary nor useful,) seems to carry

little weight ; and if allowed to possess any, is more than counterbalanced by the evils arising out of numbers, bad companions, and the neglect of the holy scriptures ; which lay a foundation for habits and conduct in life beyond measure injurious. Many private schools abound with the same evils, and offer fewer advantages than the larger establishments. In both cases, it has been justly observed, *instruction* may be secured in the school-room, but *education* is carried on in the play-ground, or in the dormitory. There is seldom at such seasons any superintendence. Neither the eye nor the ear of the master is with his pupils, and they are, for the most part, left without control or restraint, to follow the devices of their own minds. A few elder boys prescribe the standard of opinion and conduct, and whatever may be erroneous or corrupt in the leaders, finds a ready acquiescence from those below them. Painful are the details of a Tyro, who either boasts or laments the fruits of these evil communications.

The neglect of religion in public schools has often been asserted, and the charge repelled with indignation. Certain it is, however, that the greater number of pupils leave these establishments and enter into life, with an ignorance and indifference towards religion, or with an avowed contempt for it. They have no idea of viewing it as the end of their being,—the rule of their conduct, and to be carried by them as a governing principle into every event and transaction of life. It has evidently not been a prominent feature in their past studies. A form of prayer, a chapter in the Greek testament on the Sunday, or an exercise for the memory from some elementary author, (and such I believe to be the amount of religious instruction,) are poor substitutes for a constant reference to the commands and promises, the motives and models of the Bible,

—for a diligent cultivation of right habits and opinions. Can it be said with any truth that the word of God is read daily, or pains taken in its application to the heart and conscience? Although a decent respect may be inculcated for revelation, is a boy instructed by his teacher to regard the world as a bauble, and the service of God as his glory? Are sinful tempers watched over and reproved? Are heavenly dispositions cultivated and encouraged, with a close and intimate inspection of morals and the employment of leisure hours? *They* can best answer these questions who have been the victims of vices contracted in our public schools; or who, when awakened to real principle and piety in after years, have endured throughout life a kind of martyrdom in conflicting with the sinful habits of their youthful career.

The chief studies in our public seminaries are the classics. Science, till of late years, formed no part of them, nor has it even now more than a small share of the seven or eight years devoted to acquire an imperfect acquaintance with the authors of Greece and Rome.

The objections made to the use of heathen authors in Christian education are not always valid. Classical knowledge forms a good foundation for theological attainment, while it is considered as the handmaid of religion, and is made subservient to its purposes. An illiterate ministry is never a safe one, nor can a sound and accurate interpretation of the word of truth be expected without a knowledge of the original languages, and without that disposition to sober and patient investigation, which the habits and discipline of the mind under proper culture, seldom fail to inspire.

These objections apply rather to the manner of teaching the classics,—to their being viewed as an end, not a means, and to the measure of time and

attention bestowed on them, to the exclusion of more important subjects which would counteract the evils incident to them.

While discussing the merits of school education, I cannot refrain from adverting to a modern system, which discards the aid of religion in the hours of instruction. I view this novel experiment with extreme alarm. The reduction of expense, and a plausible pretence to liberality of sentiment, has prevailed on men of real piety to give their sanction to it, and they have been seduced, in their simplicity, to approve a plan more worthy, of the enemies of religion than of its friends. The classical tutor must take the Bible in his hand with every book of instruction, or the mind of his pupil will necessarily be exposed to the daily influence of many things which are false in principle and vicious in practice. He will insensibly be led to prefer knowledge to its right use and application, and to estimate talent above piety. He will despise as unworthy of the manly age, the principles confined to the nursery and the family, and which are never brought before him by those whom he is taught to regard with superior veneration and respect. We may boast of the march of intellect, and treat with supercilious contempt the example and usages of former ages, but the *diffusion of unsanctified knowledge* will prove a great evil to the community. The feeblest recognition of a Deity, and the admission only of the forms of religion—nay, even superstition itself is preferable to the entire exclusion of all reference to a divine power.

“No institution,” said my excellent friend, “can or ought to stand, in which Christ is not the foundation; and I wholly disapprove of all schemes which deliberately shut God out of their direction.”

To schools, and particularly to the manner in which they are conducted, Mr. Richmond felt the

strongest repugnance. The sentiments which I have laid before the reader are in fact the substance of conversations with him on these subjects. He never spoke without emotion when he recollected the vices which his eldest son had contracted by a public education, and the sad influence of bad connections formed under those circumstances, and which, counteracting the good effects of early instruction at home, caused the ruin, as he used to say, "of his poor wanderer." He resolved in consequence to adopt the plan of *home education*, with the assistance of a private tutor.

Private teaching has certainly some disadvantages, but they are few in comparison of the benefits secured. I grant that there is a danger of irregularity in the hours of study, arising from visitors and invitations—the severity of needful discipline may be softened into a mischievous relaxation by affection ill-directed and unduly interfering with the teacher—and the stimulus of competition, the desire of distinction and the love of praise, (very questionable motives, however,) are lost. But these and every other defect of a private education may be remedied, while advantages of the utmost importance in the formation of character are secured. Regular habits may be established—interruptions of every kind prevented by a firm resistance of them—motives in unison with the Scriptures will be found more than adequate to every occasion—the devotional exercises of the closet may be watched—hourly opportunities will be afforded for breaking off the shoots of evil as they spring up, an example of principle embodied in action may be presented to youthful observation, and affections of the best kind be cultivated between the members of the family—much useful general knowledge may be imparted, and a fair share of the learning of public schools be acquired. Numbers can only be

restrained by force or fear, or excited by pride and interest. Choice, affection, principle can seldom be employed. The discipline of a great school must be that of a man of war, and it is conducted in either case under much the same necessity. Two or three boys may be watched every hour—evil checked as it arises—every occurrence improved—religion infused into every pursuit and instruction, without any necessity for recurring to stimuli which befit only the lowest condition of mortal existence, and are never found, in their application, to produce any other effect than to depress or exasperate generous natures.

There is an error which universally obtains in every plan of education, public or private, and which is perhaps a principle cause of the distaste of our young persons for grave and solid studies. *They are never taught to think.* Materials in abundance are set before them, but they know nothing of the use and end designed by working them; they are ignorant of the *rationale* of grammar, or the application of science. The memory is burdened as a drudge, whilst the understanding remains torpid and unexercised; and thus the interest which real knowledge inspires is lost in the mere acquisition of words. A boy can give a rule but not a reason. Pestalozzi has attempted, with some success, to improve former methods of imparting knowledge, but even his system falls short of *rational instruction*, where the understanding and the heart should keep pace with the progress of the memory. The practice of enforcing by authority, instead of leading the mind to investigate, explain, and digest in the exercise of its own energies, disposes a youth to affirm rather than prove, and resting contented with a crude and superficial acquaintance with all subjects, to shrink from the labour of acquiring solid and accurate information.

It would be a very salutary practice to withhold from young persons the use and enjoyment of every thing, however simple, whether an effect of art or nature, till they had prepared themselves to explain its history, origin, place, and means of production. Thus no moment would run to waste, and table talk, which now consists of little more than barren details, would become a vehicle of much interesting and useful communication.

If science ought not to precede language, they should walk together as friends from the commencement, and be associated throughout the progress of education.

But leaving the reader to form his own opinion on the comparative merits of public and private education, I shall lay before him, in the next chapter, the method resorted to by Mr. Richmond in his family arrangements.

CHAPTER II.

And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

Shakspeare.

One great reason why so few people in the world are truly religious, and why among the truly religious so many are not happy in their religion, is this, that early religious habits are too commonly associated, not with cheerfulness, but with constraint and gloom.—*Jebb.*

MR. Richmond's first object was to make home the happiest place to his children; to render them independent of foreign alliances in their pursuits and friendships; and so to interest them in domestic enjoyments, as to preclude the feeling, too common in young people, of restlessness and longing to leave their own fire-sides, and wander abroad in search of pleasure and employment. In this attempt to satisfy his family and engage their compliance with his wishes, he so completely succeeded, that every member of it left home with regret, even on an occasional visit, and returned to Turvey with fond anticipation,—as to the place of their treasures.

To his daughter F— he writes—

..... "We are going on quietly at home. Little K—, by a sudden determination, is gone into Norfolk. My love and respect for your dear, most dear mother, has prevailed to gain my consent; otherwise I much prefer a mother's and elder sister's roof, for female education, to any school. But I leave this affair in God's hands, and hope he will overrule it for the best. I have long thought

that though a good school is better than a bad home, a good home is the best of schools. Children are for the most part educated in temper and habits of all kinds, not by governesses, but by companions, and here all is contingency. But so much of my own happiness consists in making your dear mamma happy, that I waive my objection to a temporary alienation from the parental roof, and pray God it may not injure K—'s spiritual welfare. Some may think I am too fond of seeing my children around me; if it be a weakness, I must plead guilty to it: from their infancy I have looked forward, as far as providential circumstances would permit, to find comfort, support, and companionship in my children. My middle, and if spared, my old age, may much require it; and if my life be short, can any wonder that I should like to see and know much of them while I remain in this world. It has ever been my heart's desire and prayer to give them a useful, happy, exemplary home; were I to fail here, life would indeed become a blank to me. I would strive "to roll the troublous trial on God," but I should deeply mourn in secret. Sons must in due season go forth into a wanton and wicked world to seek their bread; but daughters, while unmarried, are better calculated to become comforters and companions to their parents, as they go down to the vale of years.

Your affectionate father,

L. R."

A happy home greatly depends on the recreations and amusements which are provided for young people. It is no small difficulty to give a useful direction to their play-hours: little more has been contemplated in the gambols of youth than the health and activity of their bodies, and the refreshment of their spirits; it is well when these objects

can be attained without the indulgence of sinful tempers; but youthful sports have often proved the nursery of pride, ambition, and contention. In public schools these evils have been encouraged, or at least deemed unavoidable. The seed of revenge in manhood has been planted in *boyish* violence, and the unheeded acts of oppression by the elder boys towards their juniors, have trained them to tyranny in riper years. Private education affords greater facilities for checking these evils, but the want of the stimulus supplied by numbers is apt to render the pastime uninteresting and home distasteful.

Mr. R. was alive to these inconveniences, and endeavoured by a succession and variety of recreations to employ the leisure hours to advantage. He had recourse to what was beautiful in nature or ingenious in art or science; and when abroad he collected materials to gratify curiosity. He fitted up his museum, his auctarium, and his library, with specimens of mineralogy, instruments for experimental philosophy, and interesting curiosities from every part of the world: he had his magic lantern to exhibit phantasmagoria, and teach natural history; to display picturesque beauty, and scenes and objects far-famed in different countries: his various microscopes for examining the minutiae of plants and animals; his telescope for tracing planetary revolutions and appearances; his air-pump and other machines for illustrating and explaining the principles of pneumatics and electricity; authors of every country who treated on the improvements connected with modern science; whatever, in short, could store the mind with ideas, or interest and improve the heart. When he travelled he kept up a correspondence with his family, and narrated to them the persons, places, and adventures of his progress. On his return he enlivened many a

leisure hour by larger details of all that he had observed to amuse and improve.

It was a sight truly gratifying to witness the affectionate parent in the professor's chair, with a mind richly stored and a countenance beaming with kindness, fixing the attention of his youthful auditors on subjects abstruse in their character, but rendered interesting and intelligible to the happy group which surrounded him.

Music was another source of domestic amusement in which Mr. R. excelled, being both a good composer and no mean performer. Many of his children played on some instrument, and occasionally joined their father in a 'concert of sweet sounds.' He wished to exclude what was frivolous or trifling in this noble art, and delighted in the grave full-toned harmony, as best calculated to inspire corresponding emotions.

He encouraged the use of the pencil, and was very anxious that his daughters should cultivate their taste for drawing.

"As I have journeyed along," he writes to one of his children, "I have often wished I had the pencil of a ready draughtsman, that I might bring home a bundle of sketches of landscapes, to revive recollections and render natural scenery permanent to the imagination. When I find that this cannot be, I next wish that one or more of my dear children might acquire a talent of this kind, and be a sort of right hand to fulfil my wishes in that way. Perhaps some day you will be that right hand to me. Loving landscape scenery as I do, my grand object is to see God in it; to trace him in every part of his works; to acknowledge his goodness in them, and to collect arguments from them to endear the character of Christ, 'by whom,' the scripture says, 'all things were made, and without whom was not anything made that was made.' To this end I

wish drawing to be cultivated. I mourn over pride and vanity, and if accomplishments are only acquired to gratify these unholy affections, I should wish them banished. Nay, mere innocent pleasure is not a sufficient motive; the glory of God must be the end and aim of every attainment, or else it is a waste of time, and an abuse of talent. Pencils, paint, India ink, and India rubber, may be devoted to the honour of Him who bestows the power of combining their respective properties, so as to produce the similitudes of his works. I am no less anxious about the cultivation of musical talents; there is, however, more danger of music being abused than drawing: the inundation of frivolity, and the sometimes unsuspected associations of a carnal and worldly nature, which mingle with musical compositions of a modern and fashionable cast, often distress and hurt me. The fascinations of the ball-room, the corruptions of the theatre and opera-house, too often creep into the quiet piano-forte corner of young people. Even instrumental music, with its appendages of waltzes, dances, and love-sick airs, has often a tendency to familiarize the young mind with subjects injurious to its welfare. The sober dignity of genuine instrumental music, is nearly lost in the substitution of modern trick and blandishment: but if instrumental music be thus abused, how much more so vocal: here the art and science of music opens its richest stores of opportunity for glorifying God and edifying man; here all the charms, and all the contrivances of this sublime faculty, present innumerable means of spiritualizing the heart, gratifying the ear, exalting the understanding, and improving the affections; but here, alas! the world, the flesh, and the devil have grasped the powers of the musical art in too many instances, and sacrificed them all to Dagon and Baal, to vice and folly, to levity and wanton-

ness, to fascination and delusion. Love songs, drinking songs, vice-provoking songs, and many other sorts of songs, resound from house to house in public and private, and prove to demonstration the idols which men and even women serve, and consequently "whose they are." What a profanation of a holy art! what a degradation of a noble science! I am persuaded that music is designed to prepare for heaven, to educate for the choral enjoyment of Paradise, to form the mind to virtue and devotion, and to charm away evil, and sanctify the heart to God. A Christian musician is one who has a harp in his affections, which he daily tunes to the notes of the angelic host, and with which he makes melody in his heart to the Lord. Does he strike the chord with his hands? it is to "bid lute and harp to awake to the glory of God." The hand, the tongue, and the ear form a kind of triple chord not to be broken. Bring music, my beloved F——, to this test, and your vocal hours will not be spent in vain. The instructions of your childhood will supply you through life with a fountain of pleasures, drawn from the true source of legitimate recreation. Sing the songs of Zion, and amidst the vibrations of the air may true prayer and praise ascend to heaven, and enter into the ears of the Lord God of your salvation; and then will the harmonious combination be complete. Pray for grace to guide you in all your duties, that you may comfort, assist, and strengthen your invaluable mother in all her cares and labours, by your dutiful, diligent, and affectionate regard to her precepts, example, and wishes. May your brothers in particular learn from you, and you from Christ, what Christian meekness, activity, and sobriety mean. Watch over them with a sister's heart and a sister's prayers, and they will be heard and answered. Go to school again and again. Whither? To what school, papa? To

the school of Christ, where the Great Instructor waits to teach and bless you. Go thither, my child, and carry your sins and your cares, and your weaknesses and your errors, and your affections and your hopes, and your fears and your resolutions, and your friends, and your brothers, and your sisters, and your mother, and

Your own true loving father,

LEGH RICHMOND."

It was a maxim with Mr. Richmond, that the mind needed not idleness or frivolity to restore its activities, or fit it for graver studies; but might always find a sufficient relaxation in variety: and his success in associating some useful pursuit with the recreations of his young people, proves the correctness of his judgment in this respect.

The principal characteristic, however, of his mode of education, was the piety infused into every employment or pleasure. Whether in the field or in the museum,—whether he examined what was beautiful to the eye, or indulged in what was harmonious to the ear,—whether he made an experiment or related an event,—everything was connected in his own mind and in that of his children, with Him who giveth all things richly to enjoy;—every thing afforded him an illustration of some religious truth, or was employed to inspire some devout affection. The connexion of religion with science was a favourite topic, on which he used to enlarge with great satisfaction. His happy manner, in combining instruction with amusement, appears from the two following specimens. The first of these is a meditation on the wonders of a kaleidoscope, and which he presented to his daughter F—, with a view to engage her attention to this simple and elegant instrument. "See, my dear F—, what this new

discovery, which has afforded us so much amusement, may do to improve our heads and hearts.

“I took up my kaleidoscope, and as I viewed with delight the extraordinary succession of beautiful images which it presented to my sight, I was struck,

1. With the singular phenomenon of perfect order being invariably, and constantly produced out of perfect disorder,—so that, as by magical influence, confusion and irregularity seemed to become the prolific parents of symmetry and beauty.

2. It occurred to me, that the universality of its adoption would imperceptibly lead to the cultivation of the principles of taste, elegance and beauty through the whole of the present and following generations; and that from the philosopher and artist down to the poorest child in the community.

3. I admired the effects produced by new and varied combinations of colours as well as forms. The analysis of this kind of arrangement is here attended with unprecedented facility and advantage. The artist, the philosopher, the admirer both of the works of nature and of art may find a source of amusement almost peculiar to the use of this instrument.

4. I saw a vast accession to the sources of invention in its application to the elegant arts and manufactures, and the consequent growth of a more polished and highly cultivated state of habits, manners, and refinement in both.

5. I mused with delight on the powers and effects of geometrical arrangement and combination, so easily exhibited to the eye, and so characteristic of the optical principle on which the instrument is constructed.

6. I was struck with the idea of infinite variety,—more strikingly demonstrated to the eye than by

any former experiment. Here the sublime mingles with the beautiful.

7. I perceived a kind of visible music. The combination of form and colour produced harmony, their succession melody ; thus what an organ or piano-forte is to the ear, the kaleidoscope is to the eye. I was delighted with this analogy between the senses, as exercised in this interesting experiment.

8. I thought that God was very good to afford and permit so innocent and gratifying a source of recreation to all ranks of my fellow-countrymen, arising partly from the exhibition of so much loveliness to that sense of sight which he has formed, and partly from the exercise of the mental faculties of reason and taste in meditating upon the beautiful vision.

I laid my kaleidoscope down, and thought of the adorable attributes of Him from whom all blessings, earthly and heavenly, flow.

I took up my kaleidoscope again, and was led in the contemplation of its use and beauties to think,

1. Here I seem to see, on the one hand, the ruin and disorder of human nature, and on the other, the marvellous influence of grace in producing out of these materials, order, beauty, and restoration.

2. My instrument I compared to a telescope glass, which faith and hope put into my hand ;—I saw through one end of the tube, the world and our life in it, a scene of confusion and tribulation, strange revolutions and mysterious complexities. Through the other, I beheld promised delights, heavenly realities, beauty for ashes, and the wilderness blooming like a rose. I took the hint, and saw reasons for resignation, contentment, and patient waiting for the glory that shall be revealed.

3. I observed, as I gently turned my instrument round, how quickly the pleasure of sense vanished.

The phantom which delighted me but a moment before was gone—for ever gone—irrecoverably lost! Let me not then, said I, set my heart on that which so quickly taketh wing and fleeth away. Such is the world and its delights.

4. But again as I looked, new beauties constantly succeeded those which had passed away. Now I thought, how does the Lord multiply his mercies in constant variety and succession. In the succession of beautiful configurations in my glass, is an emblem of the endless goodness of my God, whose tender mercies are over all his works.

5. In this chaos of confusion, thus made to produce beauty and order, I seem to see a representation of the primitive work of the Great Creator, who, when the earth was without form and void, sent forth his Spirit, and therewith created an universe in all its original perfection.

6. When I look at my little fragments of glass and stones, and observe how, from such apparently despicable materials, such beauty and symmetry arise, I learn not to despise the day of small things, and to count nothing unworthy of my notice. I learn how God has chosen the foolish things of this world to confound the wise, and base things of this world, and things which are despised hath God chosen; yea, things which are not, to bring to nought things that are, that no flesh should glory in his presence.

I concluded by reflecting, how the works of creation, the principles of natural philosophy, the discoveries of science, and the ingenuities of art, illustrate and demonstrate the attributes of the God of redemption. My kaleidoscope shews me, in the harmony of its colours, the union of his excellencies; in the symmetry of its forms, his wisdom; in the invariable efficacy of its principles, his faithfulness; in the endless diversity of its figures, his

infinity ; in the simplicity of its essential character, his unity ; in its faculty of producing novelty, his power ; in its ability to delight, his goodness ; and in its affording me this opportunity of so seeing him in it, his love.

I laid down my kaleidoscope, that I might praise and pray to the Author of my mercies."

The next article was composed by Mr. R. to fix the solar system in the memory, for which purpose he turned it into verse, and as it may be a useful *technica memoria* to other children, it is here presented to them.

In this instance, also, it may be observed, how steadily he kept in view his ulterior design, of raising the mind from the visible heavens to the knowledge and love of Him whom the heaven of heavens cannot contain, but whose eternal power and godhead, whose majesty, wisdom, and goodness, shine forth in the things that are made.

He used frequently to repeat, "The undevout astronomer is mad." He would observe, "Astronomy fills the mind with the most elevated conceptions of the magnificence of the Deity, and sinks us down and humbles us to the dust, with a sense of our own utter insignificance, sensations mingled with others of a sweet and tender character in the survey of his benevolence.

"Creation was Adam's library ; God bid him read the interesting volumes of his works, which were designed to make known the Divine character. To gratify curiosity, only, in the study of the creatures, is to lose sight of their end in relation to man. I would have my dear children see God in every thing. It is not merely a transitory emotion I wish to raise in their minds, but a habit of referring, in all they see to their maker with delight and rever-

ence. I will never consent to shut God out of his own universe, or divorce science and religion, which he has joined together to dwell with each other in unity and love.”*

THE SOLAR SYSTEM.

As we looked at the skies, my dear children, last night,
And their beauties and wonders attracted our sight ;
Of explaining their nature you set me the task,
So I'll try to afford the instruction you ask.

THE SUN.

In the midst of our system the sun takes his place,
And brilliantly shines through the regions of space.
He illumines the planets, and by his attraction
Preserves all their motions in regular action.
He turns round his axis in twenty-five days,
While his light ne'er decreases, his heat ne'er decays :
His diameter viewed with the nicest attention,
Proves near nine hundred thousand miles in dimension ;
Around this vast orb revolutions are seen,
Of the planets eleven, with their moons, just eighteen.

MERCURY.

First Mercury moves mid the bright solar rays,
Completing his orbit in eighty-eight days ;
The breadth of his disc, at three thousand is given,
The distance of millions of miles, thirty-seven.

* In these remarks I perfectly concur. What indeed is religion but a knowledge of God, with an enjoyment of him in the affections of the heart ? The Greeks use a term (*εὐδεβεία*) to describe it, which signifies a becoming reverence. The Latins employ another word (*religio, a re et ligo*), still more descriptive of its character, which means a reuniting of a part to its whole. Man has been torn, as it were, from God by his apostacy,—a creature separated from the Creator. The business of religion, and of all religious education, is to bring man back to God, in his thoughts, affections, aims, and pursuits ; so that spiritually, as well as naturally, he may live and move, and have his being in God. Science, when employed as the handmaid of religion, will be found a most useful auxiliary ; and literature of every kind, especially such as is connected with the works or ways of the Deity, if pursued in the spirit of piety, has a tendency to improve and sanctify the heart. With this view, Mr. Richmond encouraged his children to study *diligently*, that they might love and serve God *fervently*.

VENUS.

Next Venus advances, with radiant smiles,
From the sun distant sixty-nine millions of miles ;
She revolves round her centre in months about eight,
And compared with our earth she in size is as great :
In beauty resplendent she shines from afar,
And gladdens the eye as a morn or eve star.

THE EARTH.

Amidst this grand range of celestial pavilions,
Next comes, at a distance of ninety-five millions,
The globe of the earth, with its faithful attendant,
Both alike on the sun's gravitation dependent.
Earth revolves, as enlightened by Sol's mighty blaze,
In three hundred and sixty and five of our days ;
Round her axis impelled by omnipotent power,
She turns and returns by the twenty-fourth hour.
Near eight thousand miles is the breadth of her span,
And thus she was form'd for the dwelling of man :
As the sun rules by day, so the moon rules by night,
Each affording in turn their magnificent light.

THE MOON.

The moon's time in her path as the earth she moves round,
Just twenty-nine days and a half will be found ;
From the earth she is distant, although she seems near,
Twenty-four times ten thousand of miles it is clear.
By the light of the sun her fair face is adorned,
While she sometimes is gibbous and sometimes is horn'd.
When at full she's quite round, when new she's not seen,
But whenever she shines, is of night the gay queen.
Of high hills and deep vales she has plentiful store,
And her breadth of our miles is two thousand and more.
By his glass, the astronomer clearly discerns
In a month round her axis she steadily turns :
Thus the earth and her moon are impelled by a force,
Which preserves all their motions in annual course.

MARS.

Next, revolving amidst this bright region of stars,
We behold in his orbit the ruddy-faced Mars,
He appears to move on without lunar assistance,
At a hundred and forty-four millions of distance.
While twenty-four hours, like our own, make his day,
Near two years will accomplish his annual way :
His diameter measures four thousand and two,
And his radiance is marked by its roseate hue.

THE ASTEROIDS.

Four planets come next of diminutive size,
 Too small, without aid, to be seen with our eyes;
 But the telescope proves of what nature they are,
 And discovers their motions as viewed from afar.
 In order comes Vesta, then Juno, then Ceres,
 Whose order to Pallas exceedingly near is;
 But these Asteroids no more shall absorb,
 The attention now due unto Jupiter's orb.

JUPITER.

Enlightened by Sol with refulgence he smiles,
 Though distant near five hundred millions of miles:
 His splendour the Heavens is ever adorning
 As the jewel of eve, as the herald of morning.
 His diameter ninety-one thousand is found,
 He in less than ten hours his own axis turns round:
 His magnificent globe as it plainly appears,
 Revolves round the Sun in near twelve of our years;
 Cloudy belts cross his surface in parallel lines,
 Yet through them the planet with brilliancy shines.
 His constant companions, to cheer the dark night,
 Four Satellites lend him their regular light:
 That they truly revolve, by our glasses is seen,
 In their periods or months from two days to sixteen.

SATURN.

Now far beyond Jupiter on we advance
 And find a whole system of worlds at a glance.
 Seven Moons around Saturn transcendentally shine,
 Preserved in their orbit by impulse divine.
 Nine hundred of millions from Sol he's removed,
 So their nightly assistance is constantly proved.
 When measured, the breadth of this planet is great,
 In thousands of miles it is seventy-eight:
 Twenty-nine and a half of our years must be run
 Ere Saturn his journey performs round the Sun;
 In fourteen to twelve hours the Astronomers say,
 This planet's rotation completes his own day:
 But that which most singular makes him appear
 Is two luminous rings which encompass his sphere;
 It would seem that this splendour of radiance bound him,
 As detached from his orb they revolve both around him.
 Heaven does not present a more beautiful sight
 Than this planet—his rings and his moon seen at night.

URANUS—HERSCHELL—GEORGIUM-SIDUS.

But, as further we penetrate heavenly regions,
 When the stars are abounding in multiplied legions,
 We meet with a planet of magnitude vast,
 Which of those yet discovered is reckoned the last.
 Call it Uranus, Herschell, or Georgium-sidus,
 A sight of his disc without help is denied us.
 But when brought by the aid of the telescope near
 His surface is manifest, beautiful, and clear.
 Eighteen hundred millions removed from the Sun,
 It is eighty-four years ere his orbit is run,
 Thirty-four thousand miles in his breadth 'tis maintained,
 Of his motions diurnal no knowledge is gained.
 Six bright beaming moons shed their rays o'er his night,
 Like himself, from the Sun, all deriving their light.

THE COMETS.

But still we pursue Astronomical song,
 As not planets alone to our system belong.
 Many hundreds of Comets, in orbits most strange,
 By solar attraction obediently range,
 With their fringes of hair, their long fiery tails,
 Whenever they're seen admiration prevails:
 But their lengthened elliptical paths in the sky
 The powers of Astronomy seem to defy.
 So short is their stay, they escape observation
 On which we can ground a correct calculation.
 They've so come and so gone, so appear'd and so vanished,
 That successful prediction they've hitherto banished.

CONCLUSION.

To the system named Solar, I call your attention,
 Of the stars which are fixed I shall now waive the mention.
 But while their instruction I have sought to impart,
 I have wished to inspire the best thoughts in your heart.
 With deep veneration, O lift up your eyes
 And contemplate these works of the God of the skies:
 He formed them, he governs, he guides every motion,
 And by them he summons each soul to devotion.
 The firmament sheweth the work of his hand,
 Such wisdom and power adoration command.
 Each planet revolves, and each Comet appears,
 To exalt the great God of our days and our years.
 Not a star but its lustre shall loudly proclaim
 The magnificent praise of his excellent name.
 Join the chorus above, and let glory be given
 To him that directs both on earth and in heaven.

Many advantages were obtained by the introduction of popular science into my friend's family circle as an amusement; a dislike of low and vulgar pursuits was inspired, an occupation found for every moment, and materials procured for useful conversation in their private intercourse: full employment and improving pursuits are favourable to morality and religion; nor is it necessary to allow children, even in their pastimes, to be more childish than a childish age requires. The notion is injurious to them, that a waste of time is felicity, and its profitable employment an ungrateful necessity. Nor can eminence be expected in anything in which the heart is not engaged. It should therefore be the constant effort of a teacher to interest while he instructs, and to bring the hour of recreation into unison with that of the school room, making it subservient to it. It was my friend's anxious desire and sedulous endeavour to get the heart on the side of truth, to infuse an innocent prepossession in its favour, and make duty enjoyment. It was often said by the members of his family, "We love religion, because we see papa so lovely and happy under its influence!"

CHAPTER III.

'A man's nature runs either to herbs or weeds, therefore let him seasonably water the one and destroy the other.'—*Bacon*.

WITH so many resources of innocent and improving amusement, Mr. R.'s young people felt no regret at the interdict which their father placed on all games of chance, on fishing, field sports, dancing, the theatre, oratorios, and other sources of gratification, which he thought to be inconsistent with the spirit of religion, connected with much evil, and a preparation for it. I have heard him say, "Even where there is no positive evil, I think it important to draw a strong line of demarcation between the church and the world. The mixed multitude set the Israelites a lusting after the flesh-pots of Egypt; and evil communications never fail to corrupt good manners. There may be no sin in dancing, but it is a preparation for appearing hereafter where I think there is scarcely anything else. Cards are a waste of time which may be much better employed; and they are too nearly allied to the gaming-table, which fills me with horror. To field sports I have a still more decided objection: they are defended on the ground of promoting health; but whatever benefit the body may receive, it is at the expense of the soul. I know not on what principles a man can justify the taking away life for his amusement: God allows him to kill animals for food, or to destroy them when they prove an annoyance to him; but I can find no authority in the Bible for deriving enjoyment in the infliction of a cruel death;—it is

right founded on might,—a mere act of tyranny, and an abuse of power. The man who should whip a beast to death, or cut him up alive, like an Abyssinian savage, would be deemed a monster; yet the same man may hunt to death, and halloo, and exult with satisfaction, while his dogs are tearing to pieces a defenceless animal, and yet be considered a gentleman and a Christian. Then there are the after-events of the day;—and surely to spend five or six hours in the evening commending the bark of a cur, or descanting on the movements of a fox to elude his pursuers, is unworthy an intelligent being, even if there were no worse accompaniments.”

I asked him if he thought shooting equally objectionable. He replied:—“Shooting may not issue in all the results of hunting; but I should be miserable all the while my boys were scampering over the fields with a gun. Sad accidents are continually occurring from letting young people carry fire-arms: but my great objection to all these sports is the same; I cannot think it right to seek gratification in inflicting suffering and death. I know that God has given us the creatures for our sustenance, and it is lawful to use them to this end; but with my views and principles, I find it hard to conceive a right-minded man feeling pleasure while he inflicts pain. He would rather be disposed to say with an old writer, “I can never eat my dinner when I remember that I am living by the death of a creature which my sin has destroyed.” As for exercise, we might surely find other pursuits for this purpose. There appears to me the same delusion in the argument which has sometimes been employed to defend shooting, as in that which is urged by card-players,—we must have a stake, however small, or we shall lose all interest in the game. Surely we might walk as far and as long as we

pleased for exercise, without a gun. Pascal explains the whole matter, when he says, "A man is not running after the game, but trying to run away from himself." The race-ground presents such a scene of folly and knavery that it does not deserve a serious argument. The stage abounds with every thing which is offensive to the mind of a Christian. What think you of a celebrated tragedian, who forbade her daughter to connect herself with the theatre,—surely this speaks volumes. Did it never strike you that an actor (*υποκριτης*) has given a name to the worst of Vices.

"Fishing is generally deemed a harmless amusement, but I cannot allow it to be a fit recreation for a Christian. What are we think of impaling a worm, and being highly delighted while the poor creature suffers exquisite torture for our sport. If we use an artificial bait, yet is time, the precious hours of life, so valueless that we can afford to throw away half or a whole day in this trifling?"

"What is your opinion of oratorios?" "My fondness," he replied, "for music may be supposed to make me a partial judge in this case. I see no objection to a concert when the music is properly selected, yet I am jealous of this sort of amusement, and should think it necessary to be very cautious in encouraging a taste for public exhibition of any kind. We never attend oratorios in a church. I consider it a desecration of the house of God to use it for any purpose but that of religion; it shocks me to hear clappings and noisy expressions of pleasure when a passage of scripture and the name of God is made a vehicle for mere amusement. It is absurd to talk of devotional feelings on such occasions. As to all these things, I think that God has given us immortal souls to prepare for heaven. People may cry, What great harm in this or in that? They

may have a plausible pretext for doing what I condemn; for there is nothing, however absurd or wicked, which will want an advocate or an argument to support it. I lay down this general rule for all occupations, Whatever has a tendency to fit my children for heaven I approve, but I must keep aloof from every thing which is likely to be a snare or a temptation to them, and indispose their minds to a serious and steady pursuit of their great object.

“Did you ever hear of a bishop on the race-ground or in a theatre? Would he not disgrace himself even in the eyes of the world by being present at such places? Why so? *Because he would be out of character.* The universal suffrage denounces these amusements as inconsistent with a heavenly mind, and the sacred office of a spiritual guide. Surely this is the strongest censure on the amusements themselves; it is in fact saying, the more heavenly the man the more unsuitable are such things to his character.

“I have often thought that a Christian by profession, who allowed himself in the indulgence of such things as have furnished the subject of our conversation, must be at a loss how to describe the pomps and the vanities of this wicked world, which he has renounced at his baptism.”

These remarks may excite a smile, as childish scrupulosities, or a sneer, as mere fanaticism; but hard names are bad substitutes for solid arguments. It will not be easy to satisfy a sober reflecting mind, that Mr. Richmond's judgment was weak or superstitious.

Before we leave the subject of amusement, I shall advert to another kind of recreation, which Mr. R. provided for his young people;—the cel-

celebration of birth-days. On his own birth-day he attended divine service, when he preached a sermon to his congregation, and endeavoured to improve the lapse of time by acts of prayer and praise. The summons was cheerfully obeyed, and the parish bells rung merrily. Great numbers attended church to worship God and congratulate their pastor on the occasion. In the course of the day he always wrote to his mother, while she was alive, and affectionately reminded her and himself of their endeared connection. On the day following, he invited a party of his parishioners to dine at the rectory. This birth-day entertainment was looked forward to by them with great interest, and was made an occasion of courteous hospitality. The company was of a mixed character, and was received by Mr. R. with a kindness and attention to their innocent recreation, which never failed to gratify his guests. The evening was spent in music, and his family formed a little band of performers in full concert. The birth-days of his children were kept with no less reverence to religion, though in a more private manner. He commended them to God for his blessing and favour. He wrote each of them a letter of congratulation, usually accompanied by a present of some useful kind. The day was spent in innocent festivity, and the evening was employed in the museum, where he gave a lecture on experimental philosophy. These seasons were anticipated by the children with much delight, and their recurrence contributed, in a great degree, to promote the harmony of the family, by a reciprocity of affectionate interest amongst its members.

I shall here transcribe a letter or two, as specimens of Mr. Richmond's birth-day correspondence.

TO MY K——.*

“Let not my loved little K— suppose that her father forgets her. Yaxham may seem a long distance from Turvey; Glasgow is much greater, but in neither place can my heart forget my child. I remember you a little babe in arms. I loved you then. I remember you lying in your little cot, and I swung you there, and loved you the while.

“I recollect your first attempts to walk, and your many consequent little downfalls. I raised you up from your stumblings and your tumblings; I dried your tears, and loved you still more. I have not forgotten your endeavours to talk, nor your droll little prattlings; nor your first calling me Papa, and dearly I loved you for it: and although these things have long since passed away, and time has added to your years, my love for my K— is not diminished. I often see you in imagination, and draw fanciful pictures of your occupations in your new dwelling; but what is my love compared with that of your heavenly Father. What is the strongest earthly affection, when contrasted with that which said, “Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.” Has my child’s heart an earnestness, a real unfeigned earnestness, to share in the love of such a Father, and to come when so mercifully called to such a Saviour? By nature “foolishness is bound up in the heart of a child;” nevertheless by grace a young child’s heart may become the temple of the Holy Ghost, and the residence of God himself. Think of little Jane, the Young Cottager. May you resemble her in whatever she resembled Christ. She was a dear little girl, and I wish there were thousands more like her. Many have been made

* The birth-day was kept as usual though the child was absent; but whether absent or present a letter of congratulation was written on the occasion.

sensible of their sinful state while reading that story, and, through the blessing of God, have been brought to love the same Redeemer, and lived and died rejoicing in their Saviour. I hope, my child, you pray not only with your lips, but with your heart. While you are actively and dutifully employed in acquiring useful knowledge, "be fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." In a little time you will be in your teens, and the very sound of that word should awaken you not to the usual folly and vanity of this period of life, but to the responsibility of growing years and increasing privileges; to the cultivation of holy learning and Christian habits; to the love of Jesus and communion with his Spirit. It is *my* prayer, let it be *your's*. And now farewell, my dear K—. May you realize every fond hope, temporal, spiritual, and eternal, of

Your affectionate father,

L. R."

The following letter was written the year after, and on a similar occasion:

TO MY K—, ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

"Accept a birth-day blessing from your affectionate father, my dearest K—: —a father who loves you with all his heart and soul. This day thirteen years brought you into a world of sins, sorrows, mercies, hopes, and fears: surely it is a day much to be remembered; not so much by feastings and twelfth-cakes, as by prayers and supplications to the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, that he would grant you grace to put away the follies of childhood, and to enter upon what is commonly called your 'teens' with a clean heart and a right spirit. May my dear child be a vessel of mercy, filled with all the blessings of the spirit of God, and fitted for a happy eternity. May the love of Jesus warm your heart with every affection which can

adorn the Christian name and character. May your early attainments at this period of diligent childhood prepare you to be the comfort and prop of your parents in their advancing years, if life be spared to them. Be conscious in all you do. Idleness and inattention to instruction always prove that something is very wrong in the principle. Diligence in the improvement of your mind is a tribute of obedience both to God and your parents. I rejoice to hear from your kind governess that you improve in this respect. I trust, my dear child, we shall never receive any intimation of your failure in so important a matter. If you love those at home, (and I am persuaded you do love them tenderly,) ever strive to make them happy and easy on your account. I need not tell you that every one round our fire-side unites with me in the congratulations of this day. There is but one heart amongst us. M—— and H—— mention your birth-day in their letters. Our Christian circle is reduced when three daughters are absent, but love, memory, and imagination often bring them all together, and half fill the vacant chairs which they used to occupy. Your brother Nugent has been mercifully preserved from an awful shipwreck in India; the vessel was totally lost, but all the lives saved, and he has got a station in another ship.—“They that go down to the sea in ships,—that do business in great waters,—these see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep.” (Psalm cvii. 23—31.) And now my K—, with a repetition of every wish, prayer, and blessing, believe me

Your affectionate father,

L. R.”

“To C.—— (when a very little girl.)

“Perhaps my dear little C——, thought she was too young to receive a letter; but you see I have not forgotten you, nor L—— either, for whom you

may tear off the other half of this sheet, and if he cannot read it himself, some one will read it to him. I wish very much to know how you are behaving since I saw you; What character will your pen and your needle give of you when I ask them? and what will your book say? Your playthings, perhaps, will whisper that you have been very fond of *them*: well, a little fond of them you may be, but you must not think *only* of them, my little nursery queen. There are better things than playthings in the world,—there are mammas, and mamma's commandments, and papas, and papa's wishes, and sisters, and sister's instructions; and there is the Bible, and the God of the Bible, and Jesus Christ and his salvation. My little girl must think of these things, and be an example to her young brothers, in order, obedience, and good manners, &c.

“You are now at that age when Jesus “increased in wisdom and stature, and in favour with God and man.” Meditate on this. I am glad to think you are acquiring knowledge; but ever keep in mind, that all other knowledge is valuable or not, just so far as it is united to spiritual knowledge. The word of God and its blessings form the highest study of man. May my children grow in such knowledge. Farewell, my child, try in every thing to please

Your dear Papa.”

“P. S. I send a box of changeable ladies to amuse you, but I do not wish *you* to become one of the changeable ladies:—yet my heart prays that you may prove a changed soul.”

“To C——.

“I cannot let a parcel go to Y—— without telling my dear C——how much her father loves her. This is a day of grateful recollections, and hopeful anticipations. God bless my child. May

she grow in grace with increasing years: may she be diligent in her studies, docile in disposition, devotionally fervent in spirit, and unwearied in well-doing!

“My anxieties have been great since I saw you. My heart has so clung to my dear boy, that every tender feeling and affection has been exercised in the separation from my beloved Wilberforce, but the loss has not diminished but increased my love to the endeared children whom God still spares to me. I cannot say one thousandth part of what I would on this subject, but my heart prays that you may all grow in the knowledge of Him with whom *his* soul now lives in blessedness. I hope much good has arisen to your brothers and sisters at home from the sanctified effect of this heavy trial. May my C—— feel it likewise, and so experience the power of real religion in her heart, that it may appear in her life and conversation. I am *very* anxious on this subject. A great work of gracious awakening has taken place in the village, in connection with Wilberforce’s happy end. Many careless souls are surprisingly changed. This is a mercy,—an unspeakable mercy to me as their minister. Oh! I want *all* my children to share abundantly in these dews of heavenly grace. I earnestly covet for them these best gifts. Others will have told you by this parcel how much *they* love you. This letter can but very feebly say how dear you are in the love of a Saviour.

From your affectionate father,

L. R.

MY MUCH LOVED BOY,

“You expressed some disappointment at dinner, because you had not received your dear mamma’s promised letter on your birth-day. What has been the cause of the failure I know not, but I will try

to compensate for the disappointment by giving you a few lines. The return of a birth-day, when rightly viewed, is a subject for very serious meditation: I wish it may prove so to you. We have seen, in the death of your dear brother, how little health and strength are to be trusted. Childhood, and youth, and time, are swiftly passing onward, and our journey through this vale of tears, whether longer or shorter, will soon be over. Can you too early learn the value and importance of time? Will you not hear the counsel of a father, and meditate on those things which belong to your everlasting peace? You have an immortal soul, to be lost or saved for ever. You have an understanding, to distinguish between good and evil. You are therefore a responsible being, who must render an account of the deeds done in the body, whether they be good or whether they be evil. Childhood is the period when the character and habits of the future man are formed. Trifle not therefore with your childish days. Set a firm and valuable example to your younger brother: he will more or less imitate your ways and dispositions, be they better or worse. Remember! the eye of God is upon you in every place. Be where you will, do what you will, you may always say with Hagar in the wilderness—"Thou God seest me." I have of late known but little, too little, of your state of mind and your views of things, temporal and spiritual. I have had occasional uneasiness on this subject. You ought ever to be putting forth the energies of your mind in every proper and possible way. It is time that your attention should be drawn to your future station in life, whatever providence may design it to be. Every day and every hour should bear witness to some progress and improvement in useful learning, and above all, in that knowledge which maketh wise unto salvation. You

have on all subjects much to learn, and it will not be acquired without much labour, and firm determination of mind and talent to the acquirement. What may be the inclination of your own mind as to business, profession, or occupation, I know not: but I wish you most seriously to take this subject into deliberate consideration, and let me in due time know the result, that I may give you counsel and advice. In the mean time, a thirst for useful knowledge, and a laborious attention to its attainment, will best evidence your fitness for that state of life into which it may please God to call you. But you can do nothing well without faith and prayer,—without much anxious reading of the Holy Scriptures. This reminds me of your dear brother, Wilberforce. He left upon record amongst you all, *his* testimony to the value and necessity of reading the word of God; and it is my heart's prayer and desire that all my loved children may follow his example and his dying exhortations. The season of the year is fast advancing which brings all the affections and solemnities of his latter end to view. Every day of the approaching fortnight brings to remembrance the various events of his last days. They are all indelibly fastened on my heart's memory; they live, glow, and burn there with a vividness of impression, of which none can be aware, and form a daily part of my very self. But I refer to them now for my dear Legh's sake. I have lost my two eldest boys, and am deeply solicitous that those who remain to me should be devoted to God; and, if spared, become the props and solace of my advancing years. It is indeed time, my Legh, that you should feel the importance of such considerations. You were named Serle after one of the most holy and excellent men with whom I was ever acquainted. Mere Christian names can confer no grace; but I may be per-

mitted to wish, and hope, and pray, that you may, by divine grace, resemble him, and follow him as he followed Christ. "The Christian Remembrancer," "The Horæ Solitariae," "The Christian Parent," and many other admirable books bear testimony to his piety and talents: "He being dead yet speaketh." And now, my child, may every blessing attend you, for this world and the next, for time and for eternity. May the return of this birth-day remind you of many an important duty and principle. Look into the real state of your heart, and never be afraid or ashamed to make me acquainted with it. "The end of all things is at hand, be ye therefore sober and watch unto prayer." The heart that now loves and watches over you on earth, may ere long, and must in time, become cold in the grave: but seek him who never dieth, and *his* love which never decayeth, and all shall be well with you here and hereafter. So counsels and prays

Your affectionate Father,

LEGH RICHMOND."

I have mentioned Mr. R.'s correspondence with his mother on his own birth-day. After her decease he wrote on this occasion the following letter to his eldest daughter, who was united to an excellent and valuable minister in the established church of Scotland.

MY VERY DEAR DAUGHTER,

"Through many a returning year I wrote to my dear and venerated mother on my birth-day. She is gone to her rest, and I can only communicate with her in grateful recollection and hopeful anticipation. To whom can I now address myself with more propriety and love, on such an occasion,

than to my absent, distant, but much-loved child.— My child, so mercifully restored to health after so severe an illness and so much danger, my thoughts and prayers have been unceasing respecting you. I have endeavoured patiently to wait upon the Lord, and he hath heard my prayer. I have viewed this trying dispensation as sent of God for some great and good purpose, to your own and to all our souls; and I trust we shall find it so. You will have to learn to glorify God in the fires,* and magnify the God of your salvation; to see the precarious tenure of human life, and to devote your restored powers of mind and body to him from whom you have received both. O my dear M— what a God he is, and what a redemption he has wrought for sinners! See in your own recent trial an emblem of Christ's love;—yourself a brand plucked from the burning,—saved, yet so as by fire,—raised from weakness to strength,—tempest-tost and afflicted, yet preserved,—cast down, but not destroyed. It is the heart's desire and prayer to God of your father, on his birth-day, that all these things may work together for your good, temporal and spiritual. It is a day which I always contemplate with much tender affection, and my thoughts are such as I cannot utter. Life, death, and eternity spread a vision before me, and I meditate with solemnity and deep humiliation. I have lived now more than half a century. On the past I look with much repentance for my sins, and much gratitude for my mercies. Of the future I know nothing, except that my times are in God's hands, and that is enough. But my responsibilities make me often tremble. They rise like mountains before me; but I lift up my eyes to the hills from whence cometh my help, and the mountains of difficulty become plains, and

* Mrs. M. had been suffering from an accident by fire.

the rough places smooth. Amongst my mercies I feel peculiarly thankful for the union of my dear child with such a man and such a minister as Mr. M—. This doubly endears Scotland to my heart. I have formed many valuable friendships, and received many kind favours from its inhabitants. I have delighted in its scenery and tasted many excellent fruits of its piety: but to have a daughter placed in the midst of Scotia's hills and plains renders the land peculiarly interesting to me.

“May every day add to your strength and comfort. May you and I, not only as parent and child, but as fellow-pilgrims on the road to Zion, walk lovingly, congenially, and safely to the end of our journey. I hope, if God spare me, to see you in the spring, but whether here or there, I am ever

Your affectionate father,

L. R.”

From the amusement of leisure hours, and the returns of the birth-day memorials, I pass on to notice my friend's care and extreme anxiety to keep his young people from *dangerous associates*. To choose suitable companions is not less difficult to a Christian parent than to provide useful recreations for them. The peculiar talents of Mr. Richmond enabled him to supply abundant materials for the employment of leisure hours; and his strong affection for his children rendered that a pleasure, which to many would have been an irksome duty. He made himself not only a profitable but a suitable and interesting companion to them. They felt no discontent at the strict exclusion of other intimacies, to which there was but one exception, in the son of a gentleman in his parish, who studied under the same tutor, and who was ever admitted with affectionate esteem and confidence into his family party. Probably Mr. R.'s marked anxiety

on this point may be traced in part to the unhappy career of his eldest son, on whom he had witnessed the effect of bad influence in a corrupt associate. So inflexibly did he adhere to his rule, that he allowed no intercourse whatever with other families, except under his own watchful eye and diligent superintendence. He even declined invitations from personal relatives whom he dearly loved, and with whom he himself kept up a friendly correspondence. It was his fixed resolve to sacrifice all considerations of interest, and even courtesy, although he might thereby expose himself to censure and misapprehension,—rather than bring his children under an influence which he feared might be injurious to them. When some of them were nearly grown up, he exercised the same vigilance, and regarded with suspicion every circumstance from which he apprehended possible injury.

He used to say—“My dear friends and relations are amiable and highly respectable. I have great reason to be grateful for their kind intentions and good offices; but I cannot tell what my children may meet with in a style of life so different from mine. One fatal hour may undo years of instruction, and give me endless perplexity. I have suffered enough from sending a child from home.”

His sentiments on this subject are expressed in the following letter to Mrs. R. who had asked his advice before she consented to allow one of his daughters to accompany a lady of great respectability, and undoubted piety, into Devon, to spend the winter there. It was not improper that Mrs. R. should wish her children to see something of the world, and be gradually accustomed to act for themselves. The character of the protector and companion was a sufficient guarantee against evil contact. Our friend was at that time in Scotland, from whence he replied to the application.

"MY DEAR LOVE,

"In common with my own parents I have ever had strong, very strong objections to allow my children to visit any where without one of their parents; and through life I have seen and lamented evils arising from the want of superintendence, and the absence of those who are most concerned in guarding against the mischief of association with other families. As a general rule, therefore, I have always objected to it, from conscientious motives. Yet there may be exceptions, and I readily admit that the case in question may be one of them. . . . I wish to make home the grand centre of attraction, affection, and comfort. You know from this year's experience how ready I am to give our girls the advantage of seeing life; but I cannot think that the withdrawing the parent's eye would increase the advantages of a journey. Never is that eye and ear so necessary as at such an age. I would infinitely rather undertake the responsibility attached to possible and contingent evils which might occur under the vigilant and tender superintendence of parents, than those which might arise from the connections and habits formed when that restraint is withdrawn. I perfectly accord with you in wishing our dear children to gain advantages from associating with our various Christian friends, and am acting daily on your own ideas. But I see more and more, daily, how exceedingly desirable my own presence is, and that continually. But when the will of God is expressed in regard to health, &c. and the path of duty is thereby clearly pointed out to me, you must not suppose me to be either indifferent or positive. At the same time I see mountains of difficulty in deciding, out of numerous requests,—which to accept, and which to refuse.

"I approve your plan for Wilberforce—I do not oppose your wishes for Mary—I only pause—but I

much admire your sentiments, and taking both body and mind into consideration, hope it may be the will of God.

“Farewell, dear love. Cherish a comfortable spirit,—do not mistrust God—let not your soul be disquieted within you,—look kindly on providences and hopefully on events, and ever regard me as

Your faithful

LEGH.”

Some of Mr. R's best friends have disapproved the severity of restraint which he judged it right to impose on his children. They have blamed him for interdicting the usual freedom of intercourse with families whose conduct and principles he approved. It is possible his feelings were morbidly acute on occasions, and his extreme anxiety for the spiritual welfare of his family often proved injurious to himself, for he sometimes passed a sleepless night in expectation of an ordinary visit on the morrow. Such was his vigilance, that if a friend introduced his son under circumstances of common courtesy, he appeared restless and uneasy if the young people were left together without superintendence for a few moments. Other persons might also have taken advantage of an extensive popularity to benefit their families, but he never could be prevailed on to use a fair opportunity of bringing them forward to notice, to advance their temporal welfare.

“I cannot endure,” he used to say, “even to seem to make my religious influence a stepping-stone to promotion for me or mine.”

Whatever may be thought of my friend's judgment, it is impossible not to respect, admire, and love the holy integrity, the perfect simplicity and oneness of object in the man of God, and I cannot doubt that his purity of motive has been recorded

in heaven, and will be owned on earth after many days. Whatever worldly advantages, supposed or real, may have been lost to his family from the steady application of religious principle, however pushed to an extreme, an abundant compensation shall be made by that Being whose blessing invariably attends a faithful adherence to the dictates of conscience, and who hath promised, "Him that honoureth me, I will honour."

MY DEAR M——

"We have had a very prosperous journey thus far. I am passing a few comfortable days with —— at this place. But, alas! this is a town in which, speaking of our own church, religion is little known. The inhabitants of all ranks think of nothing but money, folly, vanity, and dissipation: their evenings are spent in the unprofitable anxieties of the card table, the ensnaring amusement of dancing, or the delusions and temptations of the play-house, their mornings in idle gossipings and waste of time. When I see these things, I feel satisfied that I have kept my dear children from such scenes, and such companions. Oh! how lamentable to contemplate a great town full of inhabitants, gentry, clergy, manufacturers, tradesmen, &c. living almost without God in the world; error preached from the pulpits; no cares for the souls of the people; no family prayer in the houses; no zeal for religion, unless, perhaps, it be now and then excited to abuse and ridicule all those who have any real love for God and their souls.

"May my dear child be preserved from the defilements of a vain, dangerous and destroying world. You know not, and I wish you never may know, its snares and corruptions. I was greatly affected in conversing with a family at——, upon the marriage of their daughter, under the following

circumstances; the father was an exemplary clergyman, the mother a most pious woman; they had brought up a family with strict attention to religious precepts and principles, and they were not without hope that their daughter had some piety.

“A young man of property, but of no decided religious principle, became acquainted with her. Inattentive to the affectionate duties which she owed to her excellent parents, their feelings, and their advice, she suffered her mind to be led away into an attachment towards the young man. The parents were aware that his general habits and views would be uncongenial to their wishes for a daughter’s spiritual welfare, and therefore objected. However, the daughter so far obtained her wishes, that a very reluctant consent was given to the marriage. The daughter, gradually led away into wordly company and amusements, has given up even the outward profession of religion, and now lives as the world lives. Yet she is not happy; and her parents are very unhappy. The daughter cannot help remembering the example, the exhortations, the prayers, the solitudes, and the tears of her parents; but it is only with remorse, which she strives to drown in wordly company and carnal amusements. They wept over the case with me, which presents a proof of the sad consequences of young people giving way to hasty impressions, and yielding to connections not founded on a regard to the honour of God, gratitude to parents, and consistency with a religious profession. How needful is it that Christian parents, and Christian children, should be firm and conscientious in the important duty of encouraging connections for life *only* on Christian principles! what distress to families and what decays of hopeful character have resulted from a deficiency on this point! Let me warn my dear M—— against that unbecoming levity, with which

many young people treat these subjects. Evil communications corrupt good manners, very especially in this matter. The love of Christ is the only safe ground of all motives, and all conduct. Where this is established all is well. The life-blood of Christianity then circulates through every vein of the soul; and health, strength, and purity of mind is the happy result. Fall down upon your knees before God, my M——, praying that he would pour *that* love into your heart, till it become a constraining principle for the government of your thoughts and actions. This is the only remedy for all the diseases of the soul.

“Beware of pride and self conceit; of fretful tempers and discontent. Learn to quell impatience and obstinacy. Let your first, your very first delight be in serving God by serving your parents. Reckon not on youth, or long life. Devote yourself to active usefulness in the family, and in the parish. Shew forth the principles in which you have been educated, by a practical exhibition of them in your conduct. But who is sufficient unto these things? *Christ*. Without Him you can do nothing; no, not so much as think a good thought. But you can do all things through Christ strengthening you. He is the sufficiency of all his people. By faith in him you obtain power to perform duty. By grace are ye saved, and that not of yourselves; not of works, lest any one should boast. Could works save us, we might boast, and heaven would be full of boasters. But, no, no, no; the song of the saints is, “Not unto us, not unto us, but unto thy name be all the glory.”

Your affectionate Father,
LEGH RICHMOND.”

It may be thought that a transition from seclusion to an active life, from the habits of a retired village to the busy haunts of men, is more safe when grad-

ual than when sudden, and that as young persons must sooner or later be connected with the world that lies in wickedness, it were better to accustom their minds by degrees to a contact which will be afterwards unavoidable. A Christian parent will, however, feel extremely jealous of the modern practice of exposing youth to a prurient knowledge of evil, of removing parental superintendence at too early an age, and of allowing an unrestrained freedom of association, which appears to me, as it did to Mr. R. to be attended with great danger. The effects of present habits are but too obvious; premature and indiscriminate intercourse, and the relaxation of former discipline, has generated a race of Tyros whose chief distinction seems to be a contempt for authority, and a rash and arrogant pretension to superiority very unbecoming their years or station. It is far better to train up a child in the ways of God than in the maxims of the world,—to be more intent on securing for him an entrance into life eternal, than, with a hope of present advantage, to put to hazard the salvation of his immortal soul. I would apologize (if apology be necessary) for dwelling on details which may appear too trifling for notice, but the Christian parent, who can duly estimate the ‘potency of little things,’ may collect from them some useful hints for the regulation of his own family, and with this view I insert them.

Mr. R. was an early riser, and he endeavoured to inspire the same activity in the minds of his children. He used to read with them in his study, at as early an hour as six o’clock in the morning, and as occasions arose, prayed with them in succession; he was very attentive to their regularity, neatness, and good manners, and he endeavoured to make the conversation at table useful and improving. Sometimes he proposed a subject for discussion, and when he perceived youthful spirits rising to excess, he would throw in a remark to check the exuberance.

No one aimed more constantly to restrain the evils of the tongue in his family; if ever an observation was made to the disadvantage of another, his uneasiness was apparent; slander in any shape was distasteful to him, and he was sure to say something in allowance or excuse. Indeed Mr. R. particularly excelled in conversational powers: with a fund of good humour, he abounded in anecdote, and having a large acquaintance with science of every kind, he never failed to entertain; and with a soul ever intent on the glory of God, and the best interests of his fellow creatures, he was under no temptation to sacrifice the useful to the amusing. Table talk is seldom regarded with a proper sense of its importance. Servants are often on the watch to get something for circulation, and to retail among themselves the opinions which their masters have expressed in their presence: the general strain of social intercourse ought therefore to be regulated with a view to their improvement. Children are apt to trifle, and relate all they have heard without discrimination, and they need an elder to guide and give a tone to their conversation; this my excellent friend accomplished in a manner the most felicitous; he allowed and even encouraged perfect freedom and ease, yet every one felt that there was an eye and an ear over every thing.

Innumerable mischiefs arise to children from too close an intimacy with domestics; a foundation is often laid, here, for opinions and habits difficult to be afterwards eradicated: not only are coarse and vulgar tastes imbibed, but vices of an appalling character are learnt in the stable or the kitchen, where ready instruments are frequently found to concur in deceiving a parent, or gratifying some bad propensity in the minds of children. It was a point of importance in Mr. R.'s mind, that no wicked person should dwell beneath his roof; his domestics, as far

as practicable, were selected from persons of good principles, and they became deeply attached to the family. Yet, even under these circumstances, he forbade all unnecessary intercourse ; there are doubtless, many faithful servants, worthy of our esteem and confidence, but as a general rule, intimacies of this kind are productive of evil, and no good can arise from too close a connection between our children and dependants. Mr. R. provided each child with a separate sleeping-room, thus securing a comfortable place of retirement and devotion. These little sanctuaries were always accessible to himself ; he often visited them to leave a note on the table ; for while at home, as well as when abroad, he kept up a correspondence with his family, which he used to call his *Home Mission* ; and to these notes he requested a reply. I have heard him explain his reasons for so singular a method of instruction ; he used to say, "I feel an insurmountable backwardness to close personal conversation with my children, when I begin they are silent, and it is not long before I also feel tongue-tied ; yet I cannot be easy without ascertaining the effect of my instructions, and hence I have been driven to use my pen, because I could not open my lips." Mr. R. is not the only father who has felt and yielded to this repugnance, without adopting his ingenious remedy for a weakness not uncommon, yet not the less to be lamented. I am, however, disposed to estimate this home correspondence more highly than a direct personal appeal. Conversation, (if it be not a contradiction so to speak,) is apt to be all on one side ; but a communication by letter admits of freedom and reflection, and if a reply be expected, obliges an interchange of sentiments. It also teaches young people to think and compose.

When circumstances required a longer epistle, as when a fault needed correction, or a removal

from the family was about to take place,—when preparation for a religious ordinance was required, or the choice of a profession to be made,—on such occasions Mr. R. was diffuse, earnest, and particular ; at other times his little notes contained only an affectionate suggestion of a text for meditation, or a hint to improve some event. He seemed anxious that his children should have a subject, to use his own phrase, “on the stocks,” and a habit of always employing their minds, and making the best use of the hours which usually run to waste,—the moments and interstices of time. He used to say, “an idle moment is Satan’s opportunity.”

The reader may expect a specimen or two of these short notes, which, as I have already observed, were conveyed by himself, and left on the table in his children’s rooms, with a request for a reply within a limited time. These replies formed the subjects of his prayer on their behalf.

DEAR H.

“Your text to-day shall be, “the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.” No sin is too great to be pardoned ; but then the soul must seek, believe, and experience this mercy. There is infinite value in the blood of Christ, but the believer alone enjoys the privilege. “Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.” This is the way, and the truth, and the life. My dear child, what should, what could we lost sinners do, if it were not for this atoning merit. Seek and you shall find. Lose no time,—Christ waits to be gracious, carry your heart and all its feelings to him in prayer, and when you have told him all your wants, pray for your affectionate Father,

L. RICHMOND.”

MY DEAREST F.

“As I trust that it is your own and my wish, that your mind should be seriously and affectionately directed towards the greatest of all external privileges, the Lord’s Supper, I wish you to answer me in writing, these two questions:—What are your views of the nature, design, and privilege of this sacrament? and what are the real feelings of your heart at this time respecting it? This communication is, and shall be, quite confidential between you and your affectionate Father.

P. S. I trust the first Saturday in October may unite us at the feast of love.”

MY DEAR L.

“I leave these few lines with you, in the hope that you will reply to them while I am in Cambridge. You must write, therefore, not later than by Tuesday’s post. I do from my heart desire to know whether you do, or do not, feel an anxiety about your soul’s salvation. Has the affecting thought, ‘I must live for ever in heaven or hell,’ suitably impressed your mind? This black border may remind you of your dear departed brother,—but does his memory live in your heart for good? It is time you seriously reflected on eternity, and the value of your soul. You are a sinner; and without a gracious Saviour you must perish. Do you pray in Christ’s name? and that earnestly, for the pardon of your sins? May I hope that you are a penitent? Do you think of Willy’s last words to you, and of all that he so earnestly recommended to your serious attention? Have you written down his dying words, as I desired you? Be not afraid to open your mind to me. Let us have an unreserved intercourse with each other. Put away childish things,—imitate your brother’s love of

learning, but especially his love of the Bible, and his constancy in the exercises of devotion. Oh! comfort your father's heart, by truly turning to God, and seeking his salvation; and may God bless you for ever and ever, which is the fervent prayer of your affectionate parent,

L. R."

MY DEAR CHILD,

"I am pleased, much pleased with your letter, the more so as it contains some expressions, which inspire a hope that you are beginning to think and feel seriously about your soul's salvation. While I cannot but be most tenderly affected by the loss of my two elder sons, endeared to me by a thousand recollections, I become the more anxious for the welfare of those children whom God spares to me. For the last year I have gone through great trials, and my health has suffered more than any are aware of; but in the midst of all my sorrows, the inexpressible goodness of God has been most manifest, and I trust my afflictions have been blest to many. Many a rose has sprung up around the cold grave of dear Willy, and they still blossom, and I trust will continue to blossom, till they be transplanted from the spiritual garden of Turvey, to the paradise of God. But can I be otherwise than anxious that my dear K— should add a flower to my domestic and parochial shrubbery. Are you to reach your sixteenth year, and not internally, as well as externally, prove yourself a partaker of the grace of God. I trust not,—but religion is not a matter of mere circumstantials, or of morals. It is the spiritual application of divine truth to the heart, producing that devotedness to God, which distinguishes the true from the nominal Christian. But when, how, and where does this begin? Not until

you have deep, humbling, sincere, and anxious thoughts about yourself, and the favour of God ; not until, by a kind of holy violence, you feel constrained to flee to Christ, as the only refuge from the wrath to come ; not until prayer becomes importunate, and the study of God's word a delight ; not until every other consideration yields to that infinitely important inquiry, "What must I do to be saved?" Not until the light, trifling, and thoughtless child of man be converted, through grace, to the serious, conscientious, and believing state of the real child of God. Is this the case with you? I speak as a christian father, and minister. What are your views of these important subjects? I wish my child to be deeply earnest ; life flies apace, the period of the tomb advances. I have four children in eternity ; it is true that eight more still continue with me on earth, but how long will they be here? Which of them may next be taken from me? I think on these things with deep solemnity. You tremble at the thought of a school-examination,—but what is this to the examination before the judgment-seat of God. Go, then, as a sinner to Christ. He sends none empty away. In him and him alone, there is a rich provision for all who come to him. But let this coming mean a surrender of all you are, and all you have, to the Lord of grace and glory. Be contented with nothing short of reality in religion.

"Whence came I?—memory cannot say ;—
What am I?—knowledge will not show ;—
Bound whither?—ah! away—away—
Far as eternity can go ;
Thy love to win, thy wrath to flee,
Oh God! thyself my helper be."

Farewell, my dear child, and believe me,
Your truly loving father,

L. R."

Discipline is a subject of no small moment in the education of a family. Offences must needs come, and the foolishness which is bound up in the heart of a child, will discover itself in acts of disobedience both to God and a parent. How this is to be met, controlled, and subdued, has occasioned a difference of opinion between good and wise men. It is agreed that authority must be maintained, and that all that is sinful and injurious to a child's welfare must be firmly resisted. But it is not easy to avoid the extremes of harshness, and a weak fondness ;—*to be firm, yet kind* ; to do nothing from temper, from partiality or caprice ; to preserve composure under circumstances of provocation.

I cannot undertake to decide whether corporal chastisement is to be inflicted or dispensed with. The Scripture warns us equally against severity and undue tenderness, “ not to provoke wrath, nor honour our children above God ;” on this point men must determine according to the dictates of their own consciences. So far I am satisfied, that there are few occasions when the rod is indispensably necessary, and none which will justify its use under the ruffings of temper ; nor will the effect be salutary, if a child does not at the time feel it to be reluctant severity, giving more pain to the offended, than to the offender. Force may be the easier way of settling a difference, and is probably often resorted to from a wish to escape the trouble and labour of more reasonable methods of eradicating evil ; but it seldom fails to excite sinful exasperations, and induce a brutish character ; and the example on the part of the parent, is often found unfavourable to right dispositions in the other members of the family towards each other. Yet I am bound to admit, as the result of my own observation, that even severity is a less evil in its consequences, than a weak connivance at a child's misconduct. The

parent who "never displeases his child at any time," must expect to reap the fruits of his own folly in the ruin of his offspring. Excessive indulgence seldom fails to bring a rebuke along with it. Mr. Richmond's method of discipline was peculiar to himself, partly the effect of his own unbounded tenderness and affection, but in a great measure, of his deep and extraordinary piety. He could never be justly accused of a weak connivance at evil, for here he was resolute, firm and inflexible; yet he was never known to employ corporal chastisement. Whatever may be thought of his treatment of offences, it was felt by every member of his family, that nothing could make him yield, or shake his resolution,—nay, not for a moment. He was alive to all that was wrong in principle or conduct, and he never ceased to remonstrate, or to employ means to reduce his child to obedience, and awaken in him a sense of error. But the chief way in which he marked his displeasure, was by those signs of extreme distress, which penetrated the heart of the delinquent, and softened rebellion into regret. From the misconduct of his child, he seemed to reflect on himself, as the author of a corrupt being. He humbled himself before God, and in prayer sought help from above, while he kept the offender at a distance, or separated him from the society of his family, as one unworthy to share in their privileges and affections. No one of his children could long endure this exclusion, or bear with sullen indifference, a countenance which silently expressed the deepest anguish. Perhaps there never was a family where the reign of love suffered less interruption. The reader must form his own opinion of Mr. R.'s mode of regulating his family. He must determine for himself, how far a discipline of this kind is worthy of imitation, or is suitable to his own circumstances. Where there

exists the same consistency and unity of purpose, an equal desire to glorify God in all things, and a similar diligence in the education of a family, I feel confident that the divine blessing will crown with success the exercise of this or any other discipline of a Christian parent.

Two or three other letters to his children, touching both on lively and on serious topics, will appropriately close this chapter.

Sea Bank, Ayrshire.

MY MUCH LOVED F—,

“As you hear all the good news from Glasgow, I need not repeat it. Now take a Scotch map and you shall see where I am. Look on the sea coast of Ayrshire, and you see a place between Ayr and Largs, called Salt Coasts. Close to this is a lovely cottage called Sea Bank, the residence of my friend Mr. —. In the front is a magnificent view of the sea as far as Ireland—The Frith of Clyde with its beauteous islands—Arran, whose craggy picturesque mountains tower to the sky in the wildest, highest style of romantic grandeur and beauty—Bute, smaller, but very lovely—The Cumbraies—The long peninsula of Cantyre, and over it the high pyramidal mountains of Jura—The coast of Ayrshire, farther than the eye can reach, and the surprising rock called the Craig of Ailsa, rising up in the midst of the ocean, far away from all land, and sustaining solitary majesty, the almost unmolested haunt of wild birds, goats and rabbits. Yesterday there was a great storm, and the sea raged horribly. I saw many a vessel tossed about in all directions. I went down to the shore, and stood astounded amidst roaring waves, screaming sea-fowls, and whistling winds. To-day all is calm, gentle, and inviting. Yesterday I saw the sublime, to-day the beautiful. I am writing at a window

which commands the whole view. Somehow or other I am much amused with the appearance and conduct of a large flock of poultry, just now parading about on the lawn beneath me. There are five pea-fowls, six turkies, twenty cocks and hens, and a solitary goose from Botany Bay. They walk and talk with much diversified gait and air. The sober gravity of their pace, occasionally interrupted by a gobble, a jump, and a snap; the proud loftiness of the peacock, sometimes expressed in solemn silence, and sometimes by a very unmusical squall. The ruffling vibrations of the turkey cock's feathers, with now and then a brisk advance towards his rival of the green; the social grouping of the cocks and hens, contrasted with the unsocial condition and march of the poor unpartnered goose, who grunts dismally, and sometimes turns up a doubtful sort of a side look at me, as I sit at the window, as much as to say, "Who are you?" Sometimes a continued silence for a space, and then a sudden and universal cackling, as if they were all at once tickled or frightened, or in some way excited to garrulity. All this amuses me not a little. There are also two noble watch-dogs; I wish they had been at the house when the robbers came. I feel much when at a distance from home,—even minor sources of trouble harass and disturb me, when I am so far from you. Let us pray for faith and confidence in God alone. I think of going to Iona, it is sacred and classic ground. May every blessing attend my children.

So prays their affectionate father,

LEGH RICHMOND."

Glasgow.

MY OWN DEAR CHILD,

"On my return home, I found your letter, and hasten to give you a few lines in reply. I thought

you long in writing, and welcomed your hand with much delight. Indeed, my F—, you and I are not sufficiently intimate in religious intercourse and correspondence; we must become more so, and may God enable us. Let us walk and talk, and sit and talk more on these subjects than we have done. Time flies, events are uncertain, providences, health, and life are transient and mutable. I hope the ensuing winter will unite us closer than ever. Winter is my domestic dependence; your heart is with me in this feeling. I much regret that circumstances have prevented your travelling with me this year, but I hope next summer will be more propitious. When I return we will read and talk over together such scenes as we mutually love, and you shall hear of my interesting journey to Staffa and Iona. Nature, grace, history, antiquity, compassion, taste, and twenty more subjects and affections all meet there. I will match the festival which I gave to the poor children of Icolmkill on St. Colomba's day with the gala of Mr. —. Moreover I wrote a right noble copy of verses for the children to sing. Mr. M. is a truly valuable man. He grows daily in my estimation. I feel much pleased at the prospect of my dear —'s union; her tender heart is fixed, although her affections are strongly bound to her family. Encourage and elevate her spirits when you write, for her nerves are delicate. It is a great question, and God I trust is settling it for her. * * * * * Mr. M. is a man of God, and makes religion and conscience the ground of all he says and does.

Read the life of Mrs. Isabella Graham of New York, Mr. M's aunt. It will shew you the sort of piety of Mr. M. and his family, all of whom are valuable characters.

What a terrible storm you had! The Lord rides in the storm. 'He can create, and he destroy.'

I hope you do not forget him in the midst of agreeable society. The care of a soul, its natural departures from God, its proneness to make idols of the creature, and the extreme narrowness of the straight gate, are subjects for our deep meditation. Alas! how many among our respectable and decent friends and acquaintance are still in an unconverted state, strangers to the real experience of the heart, and unacquainted with the love of Christ! Carelessness and comparative insensibility, ruin more souls than deliberate acts of resolute iniquity. You have need to be jealous over your own soul, and to watch and pray that you enter not into temptation. *Real* piety is a very different thing from mere decent profession, educational propriety, and orderly conduct; yet without it none can enter the kingdom of God. Where a deep sense of guilt and depravity does not subsist, all else is a mere name, and it is much easier to admit this as a doctrine, than to feel and act upon it as a truth. I want my children to be living commentaries on my sermons and principles. I long to see them *adorning* the Gospel of Christ in all things, and that from the inner man of the heart. I have no objection to Mr. ——'s being liberal and hospitable. I only lament that among the lower classes, dancing and debauchery are nearly synonymous, and therefore I must absent myself from such fetes. So poor dear S. W.* is dead. To what trials are the best Christians for a time given up! Frequently during delirium, the most holy have appeared the most wicked in thought and action. But of *her* Christianity I cannot have a doubt. * * * I saw —— last week * * Oh! how time flies, generation succeeds generation, like waves on the sea; but whither shall *we* float at last? Much, much, very much goes to secure a

* One of his poor parishioners.

safe entrance into the eternal harbour of peace and safety. All subjects sink into insignificance compared with this. How foolish, how wicked are we in this matter ! Farewell, my beloved F——, much of my domestic comfort depends on you ; love your father, for indeed he loves you. When and while you can, be a prop to his feelings and spirits. Now the period is arrived when I look for the harvest of filial intercourse, of which I sowed the seeds with such anxiety in your infancy and childhood. May every blessing be with you, in time and eternity. Seven times a day I pray, and say, “God bless my dear wife—God bless my dear children—God bless my dear parishioners—and God bless my own immortal soul.”

This comes from the heart of your loving father,
LEGH RICHMOND.”

Extract of a letter to his daughter F—

“I saw A—— M—— last week ; she is like no one else, it is a little Paradise to be where she is : simplicity, fluency, devotedness, natural talent, and gracious acquirements at eighty-four, concentrate a kind of glory playing around her head and heart. Mr. —— has left ——, there are great lamentations, but I think I see the hand of God in it ; there is danger indeed when the minister, rather than the master, is the object of delight ; but such religion will soon decay and dissipate. * * * * *

One thing, my F——, is most certain, that a great deal more than commonly manifests itself amongst the generality of rich and genteel professors, is necessary to adorn, if not constitute, real, vital, saving religion. The manners, the opinions, the luxuries, the indolence, the trifling, the waste of time and talents, the low standard, the fastidiousness, the pride, and many more etceteras stand awfully

in the way of religious attainment and progress ; hence it is, that in so many instances, the religion of the cottage so much outstrips that of the mansion ; and that we derive so much more benefit from intercourse with the really sincere Christians amongst the poor, than amongst the too refined, showy, luxurious, and dubious professors in higher classes. Thank God, however, there are some, though few, yet delightful, specimens amongst the rich ; the gate is too straight for some of the camels.

* * * * * Allow me, with a heart full of love and esteem for my dearly loved F——, to ask whether you have considered the subject of my last letter ; do you not see, on mature examination of your own heart, that religion has not done all that it ought to have done in this respect for my dearest child ; has not something of discontent been mingled with the lawful exercise of affection ? has not Christ been in some degree robbed of his love and duty in your heart of late ? I entreat my dear child to take this frank, but affectionate reproof in good part. I love you so dearly, that I want to see you holy, happy, and heavenly. True, deep, and unfeigned piety will alone induce a right frame ; not the fretful weariedness of this world, but the mind reconciled to all the dealings of the Lord, because they are *His*, and that for both worlds.—I gave an historical, antiquarian, ecclesiastical, picturesque, mineralogical and religious lecture on Iona and Staffa, to about 150 ladies and gentlemen in the school-room at Olney last Wednesday. I spoke for two hours and a half. I produced fifty illustrative pictures, and all my pebbles and other specimens. I did the same at Emberton. All expressed satisfaction.

Your affectionate Father,
L. R."

Turvey, Dec. 1824.

“I think, dearest F——, that the plan which I suggested will be best for your return home; give me a letter to precede you. “*Hic sumus;*” quiet, comfortable, and uniform in our daily course, without many striking events to diversify it by day or by night, unless it be that the younger bairns are rather noisy by day, and the cats in the garden outrageously so by night. Mamma is detained at Bath, by the lingering and precarious state of Mrs. C——. Willy is not materially different. My dear, much-loved boy! No one will ever know what I have inwardly undergone on his account since May last. I have no reason to doubt that his mind is in a good state, but I think its exercises are somewhat too dependent on the fluctuations of his body. I entreat you, when restored to his companionship, to second every wish of my heart in promoting serious, devotional, and determinate piety and occupation of heart. I sometimes fear that his mind is too playful, too comparatively careless, in the midst of carefulness. He is an invalid of too precarious a class to trifle, or to be trifled with. Watch over his besetting infirmities, and aim, without appearing to intend it, to correct them.

Many persons, God be praised, appear at this time to be under serious impressions, and the Lord's work in this parish is evidently progressing. I earnestly wish to see it so under my own roof, as well as in my neighbours' cottages. Yes, my F——, my own loved child, I wish to witness more positive, decided, unequivocal, demonstrations of it in your own heart. Beware of substituting mere sentimentalism for vital experience; and any, however subtle, species of idolatry for the simple, sincere, unsophisticated love of Jesus. Jesus, the sinner's refuge!—Jesus, the sinner's friend!—Jesus, the

sinner's companion. Beware of the fascinating but dangerous tribe of poets, fictionists, story-tellers, and dramatists, whose writings steal away the heart from God, secretly poison the spring of devotion, create false standards of judgment, and rob God of his honour. Never let the ignis fatuus of genius beguile you into the swamps and puddles of immorality, much less of infidelity : the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked : who can know it ? Ten thousand thieves and robbers within are continually purloining God of our best affections ; they assume imposing attitudes, array themselves in false attire, speak flattering words, " prophecy-smooth things," delude the imagination, and darken the soul. Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation. Always keep a searching experimental book in private reading, to accompany the study and daily reading of the word of God. Beware of trifling and mere gossiping conversation, even with religious friends ; the aforementioned thieves and robbers are never more active than under the plausible guise of unprofitable intercourse with those, whom on good grounds we esteem.

"The time is short" should be written on every one and every thing we see. Dear Charlotte Buchanan is now gone to the rest that remaineth for the people of God. Do you not now feel, that had you anticipated so speedy a bereavement, many a thought would have been cherished, many a word uttered, many a conversation held, more congenial with the idea of her early flight from time to eternity, from the visible to the invisible world ? But you know not who may go next. If, then, where health may still bloom on the cheek, so much consideration is due, how much more so, when sickness and anticipated decay warn us, that those we love, may not long be with us. I deeply feel that our general standard of social and domestic religion

is too low. It does not sufficiently partake of the more simple and pure vitality of the poor man's piety. The cottage outstrips the drawing-room, in the genuine characteristics of the gospel efficacy. The religion of the one is more like wine, that of the other wine and water in various degrees of mixture. There is not only to be found in the religious world, a solid, substantial, consistent, and devoted character, but there is also what may be termed a pretty genteel sort of evangelism, which too well combines with the luxurious ease and partial acquiescence of the world, and the flesh, not to say the Devil also. But such evangelism will not prepare the soul for sickness, death, and eternity, or will, at best, leave it a prey to the most fearful doubts, or, still more to be feared, the delusions of false peace. The way that leads to eternal life is much more narrow, than many of our modern professors are aware of; the gate is too straight to allow all their trifling, and self-will, and fastidiousness, and carnal-mindedness to press through it. The gospel is a system of self-denial: its dictates teach us to strip ourselves, that we may clothe others; they leave us hungry, that we may have wherewith to feed others; and send us bare-footed among the thorns of the world, rather than silver-shod, with mincing steps, to walk at our ease amongst its snares. When our Lord was asked, "Are there few that shall be saved?" he answered neither Yes nor No; but said, "*Strive* to enter in at the straight gate," and this word "strive," might be translated "agonize." Beware of belonging to that class, which Mrs. H. ingeniously calls "the borderers." Choose whom you will serve, and take care not to prefer Baal. Ask yourself every night, what portion of the past day have I given to God, to Christ, to devotion, to improvement, to benevolent exertion, to effectual growth in grace. Weep for the deficien-

cies you therein discover, and pray for pardon and brighter progress. We intend next Thursday to give a little feast to a great company of the poor children of Turvey. Dear Willy will not be able this year to explain the Magic Lantern, and talk to them about "Lions and Whittingtons," so we must try to be optical without. H—— will act behind the scenes, but make no speeches. * * *

* * * * * I hope to hear a better account of Mrs. W——, to whom present my very affectionate regards. From my heart I wish you a merry Christmas and a happy new year when it comes. St. James explains "Merry," (James v. 13.) so does our Lord, (Luke xv. 24.) May such merry-makings be ours. Our love to all. Tell Mr. M. to write to Wilberforce. I want correspondents who will do him good, and not trifle. I am to preach two Missionary Sermons at Cambridge on the thirteenth. Farewell, my beloved F——, come quickly here, and be assured how truly I am,
Your faithful loving Father,

LEGH RICHMOND."

January 6, 1825.

MY DEAR F——

"Your communication is just such as I wish you often and again to repeat. Let your heart be confidential, and you will ever find mine responsive to it. * * *

May no trifles ever wean your affections from the unspeakably important subjects of eternity. Idols are bewitching, dangerous things, and steal away the heart from God. The most lawful things may become idols, by fixing an unlawful degree of affection upon them. One reason of the difficulties with which you meet on the subject of prayer may be, the not sufficiently looking by faith unto Christ. Essential as prayer is, both as

a privilege, an evidence, an instrument of good, and a source of every blessing ; yet it is only the intercessory prayer of Christ, that can render our prayers acceptable and efficacious, and it is only by lively faith in the Great Intercessor, that we can obtain a heart to pray. Thus faith and prayer act in a kind of circle in our minds, and each produces, (experimentally,) and is produced, by the aid of the other. I am glad you like Mr. Bickersteth's little book on prayer,—all his publications are good. There are many books as well as general conversations *about* religious matters which, after all, do not bring home true religion to the heart. Religious gossiping is a deceitful thing and deceives many. How many professors of religion will utter twenty flippant remarks, pro or con, upon a preacher, where one will lay his remarks to his heart. How many look more to the vessel than the excellency of the treasure contained in it. Some people cannot relish their tea or coffee, unless served in a delicate cup, with a pretty pattern and a gilt edge. Let poor dear Charlotte Buchanan's sudden call from time to eternity, warn us how needful it is to "die daily ;" not to trifle with our souls, when eternity may be so near ; nor to boast of the morrow, when we know not what a day may bring forth. Willy is anxious for your return, he droops at present, and wishes to have his dearest friends near him.

* * *

I rejoice to find your recent meditations have opened to your conscience besetting infirmities. Press forward, my child, let them not gain an ascendancy. Beware of mere sentimentalism, of satire, of fastidiousness towards persons and things. Beware of bigotry and prejudice, of procrastination, of the love of fictions, of dangerous, though fascinating poets, &c.

* * *

I wish you, my love, to attach yourself to visiting the sick, and conversing usefully with the poor ; to the instruction of poor children ; to *religious* correspond-

ence and conversation, with a *few* sincere friends; and particularly strive to commence and continue spiritual conversation with our dear Willy.

“I lately watched the young moon declining in the western sky—it shone sweetly. Sometimes a cloud shot across the disk—sometimes a floating mist partially obscured it, alternately it was bright again: it sometimes silvered the edge of the very cloud that hid it from sight. At length the lower horn touched the horizon, then the upper horn, and then it wholly disappeared. Venus remained to cheer the gloom. I said to myself, ‘*There* is the decline of my loved boy, and *there* is the star of hope.’

Your affectionate father,
L. RICHMOND.”

London, June, 1825.

DEAR F. AND DEAR H.

“Between the morning and evening services of this day, I have a leisure hour, in which I feel as if I should like to sit down and talk with you two. I miss our early morning exercises much, and this for the present must be the substitute on my part. I have nothing very particular to recount, only that I have been to a few places, where I was last summer with my beloved Wilberforce, and I have indulged the silent tear as I retraced incidents never again to recur. At some places, where my friends remember his visits and conversations, I am asked, ‘how he is,’ with interest in their manner, and have to tell how he has taken his flight to another and a better world; and it affects me greatly so to do. I know not how it is with me, in regard to that dear boy’s loss, but I talk less and think more than ever about him. The fortnight preceding, and the one succeeding his death, are indelibly graven on my heart’s recollections, and sometimes overpower me in a way

of which none of you have any real idea. Sometimes my mind is strengthened, but at others weakened by these reflections. I am sometimes comforted, at others terrified by these exercises of the mind. With what liveliness do the scenes of our northern tour press upon my mind: the lovely Isle of Bute with all its magnificent scenery, the incomparable beauties of Loch Lomond, and Loch Long, with their hospitable friendships; the wild loveliness of Inverary, and Loch Awe; the fine views on the Firth of Clyde, with the moral and intellectual characteristics of many a kind friend; the steam-boats, the carts, the cars, the mountains, all associate with *him*, and are endeared to me beyond expression. I linger over all the spots we visited together, from Loch Awe to Glasgow, Carlisle, Keswick, Woodhouse, Matlock, &c. to Turvey. I love to think of our private reading in my little bed-room at Rothsay; his first communion at Greenock, and then to connect all with his closing days. It is my weakness, my fault, my misfortune, that I cannot express more of my mind and feelings to you both. Dear, dear H——! you are now become the prop and stay of my declining years, think much of the station in which God has placed you. My first-born is a distant wanderer, and God knows when or whether I shall see him again on earth. My second boy is taken from me, you are my third, but now my first. Be such to your two brothers, particularly to L——; he needs your constant superintending care; watch over him, do not leave him to seek unprofitable associates; cherish the little germ of hope, which God has planted in my bosom concerning him, let your example influence, and your kind attentions encourage him in every good way, and think much of your own soul. Beware of declensions.—remember the last words of dear Wilberforce,—live up to his ad-

vice. How my heart yearns over you, and all your prospects. What are you? What are you to be, my loved child? Write to me freely.

“And my F—— also; are you as much alive to spiritual things, as when you hastened to the dying bed of dear Willy,—as when you wept over his coffin? My child, dread *all* decays, and may the flame of spiritual piety never grow dim amidst the mists of unworthier speculations. Visit the cottages,—forsake not the poor, for your Father’s sake.

“I have been this morning where you might least have expected to find me; but I went not from curiosity, but from a conscientious wish to know and judge for myself, viz. to the Roman Catholic Chapel in Moorfields, to hear high mass. I was astonished at the decorations, the gorgeous dresses of the bishop and priests, charmed with the exquisite beauty of the music, disgusted at the ceremonial mummerly of the service, and unconvinced by the bishop’s eloquent sermon in defence of transubstantiation. It was all illusion, delusion, and collusion. The service lasted near four hours. I bless God more than ever for true Protestantism. I shall hear the Messiah performed to-morrow.—Such music I love, it lifts my soul to heaven. I am sick and disgusted with common light modern songs,—they are unfit for Christians. Oh! what music is my Willy enjoying in heaven. Shall we all enjoy it with him? The question often sinks me in the dust. My dear, my most dear children! press forward to the prize of the mark of our high calling in Christ Jesus. There is an immense gulph to be passed. Who is sufficient for these things?

Say truly kind and pastoral things for me to my dear people at Turvey. Truly I have them in my heart.—My children all, I kiss you from a

distance ; believe how much and how tenderly I
love you ! * * *

“P. S.—*Monday*.—I am just returned from hearing the Messiah. In the two grand chorusses, I thought I could hear my Willy’s voice, and it quite overcame me. Past, present, and future, mingled in strange and affecting combination. These feelings are sometimes too much for your poor father.”

CHAPTER IV.

‘A man that is young in years may be old in hours, if he have lost no time.’—*Bacon*.

It may easily be conceived with what anxiety Mr. R. would contemplate the removal of his boys from the paternal roof, when their age should render it unavoidable. The difficulty of placing young persons in suitable situations is greatly increased in the present day by the numbers who are pressing into every trade and profession, and by the modern practice of excluding youth from the master's family, a practice which may conduce to the comfort and convenience of the latter, but which necessarily exposes the clerk and the apprentice to the worst temptations. Mr. R. knew perhaps less than many other parents how to place out his children to advantage. He was not wise for this world, and though few had fairer opportunities or friends more able to advise and help him, he shrunk from availing himself of these advantages, to a degree which we cannot approve, while we respect his delicacy and paramount regard to the honour of religion. He was not the ablest counsellor under such circumstances, except indeed on one point, that the welfare of the soul should be the governing principle in the selection of a profession. He gave an unbounded liberty of choice to his children, with one exception, an exception which it is difficult to imagine would not equally be made by every Christian parent. The profession of arms, if not in itself unlawful, is so irreconcilable with

the spirit of a peaceable religion; and a life of comparative idleness or of activity amidst the horrors of destruction, is so repugnant to the principles and feelings of a disciple whose Master came not to destroy but to save men's lives, that a right-minded man can scarcely be supposed to admit a preference for it. Persons of undoubted piety have been discovered in camps as well as in peaceful fields, but it has generally been found that their knowledge of God was subsequent to their choice of profession. The Christian under an actual engagement in a service may decide "to abide in the calling wherein he is called," and honour God in his vocation; but this is a widely different determination from a choice made with the knowledge of peace and love in Christ Jesus.

One of those events which often inspire a preference for a soldier's life, I mean the show of military parade, excited this inclination in Mr. Richmond's younger son. To this choice Mr. R. expressed his dissent in the strongest terms. "Any thing but this," said he, "any thing but this—the very mention of a military life fills me with horror; I cannot bear to think of a child of mine engaging in scenes of bloodshed and destruction. No consideration on earth could extort my consent. It would make me really miserable."

The following letter to his daughter F—— is the best transcript of his thoughts and feelings on this subject.

"I grant dearest F——, you may charge me with the fault of which you have often been culpable; I have no very good reason to assign for delay, and therefore will rather take my share of blame, than furnish you with a bad argument, or a bad example, in the duty of letter-writing. I rejoice in your account of Turvey, a spot that is always in my mind's eye, when not in my sight.

Dear loved parochial and domestic village ! Thou art endeared to me by a thousand considerations, both as it respects the living and the dead. "When I forget thee, let my right hand forget her cunning." No succession of time or circumstances has weaned or ever can wean my heart from the chancel vault. There is a young triumvirate increasingly endured to me, one in heaven and two on earth, and their names shall be recorded together,—Wilberforce, Henry, and C——. Dear boys ! born in the same village, companions in the same school, partners in the same recreations, partakers of the same eucharistic table, friends in every social pursuit, and dare I say, heirs of the same glory ? United by the ties of the same grace on earth, may they share the same felicity in heaven. I am glad that your meditations have been, of late, deep and important. Pray that they may continue so. Life is short, eternity is at hand, banish all needless reserve, banish levity, banish dulness, be much with Christ in prayer, and, I had well nigh added, much with your father in his study. Cultivate an interior acquaintance with H——, and do all you can with L—— and T——. There is something wanting amongst us, whether in family duet or chorus, as to really improving and spiritual conversation ; too much wordly bustle, too much regard to passing events, too much consequent alienation from the one, the only thing needful. Without inquiring who is the most in fault, let each of us strive to resist the evil and cleave to the good. When I think of my boys and C——, I bless God for village seclusion, and greatly rejoice that they have been kept at a comparative distance from the evil communications which corrupt good manners. The world, even in its apparently harmless form, is a terrible snare to the young and uninformed mind. I before gave you my opinion on Sunday evening walks, I have often

earnestly denounced them to the people, and need not add a word to you on this head. There is a subject which often hangs heavy on my spirits, I mean my poor dear T——'s inclination for a military life. Hating war as I do from my very heart ; convinced as I am of the inconsistency of it with real Christianity, and looking on the profession of arms as irreconcilable with the principles of the gospel, I should mourn greatly if one of my boys chose so cruel, and generally speaking, so profligate a line of life. I could never consent to it on conscientious grounds, and therefore wish this bias for the profession of arms to be discouraged. I dislike and oppose it with my whole heart. May God, the *God of peace* bless you, my much loved F—— ; give a Christian message of pastoral love to my dear flock ; I often think and pray for them. Love to the boys. You know well how truly and sincerely I am,

Your affectionate father,

LEGH RICHMOND."

The strongest desire Mr. R. ever expressed with respect to his children, was, that they might devote themselves to the service of the sanctuary. "I have no concern," he used to say, "about their temporal provision, God will take care of that ; but I should rejoice to see every one of my boys, actively and usefully engaged in the church of God." His son H—— chose the sacred profession, to which his father consented, but the necessity of his removal to the university, haunted him like a spectre. He passed many anxious days and sleepless nights in anticipation of the event ; and at times he seemed to be in the deepest trouble ; he talked and wrote continually about the possible consequences of it. The subject seemed to absorb his thoughts, and depress his spirits : "What if my

boy should fall a victim to associations which have blasted the fairest hopes of many a Christian parent. He may do without learning, but he is ruined body and soul if he be not wise unto salvation." Such acute distress may appear to some a sort of extravagance, and to others a pitiable dotage. It is true, feelings of this order require control, but allowance should be made for the overflowings of parental anxiety, and the dread of a transition and revolution of habits not without danger, and affording just grounds of apprehension. There are occasions in which it is difficult to preserve the mind in due balance, when not to feel deeply implies a culpable indifference to the interests of eternity, or at least a very low estimate of their paramount importance.

Mr. Richmond, as will appear from subsequent events, was standing on the verge of eternity; his health and spirits had been greatly shattered by the severe family trials through which he had lately been made to pass; and his feelings on all subjects connected with religion, were wrought up to a pitch of acuteness, which rendered unnecessary contact with the world almost insupportable. There need seldom, however, be any dread of a glow of feeling that "would consume us;" it is much more to be deplored, that men can sustain the "exceeding weight of things which are eternal," with so little emotion, and waste their chief energies on those which endure only for a season and then flee away for ever.

With respect to our Universities, I am not disposed to join in the unmeasured and ignorant objurgation, with which they have been assailed by their enemies, and even by those who owe much of their eminence in society to the advantages derived from them. It is easy to blame and difficult to improve; plausible theories may be suggested, and the rude hand of revolution, under the specious

name of reform, may proceed to experiments, which are often mischievous, and always uncertain in their issue. The question is not what is desirable, but what is practicable: how little is to be expected from attempting too much, is observable in the strictness of statutes, even to absurd minutiae, compared with the feeble discipline, which corrupt beings will allow to be enforced. It is indeed devoutly to be wished, that a more vigilant superintendence were exercised over the private habits of the young men, as to the facilities of contracting debts, and of admission into college after the closing of the gates,—that something more of the spirit of religion were infused into its forms; that less were left to the discretion of “the mad age;” that the authority and duty of the tutor should not be confined to the hours of lecture. Desirable as are such improvements in college discipline, I am not prepared to show how they can be made, unless the minds of men were more deeply impressed with the true end of education, the training a soul for eternity: and I shall not indulge in idle declamation against evils which I may lament, but cannot cure. The dangers incident to inexperienced youth at the University, are confessedly great, but they attach to all situations of their early career, and are not peculiar to their residence at these noble monuments of ancient piety and munificence. Yet, a Christian parent, in matriculating his son at College, will feel increasing responsibility to commend him to the Spirit of God for protection and guidance, and to use every precaution against the evil influence to which he may be exposed from the corrupt example of contemporaries, or the too great liberty allowed to himself. I would suggest the inestimable advantages to be obtained from the help and superintendence of a private tutor, of an age to be a companion, and of talents and piety sufficient to

make him a useful guide. Such a one intrusted with authority to direct his pupil's conduct and studies, would secure every thing within human means, which an anxious parent could desire.

The last production of Mr. R.'s pen was a paper of warnings and instructions for his son. This paper was found on his table after his death, and was evidently the result of his dying meditations. I deeply regret that it has been lost, and that I cannot gratify the reader by the valuable hints which it might have suggested. The subject, however, is too important to be passed over in silence, and I will venture to supply the defect by a letter of my own, written under circumstances not much dissimilar.

To a young friend on going to College.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND,

“You request my advice on a subject which will probable give a direction to your whole life. I give it you with the more satisfaction, because I believe you are not one of those who ask counsel with a previous determination to follow their own judgment, and who set no value on experience for which they have not paid the price in their own mistakes; but are anxiously looking out for a guide, and ready to follow him. After twelve years' residence in one of our Universities, I may fairly be supposed to know something both of their dangers and advantages. I am aware of the temptations to which you will be exposed in your new situation; yet with respect to myself, I may assert, that they were by no means so great as others have represented them,—fewer, and less dangerous than the after trials of manhood, or even those of my boyish days at school.

“The opportunity you now have of acquiring

solid learning, and of laying the foundation of all that will be useful to you in life, is incalculably valuable, and it should be your chief concern to embrace the golden moment with firm and steady grasp. Accept then, with my best wishes and prayers for your welfare, the result of past observation at Alma Mater.

“1. Wherever you are, in or out of the University, much will depend on the *regulation of yourself*. We are apt to lay the blame of our indiscretions and failures on our circumstances, and to suppose that we should act differently under other influences; but this is a great mistake; for circumstances, though I admit they have a powerful influence on our conduct, do not so much form, as discover our character. Be “Lord of your own mind,” and you will rise above outward trials. Try, then, to understand *yourself*—your strong, and your weak points.

“Begin and end the day with prayer; but content not yourself with an indolent or hurried exercise of devotion without heart or meaning, and a cursory or irregular glancing at a passage of Scripture, under an idea of satisfying conscience, or doing your duty. Consider seriously the chief end of the appointment, as the prescribed channel of intercourse with God. Your strength, success, and preservation from evil, all depend on communion with him. Every thing will go well or ill with you, in proportion as you are brought into contact with the divine Spirit. In reading the Bible, (I am now speaking of religion and its practical application to your heart and conscience, and not of theology as a science and profession,) take a few verses, and meditate and pray over them till you get the spirit and meaning of them wrought into your own soul. If you do not understand a passage, you may apply to a commentator for explanation; otherwise be

your own expositor,—preach to your own heart, and feed on the word of God amidst the aspirations of prayer and praise, and heavenly thoughts and affections. Examine yourself by it, to obtain conviction of sin, and to discover your defects and besetments,—to judge of your progress, and pray for uprightness and deep seriousness. Look forward to the probable events of the day, and seek grace and help to meet trial, and improve opportunity. Consider that you are entering society with a body of sin and death, ever liable to impart or receive injury, and while you carefully guard against the approaches of evil, you should aim, like your master, to “go about doing good.” I think an hour may be well employed in this holy exercise. At night, a shorter time may suffice; for the spirits will flag, and the body be wearied. The efficacy of prayer does not depend on the length of time employed in acts of devotion: God thinks of mercy, and not sacrifice, and so must you. Such remarks are applicable to all persons and situations, but are more especially important to one in your circumstances. You are now deprived of your father’s conversation, and the devotional exercises of the family, and you have need to redouble your diligence in private devotion. Remember, then, that your first and greatest trial will be in your closet; and if you fail here, all will go wrong with you throughout the day. If you rob God, to turn to Euclid or Euripides, or hurry away to chapel without private prayer, because you have given way to sloth,—other motives may stimulate you to be diligent in business, but you will not long continue “fervent in spirit, serving the Lord;” and if his Holy Spirit forsake you,—and he will forsake you if you grieve him by neglect of the means of grace,—you will fall into many inconsistencies, and in the end lose all love for religion, and concern

for your soul, and perhaps by your conduct discredit yourself even in the eyes of the world.

“It is a good habit to keep some subject in mind for *occasional* employment,—a promise—a precept—an attribute of God, on which to meditate in every vacant moment. There are intervals in the course of your College duties, when you cannot sit down to serious studies. *An idle moment furnishes at all times a nidus for a temptation.*

“2. Be very cautious in the formation of friendships. Your religious and general improvement will be closely connected with the character of your associates.

“You will find me correct in dividing the young men into two classes; of which one affects to despise, and the other professes to honour religion. The former class comprise *three* sets or parties, all agreeing to live without God in the world, but differing in their manners and pursuits. The first of the three are the men of family and fortune, who spend their time in amusement, attending as little as possible to the studies of the place. For the most part they are men of profligate habits, though not all equally vicious. These call themselves *the gentlemen*. There is another set of young men who pass by the name of *the scamps*; who are not better disposed than the former, but they have not the same means of doing mischief to themselves or others; they are, however, quite as ignorant, idle, and thoughtless, with the addition of coarseness and vulgarity of manners. To neither of these classes must you approximate, but (to speak academically) you must *cut them* all. I am under no apprehension of your familiarizing yourself with low company; but a silk gown, or a gold tuft,—a wish to form a high connexion, may tempt you to tolerate what ought to be intolerable to you. At first you may feel disgust at profane and vicious

language and manners. Insensibly they will excite less horror. After a time you will think it enough to be personally exempt from these offences—then you may begin to excuse and palliate ; till at length you break bounds, and assume a conduct, and avow a creed, repugnant to your judgment, and which your heart secretly condemns. You will have no difficulty in avoiding such associates ; for, unless you seek an introduction, they will not notice you. The third party which pretends to no religion are those who are called the *reading men* at Cambridge, and the *quizzes* at Oxford. Their diligent application to study, and desire of distinction in the university, are worthy of your imitation ; for you are sent to College, not merely to get a degree, and barely escape rejection at last, but to obtain a creditable testimony that you have profited by the studies of the place : yet, while I commend the industry of the characters alluded to, and their generally correct conduct, I do not hesitate to say, that their motives and objects are not such as I could enforce upon you.

“ It is possible that my advice to you may be different from that of some who nevertheless agree with me in principle. I remember it was said to you by—— “ Don’t look at every man not strictly religious as a wild bear, and a dangerous companion.” Certainly it is not a duty to cherish morose feelings, but rather to cultivate a sweetness of temper, and a courteous behaviour towards all : and an occasional interchange of visits, with those who will converse profitably on literary pursuits, cannot be objected to. Yet I wish to be more explicit as to the proper degree of intercourse with those who do not fear God, however creditable and desirable the acquaintance may be in other respects. If you were of long standing in religion, you might venture on many things which you cannot now

attempt with safety. They might even become a duty. The firemen must scale the burning roof, while the spectator of the flames had better keep at a distance. You must not try how much poison your constitution will bear, or risk your soul's health for the sake of any temporal advantage. *The world*—by which I mean those who are ignorant of religion, or whose hearts are not in it,—*must ever be to the true Christian, a cross, or a snare; and when it ceases to be the one, it will invariably become the other.* I cannot approve of whole evenings passed in company, where it is understood that God is never to be referred to, and where the least observation connected with eternity, creates a silence, if it does not provoke a sneer, an opposition of sentiment, or a feeling of distaste. To be much in society of this kind beyond the demands of duty or necessity, which you can seldom plead, is surely no better than constructive treason against our Lord and Saviour. If you make the experiment, mark the effect on your own mind. If the tone of religious feeling be impaired, if you grow dull and heartless in devotion, be assured that something is wrong in your motives, pursuits, and associations. So long as you agree to live and converse as if the world were every thing and God nothing, you may be tolerated, though your professed attachment to religion be known; or you may even be respected for qualities that are amiable and estimable, and your society may afford satisfaction to literary young men, who would keep you at a distance if you acted consistently with your profession of a purer faith, and stricter conversation. The old rule, "*noscitur a sociis*," is a very wise and safe one. Compare the conversation of your new associates, if you form such, with the discussions you have heard under the paternal roof; where, though the subjects were not always strictly religious, yet the

spirit in which they were treated had a tendency not only to improve the mind, but in some way or other to sanctify the heart. Perhaps I feel the more strongly on this subject, partly from having seen many a hopeful young person entirely ruined by a friendship formed on merely literary grounds, and partly because I perceive a gradual breaking down of old-fashioned distinctions, to the serious injury of true religion.

“Your father has, I find, earnestly intreated you to cast in your lot with those who, by way of reproach, are termed *the saints*. I know more of this class than he does, who must be in a degree unacquainted with university habits and students; and I would recommend you not to identify yourself with a sect or party of any kind, without careful discrimination. The religion of the Bible is often a different thing from that of its professed advocates; and if our hearts be right with God, there will be occasions when we must stand alone. I do not mean to reflect on the religious body; for whatever holiness or truth there is in the world, will be found chiefly among them; but false brethren have ever crept unawares into the Church of God, and have done great injury to sincere and honest members of it; and there is always reason to fear that when credit and interest are promoted by a profession of religion, some will consent to wear our badge, who are strangers to our principles. In this class you will also find the sons of truly good men, introduced and noticed on the score of their parent’s piety. These are acquainted with the theory of religion, but their hearts are far from being influenced by it; and former restraints being removed, they are apt to yield to corrupt inclination; and if they even keep within the bounds of decency, (which is not always the case,) they gradually adopt the manners and habits of the world. Some of higher pretensions to piety, affect

to despise both the studies and honours of the university, and become mere idlers and gossips. They are ready for disputation, and arrogant in maintaining some peculiar view of their own, to the neglect of the plain, simple, practical truths of religion. You need not incur a quarrel in shunning their society. Hold up the torch of real, spiritual, heart religion, and these birds of the night will flee away and leave you. You will also meet with a few religionists of a squeamish fastidious spirit, who cannot tolerate the defects of less polished, but truly honest and sincere young men. Their idol is talent, which seems to men of this order to compensate for the want of piety, if it does not excuse much that is wrong in principle and practice. They seldom discover any vigour, or meaning, or spirituality in their religious profession; but dwell much on *gentlemanly* behaviour, and a *proper* compliance with the world. You must seek your companions amongst those who have evidently thrown heart and soul into the service of their master, and prefer an honest man with his blunders and disadvantages, to those who sparkle with the splendour of superior talent, but whose morbid sensibilities chill the glow of piety.

“3. I particularly recommend you to decline breakfast parties; for even when the conversation may be interesting and generally improving, there is a temptation to prolong it unreasonably, and thus to infringe upon the regular hours and habits of study.

“4. When at college I had a great dread of loungers. My rooms being near the tutor's, I was liable to be pestered with triflers who came to pass away half an hour in just doing nothing. To bid them leave me would have been an act of incivility; to have looked sour or appeared fidgetty, would have seemed not less so; yet repeated interruptions became at last insupportable, and I had recourse to a

stratagem which I thought innocent, and which was certainly very successful. I entertained the man of taste with the discord of my violincello, and the man of no taste with a passage from a classic. After yawning a response or two he soon left me, voted me a bore, and sought more congenial society. If you are hard pushed you may make the experiment, and I can promise a similar result. Security from morning interruptions must be obtained at any expense. Idleness is very contagious, and gossiping of all kinds is a sad waste of time.

“5. Remember (for it is an invaluable maxim) that *method is the soul of business*, and that steady perseverance is necessary to your successful cultivation of knowledge. Let your time be duly portioned out, and every thing done in its season.—Let each hour have its allotted employment.—Rise early.—Keep good hours—your health and success both depend on it. Sitting up late is a very bad habit. Guard against inequality and irregularity: if you read hard for a week, and then idle away whole days in boating and riding, you will make less progress than persons inferior to yourself in ability, but who are steady and regular in their application. Nothing is to be done by fits and starts.

“6 You ought not to think of degrading into the class called *the non-reading men*, and content yourself with a *Pol degree*, under an idle pretence of gaining more general knowledge: aim at some academical distinction. I dare not hold out to you as a motive, the love of reputation or the gratification of pride; but study night and day to honour God and religion. It is worth while to labour hard to have something valuable in the eyes of the world to lay at the foot of the cross. I have always admired Selden’s reply, when asked how a man of his attainments could lower himself by superstition (for such his piety was miscalled)—“You may despise reli-

gion, but whatever be my attainments in human learning, I do count them all but dung and dross in comparison of the excellency of the knowledge of Jesus Christ my Lord." Men will value the truth as they respect those who profess it. You may find persons who cloak their indolence or their dulness under a misapplication of some text of Scripture; but be assured the most spiritual and really useful men, if not always possessed of the greatest talent, are those who have made the most of their opportunities. No one's name slumbers in the Tripos; it follows him through life, and what he has been at College, will help or injure his influence in many a country village. When a young clergyman excites attention by a serious application to his duties, it is a common inquiry amongst persons who might be supposed not to trouble themselves about such matters, What degree did he take? Was he distinguished at College? and he will rise or sink in their estimation accordingly. There may be prejudice and mistake in this, but it carries no small weight to be able to say, are they philosophers, mathematicians, or linguists? so am I. Besides, the habit of application to subjects not immediately connected with religion, is a good discipline of the mind, and will accustom it to correct and deep thinking on religion itself. The studies of the university are not, as some suppose, a mere literary trial of skill, and of no further use than to fill up a space in human life, or fit a man for scientific pursuits alone. If you find the lectures dry or your Latin irksome, think of working for God's glory, and Christ's honour, and it will infuse a vigour and sweetness into them. I have heard some good young men complain of the loss of spirituality and taste for the Bible, and ascribe this mischief to the absorbing influence of their studies; but their studies are not to blame,—it is the spirit, design, and end with which they are undertaken. A

man may hold communion with God through any medium, or in any occupation, if his heart and aim be right: he may become carnal in the midst of theological pursuits, and may preserve the utmost spirituality while wading through the rubbish of the schools. Remember that it is not your *work*, but your *motive*, which will injure or keep alive your piety.

“You will be required to go to the college chapel morning and evening, with the exception of seven or eight times a week when you may exercise your own discretion as to attendance. I would advise you to be *always* present. The example even of the religious young men may fail you; many of whom regard this regular attendance as a waste of time. They complain of the rapid and slovenly way in which the service is performed, and that there is no devotion in chants and anthems. But you have nothing to do with the offences of others; or with modes of worship. It is God’s house, God’s service. Honour both, and you shall not have to bewail the unprofitableness of prayer under any circumstances or defects. I enjoy cathedral service,—it is to me truly devotional. Men who dislike music may find it less in unison with their feelings, but before it is denounced as a relic of popery it should be remembered that the temple service was still more musical, and *our Lord was there*. He would not have sanctioned by his presence a mode of worship which contained in it any thing injurious to devotion, or inconsistent with a right frame of spirit in a true worshipper. Go, also, to chapel in proper time; I know the colleges allow their young men to come in when a third of the service is over, without a mark of absence: a practice which (with all due submission to masters and deans) gives me a painful feeling, for it looks as if chapel attendance was considered as a mere roll-

call, and it is not surprising that the juniors should hurry to chapel from their beds in a disgraceful dishabille under cover of the gown or the surplice. At first your motives may be suspected, but consistency in this and all other things will ultimately procure respect.

“7. *Never think any time mis-spent which is employed in the service and presence of God.* Your attendance at St. Mary’s, though expected, is not exacted. I have been sorry to hear some young men of high pretensions to religion speak very contemptuously of University sermons, and excuse their neglect of attending them on the ground of unprofitableness. Many admirable discourses for head and heart are delivered at that church, and it is a want of sense to compare a University pulpit with that of a parish. Sermons are much improved in doctrine and application since my day, yet even then I seldom heard a discourse from which I could not gain something useful, either in the elucidation of the text, or by inference, and use of the preacher’s material. But whatever be the defect of a sermon, recollect who has set you the example of honouring the appointment of lawful authority in church and state, and “fulfilling all righteousness.” I would have you affiliate yourself to the habits, usages, studies, and worship of a university man, and to cultivate a spirit of modesty, regularity, order, humility, and submission; as the prime duty and greatest ornament of a young man in *statu pupillari*, whose province it is to learn and not to teach.

“8. You wish me to sketch out a plan of study, and an orderly arrangement of your time. Much depends on college appointments; but leaving you to improve or alter in reference to them, I will comply with your request, observing that it is more easy for me to dictate, than for you to execute. You have need to pray for firmness and resolution;

since any relaxation or breach on your part, except in cases of imperious necessity, will leave you resolving and re-resolving, but never attaining to any eminence. I suppose the chapel service at eight in the morning and six in the evening, hall at four, lecture at ten, with some other college exercise which you must arrange as you can, the amount of time will be the same. Be always at your private devotions at six in the morning. I need not repeat what I have already said on this subject, except it be again to urge you, on no account to proceed to business, till you have sought help from God. If you be not inflexibly steady and regular on this point, you will lose the spirit of religion, and retain only the dregs of form, amidst gods and goddesses, cubes and squares, and triangles, and all the multitudinous ideas which are poured into your mind. Devote the next hour to Theology; I will give you the first year to get an acquaintance with the Hebrew Bible and Greek Testament, till you can read both with as much ease as the English version. You will need no other helps than Buxtorff's small lexicon, and Schleusner's two volumes for the Testament. You are tolerably ready with the grammar of each language, or I should have added Simons's grammar for the Hebrew. The very few chapters in Chaldee will be easily mastered with Buxtorff's larger grammar and lexicon. Use and observation will supply a more critical knowledge of these languages without any other assistance. Employ the second year with Scott, for a further acquaintance with the Scriptures. I might point out more able expositors on detached portions, but you will find in him a good compilation from more extensive works. You need not perplex yourself with too many expositors. It would be a very heavy *imposition* to wade through all the trash and prosings which have been appended to divinity.

Difficulties may sometimes be cleared up by Chronology, Geography, and Parallelisms, but in most cases the Bible is its own and best interpreter. For the same hour in the third year, read Hartwell Horne. This is an invaluable book for a young man, and you must not lay him aside till you have fully digested his admirable compilations, to guide you in more discursive reading hereafter. College preparations will sufficiently embrace the subject of evidences. Let me seriously caution you against a spirit of curious metaphysical inquiry on those parts of theology, which are more fit for age and experience, if indeed they are ever safe, or profitable, or intelligible. The arrogant dogmatism of some religionists is intolerable, their presumption full of danger, and their spirit and temper most unchristian. On many points it is best to say with Leighton, "Here I choose rather to stand on the shore, and in the survey of God's judgments exclaim, 'Oh the depths,' than venture out upon the fathomless abyss, from which I may never return." The present is a childish dispensation, in which we must be content to know little, and strive to do much. During the remaining half year of your academical residence, spend an hour each day in pulpit composition. I hope you do not intend to be a copyist, or one of Dr. Trusler's disciples. Enrich your sermons to the utmost with the ideas of others, wrought into your own mind, but never transcribe. I am not instructing you how to preach, but how to prepare materials, or I should say many things in relation to the ministry. Get a Bible interleaved, and note down all you hear or read relating to the more important texts. I began to do this at an early age, and my preaching bible now contains a mass of references to authors, treatises, commentators, and single sermons, on most important questions; so that half my work is done before I begin

to compose. My tools are at hand, and I have no need to hunt for them. You will find some useful hints in Claude's Essay on the frame-work of a sermon, and in the "*Horæ Homileticæ*," the production of the best skeleton-maker in the world. Yet remember an old piece of advice,—"*Nullius addictus in verba magistri*." Imitate no one, but be yourself. Your own clothes will fit you best. Imitators are apt to copy defects as well as beauties, and thus make themselves ridiculous; use your own manner and style, that you may be sincere and natural. If you are industrious you will not hereafter have to learn when you are required to teach. Out of the remainder of the day, take six hours for your college exercises; and try to be steady, neat, accurate, and eminent in every thing. You will now have spent eight hours in close application; never exceed them. You may turn to music, which is a great refreshment of the spirits,—to conversation or letter-writing, or whatever requires no effort of mind. Never be out of your room after ten at night, and spend half an hour in devotional exercises before you retire to bed. I shall not repeat what I have said on the subject of prayer, but let me add one caution. You will sometimes have to lament great failures; do not on such occasions take refuge in loose antinomian notions, nor yet give way to recklessness and despondency; if God knows you are honest, and striving in all things to glorify him, though you fall seven times a day he will raise you up again. Never resolve to do nothing because you have not done every thing; nor indeed resolve at all, but cast your troubles on Christ, and set to work again with more diligence, caution, and dependence.

"I have said nothing of modern literature: you are already pretty well acquainted with it, and if you can find an hour for lighter reading, which

does not fatigue you, it may be well to enlarge your present stock ; but not to the neglect of other things ; because in vacations you may profitably spend some time upon the historians and English poets. I would have you attend, in turn, the public lectures on anatomy, chemistry, &c.;—you will not be able to read in private on these subjects, but you may get a general knowledge of them, which will both improve and amuse you. The divinity lecture I advise you to postpone, till you have finished the course of reading on that subject which I have marked out for you. There is one part of my sketch on which I have not been sufficiently explicit ; I mean the exercise which is indispensably necessary to health. I have scarcely ever had a pupil to whom in this respect I did not seem to be another Cassandra, whose predictions no one would believe. I hope you will be an exception. To read yourself blind, deaf, stupid, and nervous, is really a great folly, and kind of suicide. There have been many sad examples of complete failure amongst students, through neglect of exercise, rather than from over-mental exertion. Always take exercise in the best part of the day, and at three periods,—two half-hours by yourself, and two hours with some agreeable companion, with whom the conversation may be interesting ; kindred pursuits will furnish you with abundant materials.

“9. Avoid all wine parties, or if circumstances seem to make an occasional visit in this way necessary, firmly adhere to some rule as to quantity. I never took more than two glasses, and this determination saved me much trouble and temptation. Acquaintances formed at these parties are transitory, and companions will soon be dispersed to be heard of no more. A few endeared intimacies are likely to be more durable and valuable.

“10. The university, which brings together so great a variety of persons, is a good school for the study of character ; avail yourself of it ; by the defects of others learn to correct your own, and by their virtues improve yourself. You will seldom find a person who does not excel you in something : lead him to talk on his favourite subject, that you may profit by his superiority.

“11. With respect to your vacations, I shall only now throw out one hint ; which is, that these must be equally busy periods, if you aspire to academical honours. You will, indeed, be expected to relax occasionally in family parties ; still you must unceasingly pursue your object, and attend to little else. Get up your college subjects for the next term ; you cannot otherwise keep pace with the lectures.

“12. Whatever you read, always keep in mind the great truths of the Bible ; fact and observation will strengthen and confirm them.

“13. Never converse about religion, but in the spirit of religion ;—be earnest, spiritual, and serious ; jokes, and tales, and absurd associations, produce levity of mind, and even hypocrisy ; be cheerful, but not light.

“14. You may start at the amount of what I have stated, but I know from experience that I have proposed nothing which may not be achieved by steady perseverance. Throw your whole soul, my dear —, into a preparation for a useful, honourable, and serviceable life, in the most glorious of all employments, the office and work of the ministry. That God may give you grace, and health, and strength, to become a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, is the earnest prayer of

Your affectionate and faithful friend.”

I must apologise to the reader for detaining him so long from the more immediate subject of the Family Portraiture. My excuse must be the hope that this letter of my own may fall into the hands of some student of the University, and furnish him with useful hints to regulate his conduct and studies. I am satisfied that my sentiments would be found in unison with my friend's, had he lived to complete his own valuable directions in his son Henry.

In surveying the variety of circumstances and details connected with Mr. R.'s plan of education, it seems to me that two points may be added with advantage.

It has often been lamented that children and young people receive so little benefit from public instruction. Mr. Richmond did indeed teach his children to pray and read the scriptures; he wrote a form of prayer for the use of each of them, until they were able to approach a mercy-seat with the expression of their own thoughts and desires. They had the benefit of his family exercises and conversations, and he kept his eye on their behaviour at church: but this is not all that is needful; they should frequently be examined as to what they hear, and be required to give an account of every sermon; receiving reproof or commendation as they appear to have been negligent or attentive.

"It is important also to accustom children to separate a part of their pocket money for charitable purposes, and to act, in their sympathy with the necessitous, on plan and system. Mr. R. was himself hospitable and benevolent; he contributed largely from his slender means, to the wants of his poor parishioners, and he inculcated on his family the duty of unremitting attention to distress of every kind. But children should be trained to *seek out* proper objects, and learn to relieve them from their own means, and by the sacrifice of their

own gratifications. What portion of our goods ought to be separated for the poor is not determined in the scriptures; the only definite rule there laid down, is, "According as God has prospered him, so let every man give as he is disposed in his heart." Children, as well as grown people, should be allowed opportunity to exercise discretion, and evidence the sincerity of principle: we cannot prescribe any fixed amount, which must vary according to the circumstances of different persons; still, however, this labour of love ought to be regulated by some definite principle.

From the foregoing detail of Mr. R.'s laborious and conscientious care of his family, it is natural to ask what was the result. Delicacy and propriety forbid me to speak of the living, though I might there appeal to facts which confirm the truth of that gracious promise, "Train up a child in the way in which he should go, and when he is old he shall not depart from it."

I shall, however, now endeavour to fulfil Mr. R.'s own intentions, by recording the deaths of his children who died in the faith, and are gone to their rest and peace in Christ Jesus.

CHAPTER V.

The storm that wrecks the wintry sky
No more disturbs their deep repose,
Than summer's evening latest sigh
That shuts the rose.

Montgomery.

SAMUEL NUGENT LEGH, the eldest son of Mr. Richmond, was born at Brading in the Isle of Wight, June 18, 1798.

From his birth to the hour of his death he was the child of many prayers to God, for life and salvation through a crucified Redeemer.

"My responsibilities," said Mr. R. "are greatly increased by the birth of a son, and I have need of wisdom to preserve this loan of the Lord, and train up an immortal soul for heaven."

The views of a Christian parent concerning his offspring are not bounded by time, nor his hopes and wishes limited to a present provision. Our heavenly Father knoweth our wants. We must seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all other things will be supplied as far as is needful to our welfare.

The first paper found amongst Mr. R.'s memoranda relating to his son Nugent, is a letter addressed to the sponsors on the occasion of his infant's reception into the company of believers by the sacrament of baptism. The selection of these parties is often a delicate and a difficult duty to religious parents. The usages of society direct our

view towards kinsfolk and intimate friends, and the practice is natural and proper when such can be found possessing a deep sense of the responsibilities of their engagement. But to be swayed principally by relationship or interest in this appointment, is inconsistent with Christian integrity, and is, in fact "honouring man more than God." The church supposes sponsors to be persons of real piety, a company of the faithful who agree "as touching what they shall ask of God in Christ's name" on behalf of the infant. They are provided as spiritual trustees to take care that the child be virtuously brought up, and they engage for the fulfilment of conditions, without which, baptism, like the Lord's Supper, is not available for any benefit. The grace of baptism is not promised to unbelievers, and there are many who are such *as to this act*, though the term may not in general be applicable to them. The rite is regarded by some merely as a compliance with the forms of religion, and by others as conferring a title to covenant privileges, rather than as communicating any actual benefit. But the church of England, and I may add, all the reformed churches, define this sacrament to be an "outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace; ordained by Christ himself, as a *means* whereby we receive the same, and a pledge to assure us thereof."

To maintain that the right administration, independent of the right reception, of an ordinance, is effectual, would be to sanction the errors of Popery; and it would be extravagant to assert that all baptized persons are regenerate, since the fact is palpably against such an assumption. Whether we say with Arminius, that the grace of baptism has been lost, or with John Calvin, *nullified*, by the non-fulfilment of engagements;—whether by the terms regeneration, renovation, or conversion be meant, the return, the confirmation, or the original

impartation of a divine influence, (the phrase matters not,) it is most evident that those who do not bring forth the fruits of the Spirit are not "partakers of an inward and spiritual grace;" and it becomes the ministers of religion to exhort such persons to pray, and seek for that change of nature without which no man can enter into the kingdom of heaven. This view of the subject secures every practical and useful purpose, and it would be more advantageous to men's souls to contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints, than to strive about words to no profit.

Christian parents and sponsors would do well to consider whether their own ignorance and unbelief, as it respects this solemn ordinance, may not have provoked God to withhold the blessing promised "to us and to our children." We know that under the law, the child was cut off who "had broken the covenant," only by the contempt or neglect of circumcision on the part of his sinful parents; and why may not the hypocrisy of sponsors in the performance of a Christian rite be the cause of its almost general inefficacy?

It is an argument of no little weight in favour of sponsorship, that this appendage to Christian baptism has been sanctioned by high antiquity. It is not a novelty of modern times. It universally obtained in the Jewish church, and was continued in the church of Christ to the sixteenth century; its rejection, together with that of the baptism of infants, originated with the enthusiasts of Munster. I repeat the remark, sponsorship was associated with baptism in the Jewish church, and unless in the application of a rite long practised to a new dispensation, the concomitants of that rite, "the answer of a good conscience," by and for others were repealed, (and we have no proof nor reason to suppose they were repealed,)—the disciples, as

Jews, could not interpret their commission, but in connexion with their early associations and the constant practice of their nation.

If this argument does not so firmly establish the use or sponsorship as to invalidate baptism without it, (which neither we nor the foreign churches maintain,) it is surely sufficient to rescue the custom from the ignorant contempt with which it is too often treated.

It will be seen by the following letter, that Mr. R.'s sentiments were in unison with what has just been stated, on this interesting appendage to Christian baptism.

“To the worthy God-father and God-mother of
Samuel Nugent Legh Richmond..

“Suffer the anxious feelings of a father to plead an apology for addressing, petitioning, and admonishing you on a subject so near, so dear to his heart, as the future welfare of an infant child: I need not to remind you, that the institution of sponsors at the baptism of every young child, is a pious precaution of the church, intended to provide for, and ensure the religious education of its members. With regard to the natural parents of the child, they are considered as already engaged under such strict bonds, both by nature and religion, to take care of his spiritual welfare, that the church does not suppose that she can lay them under any greater; but still makes a provision, that if notwithstanding these obligations, the parents should be negligent, or if it should please God to take them to himself during the infancy of their children, there may yet be others who stand solemnly pledged before God and his church, to see that such infants are not without instruction in consequence of such carelessness or untimely death of

their parents. Hence it follows, that a charge of the most serious and important nature is undertaken by the spiritual parents or sponsors, who are therefore called, Fathers and Mothers in God; and in all matters which concern the godly instruction, Christian principles, and progress in piety of their God-children, they do most assuredly and unequivocally become answerable for their faith and practice, so far as human vigilance and endeavours are concerned. True it is, if they have the satisfaction of observing that the natural parents zealously, piously, and unremittingly superintend the Christian education of their infant charge, much of their own attentions are rendered unnecessary;—still, however, their own responsibility remains unaltered by any circumstance, from the hour of baptism to the years of discretion and understanding, and it is incumbent on them to see and know that all things are provided, and nothing omitted which is conducive to the soul's health of their children in God.

“Having thus stated my ideas of the indispensable duties of God-fathers and God-mothers in general, I am naturally led to make the immediate application to the present case. I hope and trust that myself and my dear Mary are too deeply impressed with a sense of our duty, (exclusive of parental affection,) to omit anything which may tend to the Christian instruction of our young ones. If, therefore, it should please the Almighty to spare us life and health, I shall look forward with increasing pleasure to the prospect of our child's being so educated, that even those who stand solemnly pledged on the subject, shall have little else to do than to observe, examine, and approve. At least, I pray, that under God's blessing on our endeavours, it may be so;—but, should our infant be deprived of parental solicitude and attention through death, or debility of mind or body, on you, my

dear and much respected friends, it will rest to provide all that in your name has been vowed, promised, and professed for him. In such an event, I intreat that no pains may be spared to train up my little infant in the love and fear of God, in the faith of the Redeemer, and grateful love to him, and with a firm reliance on the assistance of the Holy Spirit. Let the Scriptures, and not the commonplace morality of the times, be made the groundwork of his conduct, his principles, and his future hopes; teach him that true charity is the offspring of Christian faith, and that heavenly hope can alone spring from their united dominion over his heart. With such a foundation he will learn to be thankful and contented in every condition of life, and under every dispensation of providence. Let him be so fortified with the true armour of the Christian, that the shafts of that horrid and specious monster infidelity may ever be repelled with humble confidence and just indignation.

“Teach him to know that although the gospel gives no encouragement, no, even the least hope, to morality without faith, yet that faith without works is dead.

“That, notwithstanding our most punctual obedience to the commandments of the law, we are still unprofitable servants; (the merits of the Saviour, not our own merits, rendering us acceptable to God;) yet that the fruits of the Spirit are to be seen in practical activity in promoting the good of others, as well as in the purification of ourselves. Let this, and every other Christian principle be engrafted on his heart, gradually, and in due progress, with the advancement of his understanding; so shall your weighty duties be fulfilled, and my heart be at ease.

“Should the boy's life and my own be spared, it will be my delight to endeavour to make him what I consider the first of characters,—a real Christian.

“ With respect to all other parts of education, it is foreign to the purpose of this address ; which is solely made on the subject of the baptismal vow, accompanied by a fond father’s comments, explanations and wishes. My present fears are not lest he should be poor and unlearned in what the world calls wisdom and accomplishment ; all must prosper in the end, if he be but rich in good works, and wise unto salvation. I conclude, therefore, with a blessing upon you all ; and if this epistle be of a more serious (and to you I will not add tedious) description than you are accustomed to peruse, the best apology to be made for it is, that it comes from a parish priest, an affectionate father, and

Your faithful brother-in-law and nephew,
L. R.”.

It was Mr. R.’s earnest desire, that his first-born child should be a minister of the Lord, and a servant of the sanctuary ; his son’s course of education was conducted with this view, both while he continued at Brading, and on his subsequent removal to Turvey.

There was nothing censurable in Mr. R.’s wishes for his son’s introduction to the ministry ; but considering the peculiar character and requirements of a minister of the gospel, it may be doubted whether it would not be more consistent that the designation of a young person to that sacred profession, should follow, rather than precede, a discovery of fitness for it. I am not here speaking of the awful profanation of making a boy a clergyman, because he shews an incapacity for other situations, or with a view to some wordly advancement, or for the sake of literary respectability and enjoyment ; such motives and practices cannot be too strongly deprecated : is it not to bring the lame, and the blind into the temple, and to offer money for the gift of

God ? in such, God can have no pleasure, neither will He accept an offering at their hand. Mal. i. 2, 12. But I am adverting to an error, not uncommon even among religious parents, of selecting the future occupation of the ministry for their children on the general grounds of correct conduct and amiable dispositions. God has taken into his own hands the work of the sanctuary ; when He calls and separates by his Spirit, we may co-operate with His purposes, and supply materials and tools for His workmen ; but it is seldom desirable to anticipate the divine will on this head, or forget that there must be, not only a real conversion of heart to God, but a peculiar aptness for the work, to justify an entrance in the sacred calling.

Such was Mr. R's judgment in after-life ; and his tender mind sometimes reverted to his disappointment in poor Nugent's delinquencies, as a rebuke for his presumption.

It appears that Mr. R. early adopted the practice of corresponding with his family ; and I present to the reader a letter to Nugent, as a pleasing specimen of his happy manner of addressing his children.

MY DEAR LITTLE BOY,

" You cannot think how glad I was to see your letter ; so glad that it made me weep : if you knew how dearly I love you, I am sure you would dearly love me ; and if you knew how dearly God loves you, you would love Him also. Never forget God, for he is always thinking about you ; do you not see how good He is to you, in giving you a papa and mamma, and sisters, and friends, and a house to live in, and food, and so many other good things.

" I preached a sermon last Sunday to some hundreds of little children, and you can hardly think how well they behaved, and how silently and

closely they attended to what they heard. Many of them when they returned home, wrote down what they heard from me at church: when will you do so, my dear Nugent? I hope you get your lesson well for Mr. D——; how kind he is to teach you! I hope you pray for me every day; I often pray for you, and God will hear both you and me, if we pray with our whole hearts. When you have read this letter, you must go and kiss M. and F. and H. and tell them I bid you do so for me, because I am far away, and cannot give them myself a proof of my affection for them.

“My Nugent, you are the eldest; if you are a good child, they may follow your example, and if you are a bad boy, it will teach them to be sinful; and that will make God very angry, and me very unhappy. You are now every day growing older, and you ought to grow wiser and better, and then you will be a comfort to us all, and I shall rejoice and praise. I wish you to-morrow morning to read the 10th chapter of St. Mark, and you will see how Jesus Christ loved little children, and how he took them up in his arms and blessed them. I hope he will bless you, and then you will go to Heaven when you die; but without a blessing from Christ you never can go there. I trust I shall see you again soon. You must pray to God to bring me back in health and safety. I have written to you as long a letter as perhaps you will like to read: one thing only I will add, that

I am your true loving papa,

L. R.”

For some years Nugent was educated at home; being seldom absent from his Father's eye: companions he had none, for Mr. R. was afraid of bringing his son in contact with any associations out of his own family. It may be doubted how far

it was wise to confine a boy to his own resources for amusement; for at this time Mr. R. had not provided the philosophical apparatus, by which he afterwards supplied his children with full employment in their leisure hours: certainly the future transition from these restraints to the almost unbounded freedom of association at school, proved injurious to Nugent.

As Mr. R's public engagements increased, he found it necessary to remove his son to other superintendence; and he placed him under the care of —; in this situation Nugent attached himself to a companion of bad principles and incorrect conduct, who in the end succeeded in perverting the victim of his confidence. It became necessary to remove the bad example from the family, and at last, though with great reluctance and bitter disappointment, Mr. R. consented to the advice of his friends, and placed his son in a merchant vessel. All hopes of the ministry were abandoned; and Nugent, now a wanderer in the wide world, had to make his own way in life. Many affecting circumstances relating to this exile from his father's house, have been already detailed in Mr. R's own memoirs, and I am obliged to forego their introduction in the present narrative.

The repetition of such details, are not, however, essential to my purpose; which is not so much to gratify curiosity, as to shew the great advantage of a religious education, amidst the most discouraging and distressing disappointments; and that the promises of eventual success, under all the oppositions of a fallen nature, and the worst temptations to evil, will ultimately reward the faithful and conscientious discharge of our duty towards our children.

Mr. R. gave his son, on his departure from this country, a Bible, and a paper of admonitions and instructions for his conduct. Amidst all his irregu-

larities, Nugent discovered a grateful and affectionate temper. His errors were evidently those of a thoughtless and yielding disposition, rather than of a deep-rooted and vicious propensity: he sincerely loved his father, and he preserved, with a kind of religious veneration, these testimonies of regard; never losing them, though twice shipwrecked, and though all the other little property that he had realized was then swept away.

He was evidently deeply impressed by his parents' bright example, and he kept up a regular correspondence with them. Mr. R.'s letters are lost; but some extracts from those of his son will serve strongly to illustrate the good effects of past instructions. It never should be forgotten that there is a moral influence in Christian principles, which keeps evil within certain bounds, even when those principles have not penetrated the heart; and bad as unconverted persons often appear, amidst all the pains taken with them, they would probably be much worse without the unseen restraint which thus operates within them.

A lodgment of truth once made in the mind, cannot afterwards be wholly eradicated. Conviction often returns, and at last, as in the present instance, produces a saving change of heart and life. Nugent was not long on the mighty deep before he acknowledged the propriety of his removal from home, and he began deeply to repent of the follies which rendered it necessary.

MY DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,

"I am now, as it may be said, at the other end of the world, but still I often think of you and Turvey; I often reflect on my past conduct, and bitterly bewail my folly: if I had not done what I ought not to have done, I might now be resting comfortably

under your roof, instead of having to bear very great hardships by night and by day : but I will not complain of my chastisement, and have indeed far greater comforts than I deserve.

“Papa, I am far away, but I often think of you, and of my dear mother, to whom I have occasioned bitter sorrows. Alas ! I fear my offences can never be forgiven.

“I am satisfied you acted wisely in sending me from home, sweet home ! The maxims and rules you gave me, I cherish and keep by me.

“Oh ! how I look back on the hopes and fears, alarms and anxieties of my dear parents ; if God permits me ever to see them again, I hope it will be under different circumstances and feelings. May He preserve me amidst the winds and waves.

I am still your affectionate son,

N. R.

There was something so ingenuous and relenting in this his first letter, that Mr. R. anticipated the return of his son from the voyage with all that strength of affection which issued from his loving tender heart on all occasions. He longed to embrace the poor wanderer, and mingle his tears with those of his child, saying ; “This my son was dead and is alive again, was lost and is found : but these fond hopes were disappointed. Nugent left the vessel in which he sailed, in opposition to the remonstrances of the Captain, to whom he was entrusted with directions to bring him back to England. Mr. R. had only intended to try the effect of absence and employment, in reclaiming his son, and not to fix him for ever in the perilous occupation of a sea-faring life. The Arniston proceeded on her voyage without him, and he had soon reason to regret his indiscretion (for such it was, though God meant it for good), when he found himself cast on the world without

means of livelihood, without friends, or even an acquaintance who could advise and serve him : a youth of only seventeen years of age, and separated from all who felt any interest in his welfare. In this desolate and almost hopeless state, he addressed the following letter to the senior chaplain of Ceylon.

REVEREND SIR,

“There are many occasions in life when it is easier to write than to speak, particularly when we are obliged to speak of ourselves. Your known condescension and kindness encourages me to hope you will pardon my present intrusion.

“It is proper I should acknowledge that my own thoughtlessness and inconsiderate conduct, and a neglect of the instructions of an excellent father, have been the cause of my present misfortunes. I ran away from school, and spent my time in dissipation with the young farmers of my neighbourhood ; which gave my poor father great uneasiness and many a miserable hour ; and finding me unwilling to settle to any useful employment, he sent me to sea as a last resource, in hopes that time and reflection, and experience of the world, might change my habits, and lead me to a proper sense of my errors. With the reluctant consent of both my parents, I came out in the *Arniston*, under the charge of Captain Simpson, whose uniform kindness to me I gratefully remember. He refused to give me permission to stay in India, and I withdrew from his ship with a view to profit by the opportunity, and to see Calcutta and other parts and places before I returned to England. In this expectation I have been disappointed, and knowing the dislike of my parents to my present occupation, I have abandoned further thoughts of continuing in it, at least till I can learn their pleasure as to my future destiny. I humbly throw myself on

your kindness, and intreat you to take me under your protection and guidance : for which I hope to testify the gratitude of my heart by conducting myself with diligence and propriety. I have the honour to remain, with the greatest respect,

Your obedient servant,

N. R.”

Self-will is a principal source of mischief to young people ; submission and deference to age and experience, a prime virtue to be cultivated by them. To follow his own inclination and leave the Arniston, was a culpable thoughtlessness ; nor can it be justified or excused, though the consequences were advantageous. There is, however, much to approve in Nugent's frank and open avowal of his errors ; he might have concealed them ; a more subtle mind would have been tempted to do so ; but simplicity is always the best policy ; it disarms hostility, and disposes men to overlook the past, by the security which seems to be given of future good conduct ; it relieves the parties from a train of evils and embarrassments, and temptations to new offences which will meet them at every step. To an honourable mind it is ever painful to appear in false colours : the fear of disclosure and consequent loss, perhaps, of our friends, will always fill us with restlessness and apprehension. An offender had better trust God with his case, than turn for deliverance to the wretched expedients which his own pride and folly might suggest. This appeal to a stranger, “ I have been an offending wanderer, and therefore take me under your protection,” may seem to some to be little consistent with prudence ; but Nugent could not have acted more wisely, if his letter had been written under the influence of selfish calculation, instead

of having been, as it appears to me, the result of integrity.

It is also evident, from the last two letters, that Mr. Richmond's care and instructions were not even now without their use: there was clearly an influence in operation, and a turning to right principles and feelings on the part of Nugent, which, if too weak to stem the torrent of natural corruption, was doing much to control evil, and prepare his mind for its subjugation. Indeed, the full effect of religious education is seldom seen, until a young person has had an opportunity of making an experiment on the principles which he has been taught: however pleasing the piety of children, it can never be relied on: it must first stand the test of solitary exposure to adverse circumstances. The family is the nursery of tender plants, of whose growth and fruit we can determine nothing till they are transplanted into other soils; but in all cases a conscientious and diligent cultivation of a child's mind, accompanied by a consistent example,—without which instruction too often injures rather than improves,—will be like the seed sown, which may not appear for a season, but will in the end spring up and reward our labour.

I have already noticed that Mr. R. constantly corresponded with his son: he did more,—Nugent was in his daily thoughts, and he earnestly and continually carried him to a throne of grace; and I cannot but ascribe to the faith and prayer of the affectionate parent, the remarkable escape of the child. The Arniston, having sailed without him, was wrecked near Cape Lagullus, with the loss of the whole crew. Three hundred and fifty persons perished, and thus Nugent's error was overruled by a gracious God to the preservation of his life. Such interpositions of providence may be treated with indifference and contempt by men of the

world. Mr. R. bowed the knee, and thankfully praised God," "I have prayed to Thee, O Father, in secret, and Thou hast rewarded me openly."

Soon after Nugent left the Arniston, he obtained the situation of third officer in the brig Kandian. Of this appointment he informed his father, adding,

"And now, my dear parents, while you are living quietly at home, I am tossed about the stormy ocean in all weathers, and never knowing that I am safe a moment. I hope Wilberforce will take warning from my sad wanderings, or he will never be happy; receive my kind love, dear father and mother; the same to my brothers and sisters. I hope God will take care of me, forgive and convert me; He is the best friend; do not cease to pray for me, and remember me still, for I am

Your affectionate Son,
N. R."

From some unknown cause, the letters from England, though sent at regular periods, did not reach their destination; and Nugent suffered much anxiety at not hearing from his family: he writes,

EVER DEAR AND AFFECTIONATE PARENTS.

"* * * It is now two years since I left England, and I have neither heard from nor of you, except once from a missionary, who told me he had seen you in Yorkshire a few months after I sailed, and that you were quite well. He is a very good man, and I have been to hear him several times. I have also attended Mr. —, another missionary, and a valuable servant of God; indeed they all appear to be of one heart and one spirit. Would to God I were like them! Mr. — has been very kind to me; but he is a bad man, and

altogether unfit to be a clergyman. I shall not mention his faults, for it seems ungrateful to dwell on a benefactor's misconduct, or indeed on the misconduct of any one. I have been greatly distressed at hearing nothing of my poor mother, who has shed so many tears on my account, nor of my dear brothers and sisters, though I have written so many letters to them.

"So the Arniston was lost! Oh! merciful escape!

"I am sorry to say, my new captain is a wild, extravagant, and dissipated man, always giving balls and routs on board or on shore. * * * *
Dancing and singing to a late hour is a sad way of spending Saturday night. It shocks me to say, my dear father, I have only been to church about twelve times since I left England; indeed, sailors scarcely know what church is, except on board men of war, where there is a chaplain; nevertheless, if we cannot go to church, we seldom work on a Sunday as on a week-day; so that I have time to read the Bible and pray. You gave me a Bible when I left you, and I have it still, and hope always to have it. O that I knew how to make a right use of it. Be assured, my dear father, I neither dance nor gamble; although there is much of both here, and I should please more if I did as others; I thank God I know not how to do either, and I am sure I have no wish to be wise in such things. I have encountered many unpleasant remarks on this account. Pray for me, pray for your poor Nugent; think when you are in bed and by your fire-side, I am toiling by day and watching by night, tossed about in gales of wind, scared by storms of thunder, lightning, and rain, ignorant of my fate for a single hour. Oh! a sailor's life is wicked, miserable, and deplorable; but this is all the fruit of my sin, and I justly deserve my chastisement. Farewell—that you may long live, and my mother, and my sisters,

and my brothers, to enjoy every blessing, temporal and eternal, is the ardent wish

Of your affectionate son,

N. R."

A few months after, he wrote again to his mother:—

"MY DEAREST AND MOST AFFECTIONATE MOTHER.

"I have just heard that the ship *Alexander* is arrived at Columbo, by which I hope to receive letters from home. I am on the other side of Ceylon, and I fear it may be a fortnight or three weeks before I can get them here, and we expect to sail before that time. I am all uneasiness; and still more anxious when I think what will be said in them. Sometimes I am pleased, then I am grieved and fear; uncertain of their contents, still I long to read them. Thanks to an all-merciful God, I have succeeded well in India, especially when I consider I had no friend to guide me; but my success gives me little satisfaction, while I reflect on the wounded feelings of an affectionate mother. I now, indeed, see and feel my folly; if I had taken your advice, I should never have suffered so many hardships, but this is not my greatest trial, my sins will all rise up against me in the hour of death and at the day of judgment. Oh! that I could feel this consideration as I ought; my insensibility distresses me. May the Lord help me.

"Nov. 2. No letter. I am full of uneasiness and anxiety. This is Sunday and the vessel is under my command. My superior officers are gone on shore, I fear for no good, they think very little of worship, officers or men. The men are great gamblers. I went among them this evening, and found them at hazard: I threw the dice overboard, though probably my life is in danger for what I have

done, for the dice belonged to a Spaniard, who thinks nothing of using his stiletto: but I have done what I considered my duty, and I must trust God with the consequences. The Portuguese sailors when provoked are as revengeful as the Spaniards: the other night I nearly lost my life from a party of them; there had been a quarrel between some Portuguese and English sailors; I was walking alone on shore, when fifteen of the former came up and asked me to what nation I belonged, and on my replying, "To the English," they lifted up their cudgels to level me with the ground. I raised my arms to defend my head, when they discovered my uniform and buttons, and cried out "Don't strike him," for they perceived I was not a common sailor, or I certainly should have been killed on the spot. This was another wonderful escape. God is very good to me, and I long to make a suitable return to him.

"Nov. 4. This day my letters are arrived, but they are a series of sorrows to me. When I read the first, how I felt! I could scarcely hold it in my hand: I sobbed and wept. Oh! my poor mother, I have occasioned your illness and endangered your life. I do not know how to go on writing; I cannot put two words comfortably together. I know, my dear mother, you prayed for me in that trying hour. * * * * *

"Mr. B——, who is returning to Europe, has behaved very kindly to me ever since I first knew him, which is now more than a year; he will tell you all about me. I am conscious of not being what you would wish me to be, but I hope by God's grace to be made altogether such as you desire. I know you pray for me continually, and I trust that God will change my heart before I die. Farewell, my dear mother, I shall write whenever opportunity serves; do you write constantly to me.

Remember me most kindly to my father, brothers, and sisters. That they may long live in the enjoyment of every blessing, is the earnest prayer for them all of

Your affectionate

N."

I have ever remarked that no case is hopeless where there is strong affection. An unimpassioned soul is seldom touched by any thing beyond the range of its own selfish gratifications, and usually presents a stubborn resistance to considerations which affect only or chiefly the welfare of others ; but an affectionate temper, amidst many sinful wanderings, is still capable of impression.

The letters of Nugent discover a very feeling and grateful spirit, a sense of obligation, and a self-condemnation for past misconduct. They display a conflict between duty and irregular inclination, and, in some instances, a firmness of principle far above mere nature. They could not fail to inspire a pleasing hope, that though an enemy had sown tares in the field, the wheat would ultimately overtop them and grow to maturity. Mr. Richmond's heart was full of joy, and his faith leaned on the promises of God with firmer dependence ; he was encouraged to more vigorous perseverance in interceding for his much loved child ; he had carried his sorrows to God, and he now praised him for his faithfulness in alleviating them. About this time the following letter was received from a missionary at Columbo, which bears an honourable testimony to Nugent's improved conduct. It will be read with interest by those who can sympathise with a father's sufferings, or understand the joy which welcomes a returning penitent.

“DEAR AND REVEREND SIR,

“I have no doubt you will excuse the liberty a stranger takes, who knows you only by name, in writing to you a few lines, which cannot fail to interest both you and your family. I have a father's heart, and know well the feelings with which you will receive the information I send you respecting Mr. Nugent Richmond, your once disobedient son. It would be most pleasing to me to say that he is a humble penitent, seeking life and salvation through the boundless merits of a crucified Redeemer; but though I fear to go thus far, I am warranted to bear testimony to a real change in him in many respects. He is become quite steady in his conduct, and is very attentive to the duties of his profession, and you have not the least cause for anxiety with regard to his temporal welfare; nor is he by any means careless and unconcerned about the things which make for his eternal peace. He is much more anxious than he used to be for religious society, and often attends our evening meetings. This morning he breakfasted with us, and I endeavoured to supply your place in my poor way, by interrogating him in the most serious manner, respecting the state of his soul; and when I found him unprepared to answer me in the way I wished, I urged his still closer attention to religion, by motives addressed to his hopes and fears. I read to him the fifty-first Psalm, and he listened with deep interest, and seemed to feel every word. I prayed for him in my family worship, and enjoyed a more than usual freedom in spreading his case before the Lord. When we arose from our knees, I believe there were few dry eyes. On the whole, I think we have reason to hope the best respecting your son; I advised him to read some passage in the Bible every day, with special application to his own case, and

to turn it into prayer for himself. I have heard many acknowledge, that they have received great benefit from praying in God's own words. May poor Nugent be another instance. I cannot close the hasty letter, without informing you of the good effect of the Dairyman's Daughter in Ceylon. A person of whose conversion I do not doubt, and who has joined our little church, ascribes his change of heart to God and you.

"Begging you will read with candour what I have written with difficulty,

"I am, with respectful and affectionate regard,

Your's,

J. C."

The caution with which this correspondent speaks of conversion, renders his testimony the more valuable; yet it appears to me very evident, that Nugent was making progress towards a complete surrender of his heart to God, and that his mind was at this time under the influence of real principle. He might be less acquainted than others with experimental religion, and have much to learn as to the cause of his wanderings, and the entire corruption of his heart; defects of this kind he laments himself, and in all his letters describes his case rather as that of one who seeks and longs to be a true convert, than of one who has attained a saving change; still, in a long series of correspondence before me, I remark in him a gradual, and very real approximation to all that is correct in opinion and conduct; he never reflects on any one but himself; he labours to guard his brothers against sin, by the knowledge of its effects and consequences in his own history; he bears an affectionate testimony to the conscientious consistency of his parents; he wishes for an opportunity to make some suitable returns for their kindness; he

connects every event with the disposition of divine providence; he secures the respect and countenance of every one by his steady and correct conduct; he courts the society of good people; he firmly resists evil, though attended with danger to himself, and on all occasions expresses himself with so much affection and veneration for true religion, as on the whole satisfies my own mind, that even if he had now been removed from the world, his family would have had no reason to have sorrowed as those without hope. There is not, however, in these letters such a degree of interest to persons unacquainted with him, as to warrant their introduction. A sufficient number relating to this period are already before the reader, to shew the value of early instruction under every circumstance.

The young sailor quitted the *Kenyon*, which was sold by the government, and went on board the *Oracabessa*, from which vessel he wrote to his father the following affecting account of the state of slavery at the *Mauritius*;—a letter full of correct feeling, and still more satisfactory evidence of right conduct.

“MY DEAR FATHER,

“We are on the point of sailing for the *Mauritius*. * * * I know that you will be pleased to hear that I am taking out some Bibles, Testaments, and Tracts in different languages, which were sent to me by my friend Lieutenant B——, to distribute and try what good I could do there. How is it there are no missionaries at the *Mauritius*? an island containing thirty thousand souls; ten thousand whites, and twenty thousand men of colour. I can safely assure you there is no part of the world where the British flag is flying, which is half so ignorant, or in such a dreadful state of

darkness : there is, indeed, scarcely any religion at all there ; what there is, is Roman Catholic ; it is true there is an English church, and perhaps from twenty to thirty persons in it once a day, and the clergyman ; * * * * but the island from one end to the other, exhibits every species of vice, without control or check of any kind. Slavery, as you know, is the cause of every thing that is bad : never were its frightful effects more clearly shown than in this place ; they are far worse than even in our West India plantations. I have been an eye-witness to scenes altogether shocking to humanity : the heaviest punishments are inflicted for faults, which in England would receive a trifling fine, or a short imprisonment. Masters have chopped off the ears of their slaves, and in some instances, have literally starved them to death. Neither is the slave-trade extinct in this part of the world, but is still carried on to a great extent. There may be a stricter watch against the slave vessels, but nevertheless they are loaded every month, and I have known the slaves to have been taken into harbour in empty water casks to elude detection.

“ Now, my father, take your Atlas and look at the position of Mauritius, Bambour, and Madagascar, with the African main. Slaves are to be procured at either of the last places for about thirty dollars a-head. If taken to Bourbon, or the Mauritius, they fetch from three to four hundred dollars. Is not this an irresistible temptation to a slave-trader, when he is sure of his price if he can escape the vigilance of the naval officers. If you look at the position of these places, you may judge of the ease of carrying on this traffic, when I tell you that there is only one man of war in the harbour of Port Louis to search vessels which come in ; and not one cruising about this coast, though it

is well known that there are five Spanish ships, two Portuguese, and one English, employed in the trade. One of these vessels was lately wrecked there: of the crew, one sailor only was saved, who is now on board our ship; he has frequently conversed with me, and I am persuaded his information is correct.

“Now can nothing be done to restrain the cruel treatment of these poor creatures? On landing at Port Louis, you would see one of them in irons, and as you advanced, another flogged most unmercifully, without distinction of sex, and in general no clothing allowed; some kind-hearted masters give a dollar a year for clothes. There is, I believe, a code of laws, but they are never enforced. I have myself seen slaves unable to stand, from the severity of their punishment; thirty in a row, on whose backs *gashes*, not lashes, might be observed; pieces fairly cut out, and in some instances an eye forced out, and there is no redress: nor are they fed properly. I had forty-five of them working under me, for whom their owner received a dollar a day per head; they worked from sun-rise to sun-set, and what was their food? For breakfast a cake, made of a kind of potato, weighing three ounces: for dinner half a pound of boiled rice, with one spoonful of assinge, or an equal quantity of horse-beans; for supper, the same as at breakfast, with a little water to drink.

I will tell you an instance which I know to be true, amidst many others which I have heard from men of veracity. A woman flogged her own sister, who was unfortunately her slave also, till she fainted. She then twisted her arms till the poor creature nearly expired. She then let her recover, and singed her flesh with a hot iron; * * * * * the sufferer never complained; indeed if she had, it would have been worse for her in the end; the truth

is, there is a combination among the people of the whole island to resist the law, and support each other in their acts of oppression. My object in mentioning these things to you, is that you should first make inquiry to satisfy yourself of the truth of the facts, and then try to get something done for these wretched beings. If such cruelties be passed by with indifference in the harbour, what unobserved abominations may be expected in the interior of the island.

“It is said that the climate requires no clothing, but this is false: the nights are very cold, and the season sometimes severe. I have even slept under several blankets, and been cold. How many poor souls have not one! * * * *

Kindest love to all, and

Believe me, my dear Father,

Your affectionate Son,

N. R.”

From the Bay of All-Saints, he touches again on this horrid traffic:—“I have made many observations on the country and people here, and particularly on the Slave-trade; all of which will confirm what I have already told you respecting it. This port is full of slave ships, and I am lying close to one which has just landed seven hundred, men, women, and children. What a pity this nation should persist in this infamous traffic; I admit the slaves are better used than in some other places, but still they are exposed to the caprices and unrestrained passions of corrupt nature.

“I have been distributing tracts and Bibles, which some have rejected with scorn, and others received with thanks. I assure you I have spent more time in this way, than in attending to my worldly interest, and so I ought: for I am indebted to Him for all my mercies, in whose cause I am so labouring; and

if only one Bible finds its way to the heart, what shall I think of my task in eternity. Wherever I go I will labour faithfully in this good work, to the utmost of my power, and particularly in the Isle of France, for that island is grievously neglected as to all spiritual instruction.

“I have conversed with two Catholic priests, they appear to me pious men, though they refuse to sanction the distribution of the scriptures among the laity. I confess I am not able to argue with them.”

Upon the chief subjects of these letters, we may again remark the happy recollections of his early years. From his excellent father he had imbibed an aversion to an iniquitous traffic, and a sense of its wretched effects on the well-being, both of the oppressor and the oppressed; from him he had learnt also to value the Holy Scriptures as God's best gift to a ruined world, and had received associations of sentiment and affection which no subsequent wanderings of sinful inclination, no exposure to the temptations of scenes full of danger, and abounding with iniquity, could ever obliterate. The principles of his education restrained him in his worst moments, and they obtained a permanent ascendancy with the return of better feelings produced by the salutary correction of his misfortunes. In his case, the experiment of a voyage was successful, though it may be doubted whether in general any other result can reasonably be expected from it than a confirmation of a young man's evil propensities. It seemed good to a wise and gracious God to exercise this misguided, but affectionate youth, with a succession of disappointments, mingled with merciful preservations, and to train him in the school of adversity to shew the good effect of a pious father's instructions, and the rich boon of a father's blessing and prayers.

His shipwrecks—his losses—and his severe trial in the death of an aimable young woman to whom

he was engaged in marriage, have been detailed by another hand ; and I have only to add a few extracts from numerous letters in my possession, illustrative of his progress in unfeigned piety.

“The happiest day I could see in this world, would be that on which I might mingle myself once more with you all. Oh ! with what joy should I return to you, my dear father, and my dear mother, to receive your forgiveness and welcome home again. God only knows whether we shall ever meet on this side eternity ; there seem to be more difficulties and obstacles in my way every year.

“The next happy day would be when the Lord, who has been ever kind and merciful to me, should entirely wean me from this wicked world and its temptations ; then should I be as happy as I wish to be.”

“My Bible, which is every thing, is the only means of grace I have ; by reading it, with some other good books, tracts, and sermons, I hope to keep close to the fear of God.

“There are two clergymen here, but, alas !—I must say no evil, when I can say no good of them. I wish some missionaries, truly pious men, were sent out to us ; I assure you we have great need of spiritual instructors. A good man preached in a brig close to us yesterday ; and I hope next Sunday to hoist the flag of Zion at our main-mast head.”

“My dear father, you have now four sons, will you spare me one of them ? it will be a great charge, but not the first of the kind. I have had a youngster three years under my care, and it will be some security to you for my proper conduct, when I tell you that Lieutenant B—— is going to put his younger son under my management. He is a pious

man, and his confidence in me may serve to shew that I am not altogether undeserving of your's."

"I have never kept my birth-day but once since I left England. I sat and felt so melancholy instead of being joyful; and with good reason, when I look back on years that are past."

"We sail for the Mauritius to-morrow, and I have humbly besought the Lord, who has ever been merciful to me, to protect and preserve us all.

"Oh, my good father! no one can conceive the horror of a shipwreck but those who have experienced it. Many, many, heartfelt thanks to that Providence which has again rescued me from a watery grave. I had made a little fortune, and was returning home with presents for my family, and with three beautiful shawls for my dear mother, but all is lost, except one trunk, in which was my Bible and the Dairyman's Daughter. Thus all my hopes and expectations have been frustrated. Yet I believe these things are for my good. I must begin the world afresh, and I hope to do so in more senses than one. Tell my dear mother not to grieve for my misfortunes, God knows what is best for us."

"While the ship was driving, and it blew a perfect hurricane, I went down to my cabin to pray to the Lord for his assistance and protection in this trying hour. In the midst of prayer, and while the tears were in my eyes, the ship struck on a sand, with a shock which brought many to the ground; I staggered a little, though on my knees, and my little L. B—— was thrown off a chest on which he lay close to me. Every thing was now confusion. In the mean time I again went below and prayed with heart and soul to Almighty God to save us;—and my prayers were answered, * * for a certain something—a kind of comfortable thought seemed to rest with me and say, 'Thy life shall be spared.' Not all the shocks, seas, or winds could afterwards

make me fear or think the contrary. Surely there never was a greater proof than this, that the Lord is always with us. It animated and comforted me, and made me work and exert myself with redoubled vigour, though a great part of the night it rained hard, accompanied with thunder and lightening.

“Oh! how thankful I ought to be to Almighty God for his many mercies repeatedly shewn to me;—indeed I trust I know that suitable returns are expected from me. * * * * When I look back on the last twenty-five years, I am lost in wonder and astonishment. My dear father, do not forget the eighteenth of July.”

“One thing grieved me in the shipwreck more than all—the loss of some valuable presents for my family; but this is God’s will; it is the Lord’s doing, and all is for the best.”

“I am returning home for the re-establishment of my health, which has suffered severely from exposure to hardships by night and day: but the happiness of seeing you all once more will not a little contribute to my restoration. My heart beats, and my head turns giddy at the thought of this meeting; it will be both a pleasing and a painful one to me.”

“Do not expect me before the end of July or the beginning of August. I shall, of course write to my father on my arrival, that I may not take you by surprise. And oh! my dear mother, pray for a safe voyage for me, and a meeting to us all. I have had many trials, afflictions, and crosses for the last ten months, but I feel the loss of her to whom I was engaged most of all, perhaps too much. Still in all these things there is one great consolation; they are sent by him who careth for me. I believe they are all ordered in wisdom and mercy, though you and I may not be able to interpret their meaning. If we could see the end, as we shall do by and by, I am quite satisfied we should gratefully

acknowledge that they were intended for good, and this comfortable assurance, through him who loved us better than we love ourselves, will, I trust, be my support, and inspire me with cheerful resignation and renewed confidence in God. I have many thoughts about eternity ; though, alas ! the wicked one strives to banish them from my mind.

“ Your truly valuable letters, my dear mother, discover so much affection and kindness towards me, that I know not how to express my joy and thankfulness ; they often draw tears from my eyes, and are the dearer to me the more I read them. I have a great deal to say, to propose, and to request, and hardly know whether to begin now, or wait till I have the joy of seeing my dearest parents. What a meeting will this be ! I seem to dread it though it would be a grief inexpressible were it not to take place. * * * * Pray for an unfortunate wanderer, and may God answer your prayers to my present and eternal good.”

The expected return of Nugent was an event which warmed every heart in Turvey Rectory with the most anxious and affectionate sympathy. The whole family was eager, either to welcome a relative whom they scarcely knew but by report, or to renew an affection which time and distance had not effaced, but rather strengthened.

Mrs. Richmond fitted up, partly with her own hand, a room for her son's reception, and arranged every thing to testify her regard for her returning child, and banish every painful recollection from his mind ; but after the lapse of a few months, his death, instead of his arrival, was announced.

His constitution had been greatly impaired by unhealthy climates, and the successions of hardships to which he had been exposed, until both his health and spirits finally sunk under the last and greatest

trial, the death of Miss ——. After this event he resolved on returning immediately to England.

Previous to the voyage he had an attack of fever, and embarked in very weak health. The ship met with a heavy gale, which induced him to exert himself beyond his strength; he had a relapse of fever, became very ill, and was occasionally delirious. Immediate danger was not apprehended, but one night he went to bed about twelve o'clock, and was found dead in his cabin the next morning, to the surprise and grief of all on board, by whom he was universally beloved and respected.

Alone in the hour of his departure from sin and sorrow; yet not alone, for *his* God, and the God of *his father* was with him, and gave him rest from the days of adversity.*

An ivory box containing a few jewels and gold chains, which he had intended as presents for his brothers and sisters, was discovered in his pocket after his decease. On the inside of the cover, the following lines were written in his own hand in pencil, apparently a short time before his death.

Where vice has held his empire long,
'Twill not endure the least control:
None but a power divinely strong,
Can turn the current of the soul.
Great God, I own thy power divine,
That works to change this heart of mine;
I would be formed anew, and bless
The wonders of redeeming grace.

* The chief part of his property was lost with the Oracabessa, but he left out of the scanty store reserved from three shipwrecks, a hundred rupees to general charitable purposes; £50. to the Bible Society, £50. to the Church Missionary Society, £50. to the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, and £50. to the Religious Tract Society. The selection of these charitable institutions was probably designed to express affection and respect for his father's preferences, as well as regard on his own part for the truths of religion.

While little was known of his dying moments, the most satisfactory accounts of his living hours were received by Mr. Richmond from many persons who for some years had observed Nugent's exemplary conduct.

A melancholy feeling steals over the spirits, as we follow this first-born son of an excellent man through each succeeding calamity of his life, to a solitary death.

We must adore in silence, confidently resting on the wisdom and goodness of Him whom clouds and darkness surround, while "righteousness and truth are the habitations of his seat."

The history before us exhibits in the clearest light (and this is my chief purpose in writing it) the inestimable blessing of a pious parent, and the value of a religious education under all possible contingencies. "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand, for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good." (Eccles. xi. 6.)

CHAPTER VI.

"And therefore wert thou bred to virtuous knowledge,
And wisdom early planted in thy soul."

Rowe.

WILBERFORCE was the second son of his father, and was born in Turvey Rectory, Aug. 20, 1807.

Mr. R. intended to have added another tract to the annals of pious young people. He had prepared materials for this purpose, and even chosen that title for his narrative, which I have adopted for the present tribute of affection to his memory. It is deeply to be regretted, that he did not live to execute his design. His talents for religious biography was peculiar, perhaps unequalled. He drew his sketches from real life, with a scrupulous attention to truth, and never failed to touch the heart. But such was the poignancy of his feelings in the recollection of past scenes, that he was often compelled to lay aside the attempt, and wait for a season of greater composure. Meanwhile his own increasing infirmities, and his final removal from earthly scenes and earthly sorrows, deprived the Christian world of a most instructive memoir, which, though complete in the outline, and comprising all he meant to say of his son from the cradle to the grave, is so imperfect in its detail, that no further use can be made of his materials, than to guide me in my feeble delineation of the character of this interesting boy.

Soon after his birth he was received into the Christian church by the rite of baptism, when his

father called him Wilberforce, connecting with that name the most important event in his own life, his conversion to God by the perusal of the "Practical View of Christianity."*

While an infant, he was taken by his parents on a visit to ——. Certain associations impart an interest to circumstances apparently trivial, while they are fondly regarded as presages of future eminence, and often stimulate to the diligent employment of means for its attainment. Of this character is the following anecdote.

"I cannot forget a circumstance which occurred in his infancy; his mother and myself were on a visit at a friend's house. A large family were assembled at morning prayers, and amongst them was our little boy in his nurse's arms. An aged and venerable minister was conducting the family worship. In the midst of his prayer, the child began to cry. The good man paused, and beckoned the servant to give him the infant. He took him in his arms, and held him for several minutes, during which he offered up most affecting petitions on his behalf, praying earnestly, and in a manner that touched all our hearts, that it might please God to bless him for time and eternity; that if his life were spared, he might be a blessing to his parents and the church of God, and finally have an inheritance with the saints in light. He then returned the child, now pacified, to the nurse's arms, and resumed the general subject of his prayer, which had been thus interrupted. There was an affecting singularity in the transaction, which much interested us at the time, and now that I am engaged in the retrospective view of what passed from the cradle to the grave of my beloved son, it recurs to my recollection with peculiar emotions of heart. The veneration

* See Memoir of Mr. Richmond, p. 26.

ble man of God is long since gone to his rest, but his prayer was recorded in heaven, and the Lord in mercy has given it a gracious answer."

When little more than two years old he fell from a window, on the pavement, and though he recovered from the accident, he was lame ever afterwards, and the natural delicacy of his constitution was probably increased by the injury he received at that time. This circumstance would scarcely have deserved a serious mention, if it did not seem to be a link in the chain of events which contribute towards the formation of his character, by rendering him unfit for boyish sports, and compelling him to seek amusement in higher occupations.*

His resource was the Museum, and the experiments made by his father's philosophical apparatus. In these he took a principal share, and resorted to them when his other studies did not require his attention. Electricity, pneumatics, mineralogy, chemistry, and music, in which he was no mean proficient, occupied his leisure hours. He delighted in science of every kind, but especially in the mathematics. The indubitable verity of a demonstration suited his turn of mind, and had God spared his life, he would probably have distinguished himself at the university. Such was the opinion of his tutor, who, in a letter of condolence to his father after his death, speaks of him as a boy of no common intelligence and attainment.

"I marked the superior endowments of his mind in the first hours of our intercourse, and was confirmed in my opinion by each succeeding year. He caught an idea quickly, never seemed to forget it, for his memory was remarkably strong and retent-

* To treat little things with contempt is no mark of superior intelligence. Their potency is acknowledged by all thoughtful observers of the course of events, whether in the sparrow that falls, or the single hair which is numbered.

ive, and he made more rapid and solid attainments than any other boy placed under my care. At a very early period he read Euclid, and surprised me with his acute and sensible observations on the character of pure mathematics. He appeared delighted to master a difficult problem, and before he was twelve years of age, had exceeded the advance of many men of two years' standing at the University.

“ I observed an equal neatness and success in his classical exercises and translations. But I was still more astonished at his discrimination and knowledge of character. This must have arisen from his seeking the conversation of his superiors. He had a thinking mind, and a habit of going to the bottom of a subject. He was not without his prejudices, and sometimes expressed a contempt for authority, and assumed an air of confidence in his opinion, which needed checking, though I never found him obstinate or averse to re-consider his own decisions, and but seldom in any material error.

“ He had a playful temper, and with great good humour would join his brothers in a gambol ; but when alone, he was more like a little man than a child,—he was, in short, an amusing and rational companion.”

The writer of the above extract left Turvey when his pupil was about twelve years of age. Wilberforce expressed great regret at his removal, and addressed his tutor in a letter equally creditable to both parties. I lay it before the reader, to shew the affectionate and grateful temper of the one, and to bear an honourable testimony to the conscientious and valuable services of the other.

“MY DEAR SIR,

“I hope you will not suppose that I am insensible to the value of your kind and affectionate care of me. I know nothing wounds more deeply than neglect and ingratitude, and I hope I have never, amidst many other errors, fallen into this offence. If I have appeared ungrateful, I sincerely ask pardon. I fear I have often behaved disrespectfully, and “done many things which I ought not to have done.” But I assure you, I never gave offence without pain to myself, and the reproof of my own conscience, and a resolution to amend. I am certain all these things will be forgotten, but I thought I might not have a better opportunity of telling you how deeply I regret them. I shall ever entertain the liveliest emotions of gratitude for the care and pains you have taken in the superintending and directing my studies, and though distance may separate us, I trust love will unite us. I am persuaded you will never forget me, and I beg you will receive this book as a tribute of affection, and a memorial of lasting friendship. My obligations to you are many, and I wish you to possess something as a token of my sense of them. Perchance, when you take up the volume, you will recur to former scenes and associations, and think of Turvey—“sed tempora mutantur.” I hope my letter will not displease you: if I have not the pen of a ready writer, I can safely say, I am sincere in all I have said. Be assured of this, that however far distant you may be, or whatever clime you may dwell in—long indeed must the time be before I can forget so good a master as you have been to me. I cannot bid you farewell, until I have wished you health and happiness wherever you may be. I shall highly value and prize your correspondence.

Ever your's, gratefully and affectionately,
WILBERFORCE.”

I perceive by Mr. R.'s memoranda, that he took his little boy on a visit to London, with a view to amuse and instruct him by the curiosities of that magnificent metropolis.

I have no doubt the conversation with his child on this occasion was intended for insertion, and would probably have afforded an illustration of his own constant aim at improvement, no less than the character and progress of his companion. A letter to Wilberforce on a subsequent visit to town by himself; may in a small degree supply the defect.

“MY DEAR MASTER WILBERFORCE,

“As you asked me to describe to you some of the sights which have met my eye in this sightly and sightful city, I will obey you.

“1. The Hobby, or Accelerator, or Adjutor. The neatness of its motions, the swiftness of its speed, the elegance of its management, and the simplicity of its construction, are very remarkable. I have not had a quiet opportunity of trying it, nor do I think the lame can manage it so well as others. On Tuesday next, a new one for ladies only is to be exhibited. All the town is wild this year after hobbies, as they were last year for kaleidoscopes. Old men and children, young men and maidens will soon be whirling and twirling like Tetotums. Twelve places of exhibition already exist. I have been much amused with the sight.

“The Automaton Chess Player. Nothing ever surprised or perplexed me so much as this. It is a masterpiece of mechanical invention, and how it acts, is as yet past discovery. It has been shown throughout Europe, but no one has approached to detection. It had so singular an effect on my nerves, that I wished for permission to give one immense laugh, and another immense cry, in order to give

vent to my exuberant spirits. The whole company sat in motionless wonder for an hour, during which, one of them played against the Automaton Turk, and was beaten, though a first-rate player, which vexed him not a little, and he pinched his nose, and bit his fingers with vexation. Our silence was then broken by a man of wood, dressed as a trumpeter, and who played like a trumpeter, and full well he trumpeted, for he accompanied with great precision his master and maker, who played a piece on the Piano Forte.

“III. The Gothic Hall of ancient armoury. This is very magnificent—cost three thousand pounds, and alas! is going to be sold by auction like Bullock’s museum, part of the dissolution of which I have witnessed in the auction room. I saw an antique piece of sculpture put up; one pound, said a gentleman; two, said another; three—four—five—one hundred, said the next; two hundred and fifty, said an old lady; five hundred, said another—and down it went.

“IV. The Sostenente Piano Forte. Lovely, sweet, chaste, bewitching tones. Very handsome in appearance—price from one hundred and ten, to three hundred guineas.

“V. Doctor Thornton’s lecture on the human frame. A fresh subject discussed every time. About thirty ladies and forty gentlemen present; very useful and instructive. Fine transparent paintings of the different parts of the system illustrated; a grand collection of human bones, and of all kinds of animals; he exhibited the laughing gas, and it made us all laugh wonderfully; none could conceive the effect without seeing it; several of the company tried and exhibited the experiment. He produced by another gas, a globe of fire, quite, indeed, quite as bright as the sun at noon-day. He also made, as H—— would say, ‘an enormous bang,’

with soap-suds and hydrogen-gas. The ladies screamed with fright, but no harm was done, and the laughing gas banished all alarms.

“VI. The Panorama of Spitzbergen, novel and satisfactory. Icebergs, ice-mountains, snow, seas, ships, seals, sea-horses, laruses, white-bears, arctic-dogs, &c. in abundance; skies terrific—the whole admirably executed, and affording a complete lecture on the natural history of the Polar districts.

“VII. The Dandies. Very numerous, and vastly abominable. I will not describe them, for verily my soul loatheth them. The dandizettes, the more sightly of the two; but alas! vanity of vanities, all is vanity!

VIII. The Southwark bridge, which you and I saw casting at Rotherham. It strides most nobly across the Thames, and is a grand ornament to the river.

“IX. The Persian Ambassador. A fine figure in full costume, and quite answers one’s idea of an oriental Mahometan Grandee.

“X. The fair Circassian. As nobody sees her, of course I do not, so I cannot describe her.

“I have gone through my arduous day, and have been gratified by a long and interesting conversation with L—— W——. I have received no letters from home, and have therefore no answer to send.

With great love to you all,

Your affectionate Father,

L. R.”

This playful and amusing journal of London curiosities, contains no allusion to the subject which lay nearest to his heart. But Mr. Richmond seldom wrote on any occasion to his children without reminding them of some religious truth, or connecting whatever was curious in art, or beautiful and grand in nature, with a remark calculated to inspire

in their minds sentiments of solid and scriptural piety. The following letters to Wilberforce are fair specimens of his usual manner. The first of these was written when he was yet a little boy.

“DEAREST LITTLE BOY,

“As I was journeying near York last Saturday, where should I suddenly find myself but in a little village called *Wilberforce*, as my driver, and the way-post informed me. ‘Dear me,’ said I to my fellow-traveller, ‘how a certain little lad of my acquaintance, would be surprised and pleased had he been in the chaise this moment.’ So I got out and walked up and down in *Wilberforce*, thinking and talking about that said little lad. It is a pretty little place. As I loved the name, both for your sake, and for the sake of Henrietta’s godfather; I amused myself with asking different people the name of the place, and every body’s answer was the same. I asked an old man, ‘What is this village called?’ ‘*Wilberforce*, an’ please your reverence,’ said he, and so said all the rest; and thus I pleased myself with making a great many people speak your name, till one of them said, ‘I canna think wots the matter wi’ the mon; he made us aw say the same thing: Mayhop the mon’s a foo.’ Now all that was the matter with me, was that I loved you, and it quite pleased me to hear your name when I so little expected it.

“On Thursday last I saw a gentleman and a lady mount up in a balloon, a mile high into the air, and after sailing there near an hour, they came down again quite safe. On Saturday I went to see the finest church in all England. It is more beautiful than all the churches I ever saw put together. To-day I have visited the wonderful dropping well of Knaresborough, which petrifies, after a time, whatever it touches. To-morrow I am going to see one

of the finest ruins in the kingdom, Fountain's Abbey. Look at your map, it is near Ripon in Yorkshire. This day I received a most beautiful letter from the Russian Princess Sophia Metcskersky of St. Petersburg. I think I never had so pretty a letter. What makes it so pretty? It is because it is about Jesus Christ. *Nothing is good or right or pretty without him. He only is altogether lovely.*

"I hope both your leg and your lessons go on well. If they do, you must thank Mr. C—— for the one and Mr. G. (to whom give my love) for the other, and God for both. * * *

Last night, at ten o'clock, I saw the Aurora Borealis, like a white rainbow stretching all over the sky. On Monday I went to see the iron founders make cannon. They melted the iron in a huge hot furnace, it ran out along the ground like a little river of liquid fire—very terrific!

"I have picked up many curious stones for the museum. God bless you, my little boy, and God bless Henry. Tell him I love him, and I hope he loves me. Kiss all your brothers and sisters for me, and tell them all to be very good. Behave well to dear mamma, and Mr. G——, and so good bye

From your loving papa,

L. RICHMOND."

The following letter is of later date.

London.

" * * * ———Your dear mamma has evidently improved in health by her visit to town, which I therefore feel it right to lengthen, that by freedom for a time from domestic labours and hourly anxieties, she may, if God pleases, be the better enabled to continue her numerous attentions to you and her other children at home. You know her great value to us all, and the day to which you

allude will stand as a lasting memorial to us of the loving-kindness of God.

"On Tuesday last I went to Carlton Palace, with four hundred graduates of the University of Cambridge, to present an address of congratulation to the Prince Regent on the marriage of his daughter. It was a fine sight, and the splendour of the rooms surprised me. We walked through St. James's street and Pall Mall, two and two, in very long procession, all dressed in the various university robes. The Duke of Gloucester, one Archbishop and nine bishops went first, all the rest in scarlet, blue and gold, blue and silver, black and gold, black gowns, &c. An immense collection of carriages and people on foot filled the streets to see the procession, which occupied three quarters of the length of Pall Mall. We passed through seven grand and princely chambers, till at length we reached the last, in which the Regent, seated on his throne, received us. The Duke of Gloucester delivered the address, to which the Prince made a handsome reply. We all successively made our obeisances, and after remaining a short time to inspect the beauty and grandeur of the different state apartments, we returned, as we came, to a cold collation provided for the members of the university. The Prince was surrounded by all the great officers of state, and the whole effect was imposing and superb. But fine and entertaining as was this scene of earthly grandeur, what is a palace compared to a cottage, if the grace of God is in one and not in the other? Earthly greatness is but dust, and will return to dust. Grace alone will outlive it and then what a palace will heaven be to those who are made kings and priests for ever!

I have been to see the great panorama of Waterloo. It is finely painted, but a very terrible exhibition. I think nothing on earth so dreadful

as the murder, fury, confusion, pain, and suffering of a battle. Even the picture fills me with sadness and horror.

I have also seen a panorama of Jerusalem, very inferior as a painting, but very interesting to my mind, as pourtraying the place where Jesus Christ taught, and sometimes lived in the days of his flesh. I stood upon the Mount of Olives, and looked around me on Mount Zion, Gethsemane, Calvary, Bethany, the Valley of Jehoshaphat, the Brook Kedron, the pool of Bethesda, the Wilderness, &c. &c. The ideas which arose in my mind affected me deeply. I was moved to tenderness and tears, as I looked back in thought upon years that are past, and events with which is associated all that is most dear to the Christian. And would they not, my dear boy, have touched your heart?

I am requested to preach an electrical sermon; that is, a sermon in behalf of a charitable institution, called the electrical dispensary, for administering medical electricity to the poor. Some of the patients appear to be in a very wretched condition. Out of 7800 persons, 3000 have been cured, 4000 greatly benefitted, and 800 discharged without receiving any advantage from this kind of treatment. I have been thinking that this will be a very suitable text, "GOD IS LIGHT. Our greatest gratification has been derived from attending the public meetings of the religious and benevolent institutions. One, and sometimes two are held in a day. It is an unspeakable delight to see with our eyes, and hear with our ears, what God is so manifestly and so mercifully bringing to pass, by the exertions of so many valuable societies.

Tell G—— to take care that all the usual and necessary preparations be made for the club anniversary on Whit Friday. We hope to be in our places on that day. Et jam vale, charissime puer;

memor esto Dei omnipresentis, et patris nunc absentis et matris tuæ tenerrimæ pretiosissimæ, delectissimæ. Te ipsum cum fratribus sororibusque in votis habemus. Ora pro nobis, ora. Iterum iterumque vale.

Your affectionate Father,
L. RICHMOND."

Wilberforce inherited his father's taste for the beauties of nature. In Mr. R.'s memoranda I find a list of more than thirty places of natural magnificence which he visited with his son, and reference made to conversations and mutual delight, in a survey of the works of God. I regret that my guide has only left me these traces of his footsteps in the following notes.

"His first visit to Matlock at four years old, his ecstasy, and remarks, even then, on natural scenery.

"Visited &c. &c. &c.; his admiration and delight while he stood lost in thought, and mused over this exquisite scenery.

"Minerals of the Bible—his acquaintance with their character—his affectionate disposition—his conduct and feelings on the report of Nugent's death."

In the same paper he notes,

"His strict and honourable conduct—exempt from many of the vices common to his age—his confidential faithfulness—disposition to fastidiousness—mourned over in his last illness," &c.

The following letter to a companion is the only one of this character I shall offer the reader. It will appear how completely Mr. R. had succeeded in transfusing his own spirit and principle into the mind of his beloved Wilberforce.

“Dear——,

“I know nothing which I remember with more pleasure than the hours we have spent together in domestic music. I shall never regret the time I have given to music, when I consider its tendency to attach us to our delightful homes. We have indeed passed many happy hours together, none happier than those under your own roof. * * * I have been delighted with the scenery of Scotland. I have never seen any thing which has given me such an idea of the wisdom and power of the Creator. I do indeed admire the rugged grandeur of the mountains, and the wild beauty of the heath, but I still admire our own fertile plains; * * *

* and after all no country can be so pleasant to us as that to which we have been endeared from our earliest infancy. Most anxiously, then, do I wish once more to enjoy with you the sight of our native village, with the river wandering peacefully through the green meadows, and to revisit the scenes of our boyish recollections. * * *

I was greatly pleased with my visit to London. The greatest treat was the British Museum. The minerals are so exquisite, so beyond conception beautiful and interesting. There is a very fine Museum in Glasgow, and some beautiful specimens of minerals in it. It has just received the addition of a live rattle snake, which uses its tail in tremendous style, and when disturbed is ready to revenge an affront.

* * * I shall probably astonish the Scotchmen soon with the peculiarity and beauty of my visage, for the hairdresser (‘who cuts and curls my hair in the last Parisian fashion’) assures me that in a very short time, I must have my head shaved, and exchange a few straggling locks for a *wig*. My pate will look like a lump of coxcomb iron pyrites.”

I would not weary my reader by dwelling on the early character of Wilberforce, or detain him from

details of higher interest; the particulars I have mentioned serve to show, that true piety is perfectly compatible with all that is innocent and rational in our pursuits and recreations: that it cannot fairly be ascribed to mere dulness or morbid sensibility, and that it is not necessary to denounce a devout and heavenly spirit, in order to establish a claim to superiority of sense or refinement.

I will now pursue the memoir into narrations more immediately connected with my purpose; the illustration of Mr. R.'s peculiar method in the religious education of his children, and the success which attended his unremitted and conscientious discharge of the duties of a Christian parent.

When Wilberforce was a little child, his father, aware of the vast importance of early associations, accustomed him to habits of religion, even before he had a capacity to understand or value them. He consecrated to God his *whole* family in daily prayers; the infant in arms was present as a worshipper, it might at first disturb the order of the family devotion, but it soon learned silence, and seemed pleased with the group before it. So long as it could not speak he spoke for it; he would hold it in his arms saying, "God be gracious to thee my son." When Wilberforce could scarcely lisp in accents of prayer or praise, Mr. R. composed the following little piece to be committed to memory, and repeated to his mamma every evening. In these simple lines nothing more was aimed at than a suitable vehicle of instruction to an infant mind. It breathes the same devout, tender, and affectionate spirit which pervades Mr. R.'s other productions.

WILBERFORCE'S EVENING ADDRESS TO MAMMA.

MAMMA, 'tis Jesus loves my soul,
And makes the wounded sinner whole;
My nature is by sin defiled,
Yet Jesus loves a little child.

I know my temper is not right,
 I'm often fretful, scold and fight,
 I would like him be meek and mild,
 For Jesus loves a little child.

How kind is Jesus, oh ! how good !
 For my poor soul, he shed his blood ;
 For children's sake, he was reviled,
 Yet Jesus loves a little child.

When I offend you by my tongue,
 And say and do what's very wrong,
 O pray mamma be reconciled,
 For Jesus loves your little child.

He teaches me to shed a tear,
 Whene'er I grieve a friend so dear ;
 But though I am so thoughtless, wild,
 Yet Jesus loves the little child.

To me may Jesus now impart
 Although so young, a gracious heart ;
 Alas ! I'm oft by sin defiled,
 Yet Jesus loves the little child.

And I love Him, for he loves me,
 And hope his faithful child to be ;
 The Sinner's Friend he's justly styled,
 And Jesus loves your little child."

The following letter to his little boy on his birth-day, is of the same character.

"It was early this morn, as I waked from my rest,
 An unusual emotion sprung up in my breast,
 The occasion of this, do you wish to be told ?
 'Tis my little boy's birth-day—he's just four years old.

Foolish father ! cries one, is this all you can say,
 Is this to disturb all your feelings to-day ?
 Yes—and were you a father, you would not feel cold,
 On your little boy's birth-day, when just four years old.

Old maidens and bach'lors who no children have,
 Your patience I ask, for your pardon I crave,
 While this child to my heart I so warmly enfold,
 On the little boy's birth-day, who's just four years old.

Ye mothers, who clasp your dear babes in your arms,
And watch o'er their youth with a thousand alarms,
Set your's down for one instant, my child to behold,
'Tis the little boy's birth-day, he's just four years old.

Ye that doat on your own lads can feel for another's,
And bear with the fondness of fathers and mothers,
I invite your attendance, so deem it not bold,—
'Tis the little boy's birth-day, he's just four years old.

He can prattle and talk, with a sweet little smile,
Which my heaviest moments will often beguile ;
So I value him more than ten millions twice told :
'Tis my little boy's birth day, he's just four years old.

Dear wife, on whose breast the dear babe hung so long,
Shall my muse on this day, forget thee in her song ;
Come and kiss the poor lad, and rejoice to be told
'Tis your little boy's birth-day—he's just four years old.

My sweet boy ! I've been writing these verses for you,
They shew more of the father than poet, 'tis true !
Yet in spite of the critics, papa will be bold :
Little boy, 'tis your birth-day—you'r just four years old.

May the blessing of God in abundance poured down,
Give thee grace while on earth, and in glory a crown ;
As thou growest in years, may thy virtues unfold,
'Tis my prayer on thy birth-day, when just four years old."

The incidents of childhood are seldom interesting beyond the family circle, neither can much reliance be placed on early appearances of piety untried by temptation. It may be well to cherish every holy emotion in our children ; to water and cultivate the tender plant committed to our care ; but until influence and impression is succeeded by principle and the choice of the mind, we may rejoice in the buddings of divine life, but we must not indulge in too sanguine expectations. The sceptical tendencies of Wilberforce's mind in childhood, are by no means of rare occurrence at that age ; for infidelity, notwithstanding its arrogant pretensions to superiority, is the vulgar weed which grows in every soil, and withers before the sunshine of

clearer information ; a little knowledge may help to an objection, when diligent and serious inquiry will discover its futility.

There is one note in Mr. Richmond's papers, which refers to Wilberforce's conduct and feelings on receiving the report of his brother's death. It is probable he shared his father's anguish in that mournful event—uncertain as they both were of Nugent's spiritual welfare, and fearing the worst from all that was then known of his past conduct. They had heard nothing of those satisfactory testimonies to his conversion, which afterwards cheered and relieved their minds. A concern for the everlasting welfare of another, is no small evidence of our own sincerity in the pursuit of eternal life ; and, I have no doubt that Wilberforce had, at that time, made a progress in true religion, greater than his extreme reserve warranted his friends to conclude. His respect for piety, the deep attention with which he listened to instruction, the satisfaction which he displayed in communicating to others what he seemed to understand himself, and his uniform good conduct and general conformity to the habits of a religious family, induced his father to hope "all was well with him," though he was too deeply impressed with the infinite value and necessity of a sound conversion to God, to rest satisfied with any thing short of a full and explicit declaration on the part of his child.

Wilberforce had ever expressed a decided preference for the ministry, which rendered it, in Mr. R.'s judgment, the more necessary that he should possess a piety the most decided and unequivocal. To become by profession an ambassador for God to a guilty world, *without credentials*, was justly regarded by him as a profane intrusion into an office of immense responsibility ; and he has been heard to say that 'he would rather follow his son to the

grave, than see him in the church without being fitted for such a sacred office.”*

The sentiments of both will be best expressed in the following correspondence. The first letter was written from Stockport, in Lancashire, when Wilberforce was eleven years old.

“DEAR WILLY,

“Are you indeed a good boy during my absence? Shall I have no cause for heart-ache on my return, when I ask how my child has behaved? How he has obeyed his mamma? How he has attended to his lessons? How he has submitted to his sister’s instructions? How he has conducted himself towards Mr. G——? How he has adhered to truth in his words? How he has set H—— a good example? Shall I be comforted with the glad tidings, that your heart and your conscience, and your ways, all seem to partake of a happy influence? that you throw away all indolence of mind and body? that you actively pursue learning and gain it? that your brother improves every day through the effect of your good behaviour? that you seldom or ever quarrel, snap, or snarl at him? that you pray to God to forgive your sins and hourly offences? Shall I be told that you have prepared a happy return home for papa, by his hearing all this good of you, when he comes back? Do the four walls of your little chamber bear witness to your prayers and supplications for yourself and me? Do the sun’s rays as they early penetrate your window in the morning, find you active to rise,

* The expression of Mr. Richmond is a strong one, though in perfect unison with the sentiments and feelings of the Editor. Mr. R. must not, however, be mistaken, as if he connected his child’s death with eternal consequences. There can be no doubt that he intended to say, he should feel the death of his child a less afflicting dispensation than his profaning a holy ordinance, and, by ignorance or neglect, involving immortal souls in everlasting destruction.

to read, to labour, and to grow in grace ? * * *

* * * I have seen some beautiful counties since I left you. Staffordshire is full of beauty. Lichfield cathedral too, which though much smaller than York Minster, is a very fine building : I attended divine service there, the organ notes rolled sublimely along the vaulted arches, pillars, and roof. The exquisitely painted windows assimilated to the sounds, and rendered the effect most enchanting. The spires are beautiful, and large sums have been laid out in repairing and restoring them.

“ One evening I travelled with a friend in a gig for three hours, amidst the never-ceasing distant lightning. The whole western hemisphere was in a constant blaze. The flashes alternated from one point of the horizon to another, distant about forty-five degrees from each other ; sometimes the flashes were silvery, sometimes yellow, then orange colour ; one while sheet-like, and again so vivid, that we seemed to have a peep into more distant regions of space ; then more faint, now and then we heard slight rumblings ; then all was silent again. At one point the flashes gleamed on the ruins of a distant castle which appeared all on fire ; a dark forest lay behind, and it formed a fine contrast. Sometimes the forked flashes pursued one another in a kind of playful progress ; at others they dashed at each other as if in terrible combat ; all this passed between seven and ten in the evening.

“ But what are these lightnings, compared with those which made Moses quake and tremble at Mount Sinai, or what were even these contrasted with the lightnings of God’s wrath against sinners ? These appearances of nature are striking emblems of Divine justice. You have need to flee from the wrath to come. Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand. The wicked and all the people that forget God, shall be turned into hell. Dear Willy, if

you forget him, what will be your portion? If you say that you do not forget him, how do you prove it?

*Video meliora proboque
Deteriora sequor,*

is the character of too many nominal Christians. I would not have it to be yours; an enlightened converted mind; with eyes and tongue to approve what is right, but the feet walking in the paths of evil. A converted heart alone will enable you to follow his steps, who is "the way, the truth, and the life."

"I sincerely hope that you are beginning to be truly sensible of the evil and danger of sin, and the necessity of seeking God betimes. Occasional indispositions should remind you, that you may never arrive at man's estate. If you are to die a boy, we must look for a boy's religion, a boy's knowledge, a boy's faith, a boy's Saviour, a boy's salvation; or else a boy's ignorance, a boy's obstinacy, a boy's unbelief, a boy's idolatry, a boy's destruction. Remember all this, and beware of sin; above all dread the sinfulness of an estranged heart. Pray for a new one; pray for grace and pardon, and a soul conformed to the image of Christ; pray for wisdom, for the destruction of pride, vain conceit, and self-sufficiency. Be not slothful in business, but fervent in spirit, serving the Lord. Friends here inquire after you, in the full hope that you are going on well, creditably, obediently, industriously, humbly and Christianly. Love to all, from

Your affectionate Father,

L. R."

What reply was made by Wilberforce to this letter, does not appear; his repugnance to a free and unreserved communication on the subject of personal religion, seems not to have been overcome till nearly four years after, though his anxious

father longed to elicit something on this point more satisfactory than could be collected from a general acquiescence in the opinions and habits of the family. A letter written by Wilberforce to his father in 1821, discloses a mind under the influence of more distinct views, and stronger feelings breaking through the fetters of natural reserve.

“MY DEAR FATHER,

“You will believe me, when I say, that I entirely and most thoroughly agree with you, ‘that it is time we should communicate frequently, intimately, and confidentially.’ I feel very thankful that you have so plainly declared your thoughts and determination concerning me; I know my inability to answer you in the way you wish, but I rejoice in an opportunity of telling you what my thoughts have been and still are in respect of the most important subject of your inquiry. I deeply regret that a false shame has hitherto deterred me from an open avowal of my sentiments and feelings. I will honestly confess to you, that I have never *seriously* considered the subject of the ministry till within the last few months. Brought up from my infancy with the expectation of becoming a clergyman, and accustomed as I have been to think and speak of it as my future profession, I have been little aware of the difficulty, and have not sufficiently considered the responsibility of the office which I hoped would one day be mine. You know how much this prospect has pleased me all through my childhood. I have had many fears and alarms about my sinful state, but they soon faded away. The impression has never been permanent till dear little Atherton died. At that time it pleased God to awaken in me a deeper sense of my dangerous condition, and I prayed very earnestly that God would pardon my sins for Christ Jesus’ sake, and that the Holy Spirit

would renew my heart. Then I fell into another error, for I began to trust myself instead of the Saviour. I thought I was now proof against temptation, and had the presumption to suppose myself fit for the ministry. But I was awfully deceived. There arose soon after in my mind many doubts of the authenticity of the scriptures. Wherever I went, or whatever I was doing, these doubts haunted me. I found that I could not, I dared not pray. At first I repulsed these suggestions with horror, but they gradually laid so fast hold of me, that they destroyed all my peace. When engaged in my studies, that which was often ascribed to idleness, was really occasioned by the state of my mind, which was so perplexed that I could not attend to other things; even my pleasures were damped by uneasiness. I have no doubt that if I had been in some situations, I should have become a determined infidel. I tremble, dear papa, while I write thus; and when I look back and think of my situation at that time, I cannot feel sufficiently thankful that my life was spared, and that I was not cut off from God for ever. I found that I had trusted in my own strength, that I had neglected prayer, and while I continued in that neglect, I could not reasonably expect the removal of these distressing searchings of heart. It was with some difficulty I could bring myself on my knees again. I was fearful that God would not hear me. But I read the Bible for encouragement, and I found it there. By continual prayer I was directed to the means of relief, and I have not been troubled with one more doubt since that time. Indeed, I cannot but believe that the death of our poor little Atherton was blest to me. It affected me more than any conversation or other event, and more than any one knew; I have never lost the impression.

"Yet I cannot feel comfortable in becoming a minister of Christ in my present state of mind. My conscience would be uneasy, if I presumed to fill an office, whose functions are so far above my ability or piety; but I earnestly pray that God may give me such a measure of his grace, as may in some degree fit me to become an unworthy, but *true* servant of the Lord Jesus Christ.

"Having now freely and confidently told you what has been passing in my mind, I lie in your hands, and trust you will pardon any error of expression or sentiment which may appear in my letter, and that you will correct whatever you see wrong in me. Receive, my dear papa, my confidence, as the strongest mark of affection and gratitude which can be given by your affectionate, but unworthy son,

WILBERFORCE."

I have no documents to trace the progress of this interesting boy, during an interval of near two years. Able and pious tutors attended to his improvement in literature, and by their conversation and example, aided his progress in religion; which, though still of a reserved character, was doubtless sincere and increasing.

In 1823, Mr. Richmond was in Glasgow, from whence he wrote to his son as follows:

"MY VERY DEAR WILBERFORCE.

"I am very glad that Hartwell Horne proves so acceptable to you. * * * * *

I cannot express my anxieties on your account, both as they respect your Christian principles, and your future prospects as connected with the ministry. We must indeed become still more communicative and confidential, or the burden on my heart will become heavier than I can bear. It has long been the first wish of my mind, that you should be

a minister of the gospel, but only, and entirely, and unequivocally, without partiality, and without hypocrisy, as your personal character, experience, and determination might be formed on a serious, affectionate, conscientious, and prayerful foundation. I want to see my loved boy, first a true Christian, and then a true minister. Oh! may God hear my prayers on this subject. For *this* I cry day and night,—and unworthy as I am of such a blessing, yet I will trust him for it, and I would wrestle like Jacob until I attain it. But you must wrestle too, yea, and with all your heart, all your mind, all your soul, and all your strength. You must study your own heart; you should not only study the scriptures, but keep in reading some searching experimental book as a bosom companion. A love of such reading, at least no alienation from it, proves a useful test of character. * * * *

* * * I am glad to hear you give yourself more regularly and resolutely to study. I have often had fears of indolence and inactivity, those banes of all progress, proficiency, and hope. I shall indeed rejoice to find that the bonds are broken.

* * * *

Theology itself, important as are its themes and communications, sinks into mere science or literary attainment, unless founded upon, and accompanied by, a devotional and affectionate application of its principles to the soul.

“It is much easier to be a divine than a Christian—an ecclesiastic than a pastor. You may be little aware how much more truth and wisdom dwell in some cottages and hearts at Turvey, than in many a house, and in many a mind, in which superior advantages seem to prevail, and even where real religion is known and respected. I long for the day when you and I may not only comfortably and confidently converse on these subjects, on things which

belong to our everlasting peace, our prospects in time and eternity; but when you take such a share in my private parochial intercourse with the parishioners, as may leave no doubt of your being one with us. But then it must be previously manifest that you are *consistent* and in earnest, and that you have not only put away childish follies and faults, but are living and not ashamed to live, under the influence of higher principles. I want you to aid me effectually in the instruction of poor children, in visiting the sick, in conversing with the poor. If you are to be a minister, you should now commence your seven years' apprenticeship to the holy office. But then your conduct must be uniform, simple, consistent. The reproach of the cross must in some measure be encountered, and the love of Christ in the heart put to some satisfactory test. Think of these things, and write to me about them. Let me have the comfort of knowing more of your mind. Our present interval of separation may be a time of much salutary communication. I would say in the language of Solomon, "My son, give me thy heart;" but first give it to God. You are arrived at an age when many dangerous temptations will assail you, and you will be put to the proof whether your heart is right with God, and if you are thrown upon the world and its seductions, more than, happily, has hitherto been needed or sought, you will find indeed that it lieth in wickedness, multiplied, subtle, and appalling. May you, my dear son, be preserved in your youth, and when old, never depart from the way in which you have been trained.

"You must in a very especial manner consider the daily influence of your temper, conduct, and conversation upon your brothers and sisters. An elder brother is usually the blessing or a curse of a household. You never knew, or will know, what I suffered on poor Nugent's account; but God has

I trust, in mercy over-ruled for eventual good, what seemed to threaten nought but evil. May the course of *your* youth be very different, and may you contribute to heal the remains of former wounds inflicted on my parental feelings.

“Write soon, for letters are long in coming to me. Give a very affectionate message to my much-loved parishioners, and do assure them, how closely I bear them on my heart’s remembrance. Love to all. God bless you, my dear children, yes, God bless you all. There is a certain store of love in this house, from which is drawn a respectable portion to be conveyed to Turvey. Take it, and use it well. Assemble the brotherhood and sisterhood, and kiss them in their succession, telling them it is a proxy from one who loves them well, and that one is their affectionate Father,

LEGH RICHMOND.”

The following extract, which connects this correspondence, was written by Wilberforce to his father in the same year, and during the same journey to Scotland.

“ * * * * I have thought and considered a great deal on the contents of your last letter; I read it, I assure you, with many tears, but they were tears of love to you, and of sorrow that I fell so far short of your wishes and reasonable expectations. You say you wish me first to be a true Christian, and then a true minister; believe me, when I say, that though it is the first, the nearest, and the dearest wish of my heart, I would not have a desire, not the slightest desire of entering the church in an unfit state of mind. I would rather engage in the meanest occupation of life, than be a disgrace to the religion of Christ, by entering into

the holy profession while I am unfit for it. When I look at the apostles of old, and mark how full they were of love to Christ and their fellow-creatures; or when I look to good men of our own day who tread in their steps, I shrink from assuming a profession for which I cannot but know myself most unworthy. I am conscious of being a great sinner, and I seem to myself utterly incompetent to be more than a humble disciple in the church of God. But I know that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin, and his Spirit can enable me, sinful as I am, to love and serve him. I have much to be thankful for. I ought to be thankful that I am permitted to think about these things. At times I have felt very happy in prayer and reading the Scriptures. My joy has been such, that I seemed ready not only to love God, but give up all the world for his sake; then again the cares and pleasures of life have laid hold of me, and sunk me into sorrow.

“Pray for me, my dear father, that my wavering mind may be fixed in the paths of truth, and may choose that better part, which when once obtained, shall never be taken away from me; and may God direct me to that profession of life, in which I may most promote his glory, and my own good, and that of my fellow-creatures.”

The following year Wilberforce was attacked with a dangerous illness, which terminated in his death.

A journey to Scotland was recommended, with a view to consult Dr. —, whose method of treating pulmonary disease was supposed to have succeeded in many instances.

Mr. R. engaged a small cottage at Rothsay, in the Isle of Bute, at a convenient distance from this physician's residence. From hence he made fre-

quent excursions by sea and land, in the hope, by a change of scene and air, to check the progress of the disorder. It appears by the following letter to his curate, that he had not yet despaired of his son's recovery, but being at once the nurse, the father, and the spiritual guide of his dear boy, he was making every effort on his behalf, and diligently employing the means prescribed by the physician.

“MY DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER.

“If the date of this letter may seem to betoken inattention to my promise, or a wrong estimate of your valuable services during my absence from home, I rely on your friendship and candour to ascribe my silence to other causes. I have been almost daily, from morning to night, sailing about with my dear boy upon sea and river, and neither the motion of the steam-boats, nor the lassitude felt at night after such voyages, are favourable to epistolary duties. But I can truly say, that my heart's best prayers and recollections have been with you, and this poor scrawl is meant to tell you so. You well know likewise that anxiety within, added to external causes, will easily unhinge the energy of the mind, and produce a kind of constitutional incapacity and indisposition to duty itself. But neither let my friend nor my flock for a moment conceive that they are forgotten. During many an hour, as I have been floating on the waves, pacing the mountains and glens, admiring the islands and the rocks, tracing the progress of sun or moon upon the ocean or landscape, and amidst all, fixing an anxious and affectionate look upon our dear invalid as he sat by my side; during many such an hour have I dwelt with solicitude and regard on the domestic and parochial scenery of Turvey,—dear Turvey, where so many sweet pledges, both of

natural and spiritual love reside,—where my poor boy was born and trained up with brothers and sisters no less loved than himself. Our intercourse and conversations under existing circumstances, are deeply interesting to me. He is upon the whole in cheerful spirits, and the air of this delightful island particularly suits him. I am just returned from a hill-walk with him, of a mile and a half, and have been surprised at the degree of strength which he evinced. The general symptoms are just now, I think, more favourable. Still there are evident marks of deep-rooted disease, and I am often much perplexed by the fluctuations in his case. It is one in which I feel it wrong either to encourage oversanguine expectations of permanent amendment, or to give way to any over-desponding sensations as to the result. Happily he is without pain, and in many respects he enjoys himself. He delights in the scenery around us, which is in the highest degree magnificent and beautiful. He enters with his wonted taste into mineral and geological examinations, and wanders gently by the sea-side, hunting for pebbles, animals, shells, sea-weed, &c. and I wander with him. Sometimes a little exertion fatigues him, at other times he bears considerably more without complaining. He has been a thousand miles on the water since we left London, and sailing always agrees with him. I have every reason to be satisfied with the plan we are pursuing. It much contributes to his strength and comfort, and peace of mind; and, to say the least, has checked the weakening effects of the disorder, and mingled encouragement with apprehensions which might otherwise have gained daily ground. He is evidently thinking very seriously and rightly, about his state, and our Christian conversation forms no small part of my comfort, and I trust I may add, of his comfort also. Whatever may be God's will,

I feel satisfied that the present dispensation is profitable to us both. May he confirm and increase our hope. I am much gratified by the accounts which I receive of your very auspicious commencement of ministerial labours at Turvey, and beg you to feel assured of the value I put on them. Go on, my dear friend, in the strength of the Lord, and may you pursue the arduous career of holy exertion, in public and in private, to your own comfort, the glory of God, and the good of my dear flock. Make known how affectionately I feel towards them,—how earnestly I desire their prayers, and how sincerely I remember them in mine. My not writing to them at an earlier period has arisen entirely from the constant occupation and anxiety which have monopolized my time and my feelings. Wilberforce thanks you for your kind letter. I hope he will soon feel able to answer it. Dear boy!—he talks with hope of returning to Turvey with amended health, and telling you in person how much he enjoyed the scenery of the North. Pray for him and me, that we may lay in our heavenly Father's bosom like children, and wait his pleasure like believers. You will not forget the other dear boys,—they are in your hands for good, and may God bless you to them all. Give them my blessing, and let them convey it to all at the Rectory. Believe me,

Your's affectionately,
L. R."

Much of what I should have detailed has been introduced into the memoir of Mr. Richmond. Two only of Wilberforce's letters remain; the first of these was written to his brother H.

"MY DEAR H.

"I did not think when I parted from you, that I should be as well as I am, for I feel very much better. Sickness and separation have attached me more to you, and to my home, and to all that are in it. Sickness, as is usual, has brought sorrow for its companion, but I trust I do not sorrow as one without hope. My illness has proved a warning to me, and it may also be a warning to you. You saw me brought down, in a very short time, from a state of health and strength, to one of weakness and debility; and all our natures are alike, equally fragile, equally transient. Uncertain is every tie which binds us to life, and therefore it is my prayer, that you, no less than myself, may look forward to our latter end, and not neglect opportunities of attending more closely to the things which belong to our everlasting peace, and guarding against the increasing fascinations of a world that lieth in wickedness. * * * "

The second letter was a reply to his Father's instructions and preparations for the Lord's Supper.

"MY DEAR FATHER,

"I thank you for the kind letter you wrote to me on the subject of the Sacrament. I could not have received one which would have more truly convinced me of your affection and desire for my spiritual welfare. Oh! may God give an answer to your prayers and desires on my behalf, and may you see me walking humbly and sincerely in that narrow path which leads to life eternal. I have thought much on the contents of your letter, and have been deeply affected. At first I was discouraged by a sense of unworthiness, and shrunk from the thought of approaching the Lord's table. It then struck me, that even if I had not attained all I

desired, I might still venture with a humble and prayerful spirit, and an entire dependence on Christ. I thought, also, that if I neglected attendance, I should be dishonouring the Saviour by a refusal of an appointed means of grace ; and I do hope that by presenting myself to Christ in his own ordinance, I may be confirmed and strengthened in my faith, and helped on to fulfil the vows made at my baptism, and fight manfully under Christ's banner against the world, the flesh, and the devil. I would, then, my dear Father, put on the garb of humility, and go and kneel, as the very lowest of his disciples, at the foot of the cross of Jesus, and commemorate with gratitude his cross and passion, his glorious resurrection and ascension,—on the merit of which alone are fixed all my hopes in this world and the next. How thankful do I feel that I *may* kneel at the foot of the cross. Oh! where besides could I wish to stretch out my aching limbs and die.

“ I suppose my journey will make some delay in your intentions, but if I return with renewed health and strength, I would consider that in receiving the sacrament, I give a pledge to God and you, to devote myself, soul and body, to the promotion of the divine glory. But if I should not return in health, and if it should seem fit to the Almighty to shorten my life, yet if he will renew my soul by his Holy Spirit, Oh! how unspeakable a blessing to wing my flight from sin and sorrow.

“ If I were certain of his favour, and my own change of heart, I should only wish to see my Saviour face to face, and praise and love him for ever. I have written hastily, but as long as I could without fatigue, a short, but I assure you a sincere letter.

Your affectionate

WILBERFORCE ”

The closing scene of Wilberforce will be detailed by one who loved him dearly, and was a witness of his latter moments. Mr. Richmond had desired his daughter to note down the events and conversations of the sick chamber, and he refers to them in the following letter.

“ MY DEARLY LOVED F.

“ I have been very unwell with a swelled face, accompanied by high fever ; and though better, am still an invalid ; but this illness is sent for some good end to my soul. I desire to investigate that end in a right spirit. The fire at Turvey has done much mischief, and is indeed a general calamity. I wish you to relieve the sufferers. You may distribute for me both money and clothing. I shall be able to decide better on my return, what sum to subscribe. May we know how to glorify God in the fires.

“ Poor —— ! although her evidences were faint, I thought them genuine. I have seen many such cases, and despair not. God often permits the signs of true faith to appear very feeble, when, nevertheless, the soul still cleaves to the Saviour, in the midst of many causes of suspicion and perplexity. Some are saved, “ yet so as by fire.” Happy they who are saved at all.

“ I hope you have a long manuscript of recollections concerning our beloved Wilberforce. I depend upon it. Employ speedily some hours in preparing for me all you know relative to that eventful period. I still shed many tears in the remembrance of that dearly-loved boy. I have feelings which never leave me for two hours together. They mingle with all my cheerful, and all my pensive moments. I have particular reasons for delaying to write the memoir, but fully intend to do it.

“I have been at Cambridge. The recognition of many old friends from all parts of England, has much interested me. Indeed, associations connected with former days, have quite overpowered me. The older I grow, the more acutely I feel every thing.

“Take care of too frequent intercourse with the world. I write with a heart full of love, but I must caution you. *There is nothing more dangerous to young Christians, than indiscriminate intercourse with persons of no religion.* It is far more likely that we should receive evil, than impart good, in such society. I have experienced this too much myself on many occasions, not to feel it keenly. Prudence and prayer are then especially needful; for we may more easily conform to the world, than bring the world to conform to us. Happy they who have the least to do with it, except in the way of absolute duty and necessity. I often reflect with gratitude on the blessing which God has given to the retired habits and education of my two boys, W—and H—, one in heaven and one still on earth. To their seclusion I ascribe their simplicity and happy ignorance of many evils. Premature acquaintance with the wickedness of the world,—(and there is no knowing the world without coming in contact with its wickedness)—has ruined thousands of hopeful young men, and has multiplied the miseries of the hopeless.

“I long for our early morning readings. Latin, Greek, and Mathematics, are a very small and inferior part of learning, particularly for the Christian ministry. While heads are filling, hearts are withering. Give my affectionate love to dear——; next to my own boys I do indeed love him. I long to see more of an unreserved and experimental communication between him and H——. I have numberless feelings about their intercourse which I

do not utter, and yet I know not why; but this I know, that I have you all in my heart; but that heart will soon turn to dust. There is a better heart in heaven. I would have all my dear children enclosed in it.

“Give the children of the Sunday School a new subject, that they may search for texts to prove it.

“Farewell, dearest F——. I lament many things, but most of all that I am not worthy to be called

Your affectionate Father,
L. R.”

Mr. R. was evidently ripening for heaven. The tenderness, the deep piety of his loving spirit, the weanedness of his heart from the world, and his earnest desire to transfuse his devout feelings unto the minds of all who were connected with him, discover an assimilation to a purer region, and might have prepared us to expect that his departure was not far distant. The documents to which he alludes, are contained in the following communication, which I commend to the serious and attentive perusal, both of young persons and their parents.

CHAPTER VII.

Here were two souls knit together as the soul of one man ;
what there is of present separation shall be but for a little while.

Howe.

“ MY VERY DEAR F——.

“ In compliance with your request, I send you the chief incidents of our brother's closing scene ; his conversations with my dear father, and other members of his family, and a few of the letters which were written during that mournful period. You may rely on the accuracy of the whole. My father had intended to have published a memoir of Wilberforce, and with that view he desired me to make memoranda of what passed at the time. He told me more than once, that the blessing which seemed to attend the perusal of his little tracts, encouraged him to put on record the piety of his son ; which he considered to be no less honourable to God, and consoling and strengthening to young Christians, than that of the Dairyman's Daughter, or the Young Cottager. He thought that Willy's training for eternity might be read with equal advantage, and might assist both in imparting clear views of religion, and in relieving the mind from the fears and anxieties which often distress and harass young Christians in the prospect of death. ‘To know that others have been perplexed with the same doubts, alarmed by the same fears, animated by the same hopes, comforted by the same

promises, and directed by the same precepts,' he used to say, 'demonstrate a holy identity in the influence of the gospel and the effects produced by it, and may comfort the trembling sinner, and confirm the most advanced believer.'

"There are a number of papers in my father's hand-writing, relating to my brother's character and dying hours, which are indeed so unconnected and unfinished, that scarcely any use can now be made of them; but they show how interesting a detail the memoir would have been in his hands. He would sit for hours in his study, perusing and adding to these fragments; but the excess of feeling and mental agitation, which the contemplation and reminiscence of the past never failed to renew, greatly impaired his health, and forced him to lay aside his purpose.

"In one of the papers alluded to, we found the following remarks in his own hand. 'I have never given up the design of writing his memoir, and every day's meditation has prepared me for it. But whenever I begin, my spirits sink, my eyes are full of tears, and I lay aside my papers to a more convenient season, when I may be able to write with more calmness. Alas! this is my weakness.'

"Wilberforce had always been my dear father's companion in his literary and philosophical pursuits. From his childhood his chief pleasures and recreations were in the study; and he used to retire to the museum to make experiments with the air-pump, or electrical machine, or read some book of science, while the other boys were engaged in their sports. As he advanced in years, he employed his leisure hours more especially in the study of mineralogy and geology. This congeniality of mind and pursuit contributed to form the strong attachment which subsisted between my father and Wilberforce, and indeed rendered the one almost an integral

part of the other. My dear father had a peculiar talent for connecting science with religion, and Wilberforce seemed more than his other children to afford him materials for successful cultivation.

"In my father's miscellaneous papers we find the following short notes, evidently written in reference to the projected memoir. 'Early intellectual conversation, great general reading, strong turn for reasoning and argument, deep and close investigation of philosophical questions, acquaintance with subjects of political economy, love of natural history, insects, mineralogy, geology, classics, mathematics. My wish and endeavour has been to cultivate philosophical pursuits in connection with religion, with my children as recreations, instead of allowing and encouraging the trifling and often pernicious amusements of the world. I have found my plan answer in his case.'

"Our dear father has succeeded in making his home dear to all his children. Home was never talked of without emotion by any of them. They left it with regret. They returned to it with the fondest affection, and connected with it every endearing association. No patriot Israelite ever sang of the place of his nativity with more enthusiasm, "Let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy." Our beloved parents' integrity and uniform consistency engaged our esteem, and the multiplied resources of innocent gratification which surrounded us, won our regard.

"As Wilberforce grew up, he was considered by the whole family as the one marked out to fill his father's place in the church, and to his relatives. He became an object of interest to all; and to none was he more endeared than to his loving parent, who clung to him with deeper affection each succeeding year.

"In the spring of 1824, when he had reached his seventeenth year, we were first alarmed for his health. He took cold from a wet ride, and a slight cough succeeded. One morning in the month of May, my father discovered symptoms of his having ruptured a blood-vessel. His fears were greatly awakened, as appears from a note in his papers. 'As I looked on him that morning I felt a shock which seemed to shatter me to the very soul, and I have never recovered it.' In a short time Wilberforce's appearance was considerably altered, and his spirits were depressed.

"When a journey to Scotland was proposed, my father was greatly agitated, the more so because it was impossible that at that time he should accompany him, and he dreaded even a short separation from his beloved child. His feelings will be best shown by the following letter.:

St. Neots, Monday night.

"MY EVER DEAR LOVE,

" * * * No one knows, or ever can know, the anxiety which I have felt on our dear child's account. Little as it may have been perceived, I have been inwardly agitated beyond expression, and this must apologize for any weakness or inconsistency of which I have been guilty. God only knows what I have suffered. I have been taken by surprise. The alarming symptoms in the disease of our beloved child have awakened a thousand feelings and fears. I have reflected on his bodily, but much more acutely on his spiritual estate. I have been unwilling to separate from him under all the probable, or at least possible contingencies of the disorder. I have wept and trembled. I have mourned over my past deficiencies towards him. I have had my hopes, not being ignorant of

the exercises of his mind for years past. Yet I have had my fears, lest he should have fallen from his first love, and lest his literary pursuits should have weaned his heart from God. For more than a year past, I have hourly meditated on the course of his education and preparation for the sacred ministry. He has been the star of my hopes, the source of my anxieties. I have anticipated with exquisite, though unuttered joy and hope, his entrance on the glorious work of preaching the unsearchable riches of Christ, and I have also been full of anxiety in a view of the falls and disappointments which yearly occur amidst the contaminations and injurious companionship of a college career. Yet I have never ceased to hope that God will work with him and by him. My declining years have been cheered by associations connected with my interesting boy; but the Lord now sees good,—and blessed be his name,—to hang a dark curtain between me and all these thoughts and visions. Hence I am sometimes fearful, sad, and heavy.

I see fully the necessity and propriety of the proposed journey, but I doubt his strength and ability to encounter the fatigue and trial inseparable from it. Chiefly I dread being absent from him when heart and strength may fail, and I may only see him again sinking into the grave, unaided, unstrengthened, unblessed by his affectionate father. Did I but know more of his mind, I might possibly be more at ease; but his reserve withholds from me this consolation. I have made a gentle, and I hope a considerate attempt to draw him out by a little opening discussion of the sacrament. I start for Cambridge at half-past four to-morrow. The sight of that place will most acutely remind me of the past as it relates to myself, connected with the contingencies of the future as it may concern him. I have many fears mingled with the hope of his recovery.

I feel very anxious from day to day. May God overrule all these things for the good of each of us. Give my love to all, and an especial blessing to Willy.

Your affectionate

L. R."

"After it was decided that my brother should go to Scotland, we were advised to send him there by a sea-voyage, in company with Mr. ———. His father was to follow him in a few days. He was much depressed at this time. It was his first separation from the paternal roof, and his mind became deeply affected when the parting hour arrived, and when he was to bid farewell to his beloved mother, to brothers and sisters, to domestics and neighbours, endeared to him by every sweet and tender tie of youthful affection; to the home of his infancy; to almost every person, place, and thing, with which he had been accustomed to associate happiness; the agitations of his feelings increased the weakness of his frame; the conflict of his mind was visible in his countenance, he looked pale and languid; a painful contrast to the usual smile which played on his countenance. On the morning of his departure he was very silent. He looked on us all as we stood around him, and with tears in his eyes he stepped into the carriage. During the interval of separation, my father corresponded with him,* and was very earnest to draw from him a more unreserved communication, and to satisfy himself more thoroughly of the reality of Wilberforce's piety, of which he entertained some doubts, amidst many hopes: but my brother avoided the inquiry of his anxious and distressed parent. The voyage agreed well with him. In the course of a fortnight my father and I

* See letter in the *Memoirs*, pp. 521—528.

followed him into Scotland. We met Willy as we entered the Firth of Clyde in a steam-boat. He looked much better ; his spirits were good, and the meeting between us inspired reciprocal feelings of hope and joy.

“For a while Willy’s health seemed to be improved, but we soon discovered that there was no material amendment. For a few weeks he was buoyant in spirit, and apparently restored ; then the hectic fever flushed his cheek, he grew weaker, and he again sunk into depression. Our dear parent, who at that time did not understand the hopeless nature of the complaint, watched over his wasting child amidst intense anxieties, increased probably by the uncertainty of the issue in his own mind. It was not a temporary separation which alone affected him, though even *this* is a grief heavy to bear ; but the least apprehension of losing for *ever* one we love, fills the soul with the bitterest anguish. It is impossible to be sincere yet calm under such circumstances, while any hope remains, or any help can be administered. A holy violence of feeling and effort, best discovers the integrity of our principles. There was much in Wilberforce to love and admire. His disposition was very amiable. The usual results of a religious education were visible in him ; he shewed every outward respect for religion ; strictly observed its forms and duties, and admitted the theory of doctrinal truth ; but this did not satisfy our dear father. He knew full well that it was very possible to do what was right in the sight of God without a perfect heart,—to cleanse the outside of the platter or beautify the sepulchre, while all within might be impure ; inasmuch as the speculative approval of truth is distinct from its sanctifying influence. Accustomed as our parent had been to contemplate the infinite worth of an immortal soul,—soul in this instance given to him by God to train for eternity,—it was impossible

that he should feel otherwise than intensely anxious while he entertained any doubt of its salvation. It was this uncertainty which so greatly disturbed his peace and injured his health. Wilberforce seemed shut up in impenetrable reserve; he shrank from personal conversation on religious subjects, though his thoughtful and often depressed countenance exhibited traces of inward conflict, and need of help and comfort. He afterwards deeply regretted his silence, and said, "It was a device of Satan to retard my progress in vital experimental piety." Our dear parent carried this trouble to God, and 'rolled his sorrows on him' who alone could help him. For many months he was sorely tried on this point. But God, always faithful and true, heard and answered his prayers more abundantly than he could ask or think. "A vehement suitor cannot but be heard of God, whatsoever he asks; if our prayers want success, they want heart; their blessing is according to their vigour."* The following letters were written to Mrs R. about this period.

"MY DEAR LOVE,

"Here we are in something like an earthly paradise, if beauty, sublimity, and diversity of scenery may constitute one. The air is most salubrious, the rides delightful. I am glad to say the country agrees well with Wilberforce, who is stronger and in better spirits than I could have expected. He varies occasionally, but suffers little at any time. There is certainly an improvement. The northern experiment has so far answered that it has cheered his spirits and afforded him recreation and change of air. I have frequent hopes of his amendment. We have therefore reason for gratitude, whatever may be the inscrutable designs of providence. My

* Bishop Hall.

mind reposes with thankfulness on the goodness of God, amidst a thousand anxieties respecting my dear boy. We are constant companions, and have much Christian intercourse together. Not only do prospect-scenery, geology, botany, ships, rocks, mountains, braes, and ordinary occurrences, engage our notice : I have much satisfaction in seeing how he enjoys these ; but higher things are not forgotten. We pass daily the hour after breakfast in religious exercises. We are taking Mason's admirable treatise on the Lord's Supper as a kind of text-book. It affords me an opportunity of saying what I wish to him, relative to his own personal interest in spiritual matters. I trust we are going on usefully and prosperously. I think I am in my right place and employment, watching, instructing, nursing, and giving myself wholly to the comfort of my boy under his infirmities and vicissitudes. His cough is troublesome twice or thrice in the day. He pursues a bracing system, and a generous diet. To what extent the disease may be preying on the vitals, I dare not conjecture. His present state and appearance are certainly satisfactory, but the complaint is variable and flattering, and I must rejoice with trembling. Oh ! for a quiet, reconciled, patient, waiting mind !

"Our present beautiful retreat is doing me good also, and I need it. My mind and nerves have suffered a severe shock. I am conscious of the benefit I derive. How long I may be permitted to enjoy it God only knows. I would be thankful, and receive grace and strength for the future.

"The weather is become very showery, but is pleasant at intervals. These are days which afford the finest mountain effects, and in this part of the Western Highlands they are truly grand. We had a rolling tumbling voyage to Ardentenny. Dr. S. seemed on the whole pleased with the appearance

of his patient. Dear love to my children. Tell H—— we are surrounded by immense Trap Schistus, and red sand-stone rocks, with great variety of form, substance, and arrangement. *
 * * * much love from all; from none more than your

LEGH."

"MY DEAR LOVE,

"For a few days after our arrival here, Willy was not so well. The last three days we spent much on the water, and he is stronger and better for it. Dr. S. thinks it a case in which a vigorous pursuit of his bracing system may prove successful, though he speaks with caution. The worst symptoms are, the shortness of breath and debility in ascending stairs and short hills. But if the tone of the system can be raised, these symptoms will diminish. His spirits rise and fall as he feels better or worse. I asked Dr. S. what proportion of cases had recovered under his treatment;—he replied, where it is regularly followed, half. Willy rests much on the hope of amendment, and generally replies to any inquiry after his health, I am better. I never leave him from morning to night. Dr. S. is about five hours' sail from us. We spent a pleasant day last Thursday with him in Lord B———'s family.

"I am inwardly struggling and striving to be calm and reconciled to God's will. I am going through depths in the inward meditation of my soul. When you write to Wilberforce keep in full view the uncertainty of human life, even without, much more with, the certainty of disease. Patients like dear W. are full of stronger emotions and disposed to deeper meditations, as disease threatens a nearer approach to eternity. General sentiments and feel-

ings are more easily preserved than the special application of them to a particular case. He is still very reserved to me, yet I perceive he reads, and I think meditates on important subjects. I find it a delicate and a difficult matter to preserve the right balance between the state of his spirits, vascillating, rising and falling with the state of his disease, and a reasonable hope which is not influenced by an earthly association. Endeavour to draw out his sentiments and feelings, and desire him to keep a letter always on the stocks for you, —to write a little, day by day, till the sheet be full.

“So you saw Lord B——’s funeral pass through Bedford. I could wish for Christianity’s sake that its open and acknowledged adversary had remained in —, where alone his life and conduct seemed to have been doing good. To this country his writings will be a lasting bane, and must continue to injure religion so long as infidelity, blasphemy, and vice can obtain circulation and popularity, when clothed and armed with the splendour of great genius and talent. These constitute the real objects of worship with many who profess to be Christians. I entertain no doubt that the adoration of an intellectual and poetical idol may be as great a sin as falling down to the golden image in the plains of Dura. Alas! we have seldom seen true piety and true poetry united; but genius and vice have been too often associated in the annals of mankind. We have need of due discrimination in our estimate of characters, to be aware of the dazzling influence of able corrupters and destroyers of virtue.

“You must only expect in general a few lines from me, but I hope enough to convince you how much I love and esteem you. Convey to the people an affectionate pastoral message. The same

to Mr. —; cheer and encourage him in my name. To my dear boys and girls give sweet messages of love; and for yourself accept a fragrant nosegay of pretty things from your own affectionate,

LEGH."

"I do not think Willy was fully aware of his danger at this time, though from his reserve it was difficult to ascertain his opinion of himself; and his physician was afraid of discouraging him by a disclosure of his real situation, as he considered it of importance that he should expect recovery, and cultivate cheerfulness of temper.*

"Willy wrote a few letters during his residence at Rothsay, of which the following are specimens:—

"DEAR —,

"I am not inattentive or indifferent to the kind solicitude you have expressed for me. I now experience what I have only heard before, that nothing is more consolatory in sickness than to be remembered by those we loved in health. I have been very unwell since I saw you, and I once thought I must have given up my former enjoyments, my future hopes and prospects, even the pleasure of seeing dear friends such as you, —, and all I held most dear on earth. I shall never forget the pang which almost broke my heart at leaving home, when I saw the tops of the houses, and the church, and the fields, and the trees of my

* Disease and the methods of cure lie within the province of a medical attendant, and under certain circumstances it may not be proper to interfere with him. Yet when there is little or no reasonable expectation of recovery, there is a degree of cruelty in keeping up a delusion, and inducing a patient to delay turning to God till he cannot turn in his bed. It is unjustifiable on any principle of reason or revelation. This practice may be traced to an indifference to religion, or an ignorance of its real character.

native village disappear from my sight. I thought, perhaps I am looking for the last time on the scene of my earliest recollections—my fondest and dearest enjoyments,—but it was a moment of weakness, and I fear it was mingled with a feeling of repining. I had always been happy—too happy, my heart was satisfied with this world, but God was leading me by a path I knew not, in which I should find more certain and durable enjoyment. I needed something to convince me of the emptiness of the world, and to lead me to fix my affections higher. I am *now* much better in health. I do not look like the same person, and I hope I am not presumptuous in anticipating another day with you as happy as that spent at W—— a few months ago. Perhaps you will think it a common-place remark, if I express a wish for your company at Rothsay. The situation is beautiful, but beautiful as is the sea stretched now before us, and the mountains and little romantic islands which surround us on all sides, need I say how much more I should enjoy their beauty, were you here to enjoy it with us? I am glad to have dear —— with me. We share our joys together, and think so much alike about every thing. To have been translated so suddenly as I have been, from our flat country to this mountainous region, seems like being taken to fairy land. Neither description nor imagination can do justice to Scottish scenery; but do not suppose that amidst all its charms I have forgotten England. Oh no! I more than ever love the little blue hills of my native country; the fertile plains, grassy meadows, waving valleys, and elegant rusticity of the cottages, in which we so much excel the hovels of Caledonia. We have here fine exhilarating mountain air, but the nights are cold and bleak. I long to enjoy again an English summer evening,—to recline as I have often done on a bank warmed by the setting

sun, to feel the balmy breeze which wafts the fragrance of the flowers—to listen to the warbling strain of the nightingale, and give way to the wanderings of my imagination, which gave perhaps a delusive yet fascinating sensation of pleasure to the fleeting moment.

“I have sailed above a thousand miles on the sea. I am beginning to like boisterous weather, though I seldom escape the consequences. Adieu.

Yours, sincerely,

W.”

“About this time my father began to prepare Wilberforce to receive the holy sacrament for the first time, and they used to retire together every day after breakfast during our stay at Rothsay. Willy listened to instruction with respectful silence, and seeming acquiescence in the sentiments laid before him: he appeared interested and anxious to be received into full communion with the church of God, and was often observed to be in deep thought, and sometimes greatly depressed. His unwillingness, however, to free communication rather increased, and as his health was not materially improved, his father’s anxiety often amounted to agony, and he could not conceal the mental agitation which afflicted him. He continued to weep and pray in secret for his child’s confidence. From Wilberforce’s conversations at a later period, and from letters written about this time, unknown to his father till after his decease, we learnt what had been the deep exercises of his mind—that he was then earnestly seeking the knowledge and enjoyment of God—that eternal things were daily subjects of his contemplation and inquiry, and that he also suffered much from an insurmountable repugnance to make known his feelings, his wishes, and wants. He told us afterwards, that though he suffered more

from suffering alone, he seemed like one bound with a chain, and could not venture to lean or place his confidence on any human help. At this time he wrote as follows,

Rothsay.

“MY DEAR MAMMA,

“I was beginning to write to you when your letter arrived. Very many thanks to you for it. It is impossible for me to say how much a letter from home rejoices and relieves me, under the peculiar circumstances by which I am separated from it. The simplest thing which happens in Turvey, becomes to me an object of interest.

“I am very sorry I should be the cause of anxiety to you or to any one I love. I feel this thought more than any pain I suffer in my body. Indeed I lament our separation as much as you can do. This period is one in which I could have wished we might all have been together, but things do not fall out as we would have them, and it is best for us that they do not. I wish to feel resignation in every thing. As for my illness, I trust I receive it at the hands of God, and most firmly believe it to be the greatest mercy he ever vouchsafed me. My heart was engrossed by this world. My affections were not set on things above. I did not sufficiently feel my need of a Saviour. Christ was not my beacon-star to direct the future wanderings of my life, but I looked to the false glare of human ambition, which would have led me to serve myself rather than God; now I have discovered the worthlessness of all my hopes and aims. I find that all I have hitherto done is of no avail in sickness. I have seen what earthly dependance is,—when the world and all that is in it seems about to be hidden from our view for ever. I trust also I have known something of the joy arising out of

dependance on Christ in the moment of extremity. I would ask God's forgiveness for making less improvement of his "loving reproof" than I ought to have done. Remember me to Mr. and Mrs. G—. I hope the school is going on prosperously. I wish my class to be told, that though far from them, I have not forgotten them. I hope they are regular in their attendance, and that if I return, I shall find them all much improved. Oh! if you knew how very often I think of home. I did not know till now how much I was attached to Turvey. I shall never forget my feelings when I lost sight of our little village. I was obliged to summon up every weak and weary faculty to prevent my quite sinking under the removal from it. * * * *

Your most affectionate and dutiful Son,
W."

Rothsay, September.

MY DEAR MAMMA,

"Many thanks for your affectionate birth-day letter. I shall always recollect my last birth-day, for it was the first in which I felt melancholy. In the full enjoyment of health and spirits, surrounded by all I most loved, and by the companions of my boyhood, those days were wont to pass away more quickly and happily than any other. But as I sailed pensively down the waters of Loch-lomond on the 20th of last month, a day dark and gloomy, and in unison with my feelings; I felt that I was no longer in the spot where I had spent the former anniversaries with those who shared and welcomed my happiness. Yet I solaced the desolation of feeling with the recollection, that though absent, there were those who were thinking of me, and of this your letter convinced me. * * * * We spent last Sunday at Greenock; a day, I trust, ever to be remembered by me, for on that day I was

admitted to the highest Christian privilege, the sacrament of the body and blood of our Saviour Jesus Christ, ordained by him as a perpetual remembrance of his precious death and passion. Oh ! that it may be to me a sign and pledge of my admission to the marriage supper of the Lamb in glory. I was very much affected, and should have been quite overcome by the emotions of my own mind, if I had not felt stronger and better than usual on that day. Now that I am an outward member of the visible church of Christ, may I daily prove myself to be one inwardly, in spirit and in truth ; and whatever portion of life God is pleased to allow me, I would devote it to his service, and love him with my whole heart, who first loved me. I wish another summer was at hand, instead of another winter. I feel a dread of the winter. There is already an autumnal feeling here. The leaves are beginning to change their lively green to more varied hues. Did the fading leaf ever remind you of the decay of a Christian in this world ? Like the early tints displayed by the unfolding bud, are the opening dispositions of a young Christian. His active walk and conversation resemble the healthy vigor of the full matured foliage and fruit. In the signs of withering decay we see an emblem of his closing scene, when he has arrived at the end of his mortal existence, and sinks into a temporary suspension, to shoot forth in a never-fading spring of immortal joys."

"We spent the months of July, August, and September in the Isle of Bute, but as the season advanced, we were advised to return home. Apparently, there was little improvement in Wilberforce's health. Probably from being constantly with him, we had not noticed the gradual, yet real increase of the disorder. He certainly considered himself much better, and entertained hopes of recovery, and

expressed great pleasure in returning to Turvey. We passed a few days on our way home, with some dear friends in Yorkshire, with whom our father left us while he went to preach at Bradford. His great anxiety for Willy's eternal destiny, appears by an interesting letter written to him at this time.*

"My brother arrived at Turvey Rectory the beginning of November, and was restored to the quiet and peace of his own family. Six weeks elapsed with little or no alteration in his appearance. In a letter which my father wrote to me at this time, he says,

"Dear Willy is much the same. I wish he was more confidential and communicative as to the real state of his soul. Oh ! what would I give for one *voluntary* conversation or letter, detailing the former and present history of what is passing in his mind. I think well of it, and I hope it is comfortable ; but I want to know this from himself. Many a secret tear does his silence cost me.

"It was during the six months following his return from Scotland, that poor Willy's soul was so severely tried. He never spoke of death, but he must have been sensible of increasing inward decay. He could not hide from himself or his family, the depression and anxiety of his spirit. He was much alone, and when he returned from his closet to his family, the signs of sorrow and the traces of some deep mental conflict were frequently visible in his countenance. The Bible was scarcely ever out of his hand, and after his return from the north, he seldom took up any other book, religious or literary ; which was the more remarkable, as his chief occupation and delight had ever been in reading authors on almost all subjects. He would now sit for hours,

*See Memoir, page 52S.

and nearly whole days over the Bible, in deep abstraction ; he was still silent to all about him, and it was sometimes more than my dear father could bear, to witness the increasing uneasiness of his mind, and the sufferings of his body. After so many ineffectual efforts to penetrate the real state of his heart, our afflicted parent had but one resource—to commit his child to God, in faith, and under the pressure of his agonized feelings to cry, “thou hast wounded and wilt heal ; hast broken and wilt bind up again.” The following letters were, I believe, the last my brother wrote.

“DEAR ———,

“I am afraid that you will conclude that our trip to the north has cooled our affections, and frozen them into indifference to former friendships. You must think so no longer

* * *

“I am now in that dear home which has sometimes been rendered still dearer by your presence. I reflect on those hours with much pleasure, but the remembrance is mingled with a feeling of melancholy. It is possible they may return ; I mean hours of the same delight : yet I must not forget my gradual decline for the last six months. I am now in a state in which a slight increase of disease might prove fatal ; but I am hoping, always hoping ; for hope is a symptom of my disorder, so I must hope. I am no longer what you once knew me. The glow of health and spirits does not now enliven my countenance, which looks, I believe, rather sad ; yet I know not why it should do so, for I have lost only that which endureth for a moment, and if I obtain that which endureth for ever, the love and mercy of Christ, surely I have reason to rejoice in the exchange. In Christ, and Christ alone I find

peace.—He will not cast me away. I have thrown myself, as an unworthy sinner, at the foot of the cross, and there in peace will I lay my head, and I trust, cheerfully resign my breath to him who gave it. I used once to love the rose of all the flowers the best; but now it has left me, and I turn to the lilly, for it seems to betoken my approach to a world of purity—nor have I any wish for life, if Christ will receive one so unworthy. From how much sin and temptation shall I make my escape by an early death, and quitting these, enter into a heaven of joy where there is no more curse. I know that in very faithfulness God has afflicted me;—my chief sins were pride and ambition, and these have been the very means, at least the chief cause of my disease. Proud of my talents, and seeking the admiration of men, I neglected my health till it was too late to correct the error, and now my dream of future happiness in this world and all my ambitious hopes are fled. But I would not exchange the humility of a Christian for the phantom at which I formerly grasped. People tell me I shall recover. There may be hope, but my own impression is to the contrary. Pray for me, dear —, and let a tear fall for the sins of

Your affectionate

W.”

Jan. 4, 1825.

“Many, many thanks, dear Mamma, for your long and kind letter. I know you love me, and think of me while you are absent; and it is some little consolation for your absence, and yet but little, for I long for your return very, very much. The house is dull without you, and I am dull; for I am deprived of the society of one I hold most dear. Do come as soon as circumstances will permit. I would not

press it, mamma, but I am not nearly so well as when you left me. My spirits are weak, and my appetite almost gone. * * * *

I am glad that you wrote to me so openly and candidly on the subject of death. I feel my earthly tabernacle fast wearing away, and every day brings more occasion for solemn thought and serious reflection; and now, dear mamma, having said this, I know you will be very anxious to hear something about the state of my mind. Just now it is most unhappy. The thought has forced itself upon me, that I am not a child of God, but have been deceiving myself with false hopes. My breast heaving with anguish, and my eyes swollen with tears too big to find a passage, would bear witness to the agony of spirit I have endured this day. But I have cast myself at the feet of my heavenly Father, and have implored him by his mercy, by the love which led him to send a Saviour into the world, by the death and intercession of that Saviour, by the encouragements he has held out to sinners to come unto him, and by the help which he has promised to all those who do so come,—I have implored him not to send me empty away. I have not yet found comfort, but I am looking and trusting. He has said, Whom I love I chasten. I do hope this may be his dealing with me, and if so, I shall be thankful for it. Amidst these conflicts, I see as it were, a light glimmering through the darkness, which leads me on in hope. Oh! mamma, if you love your son, join your prayers to his, that this life, this ray of hope may increase, and that he may have a sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection to eternal life. I thank you for Miss Jerram's Memoir. I never read any book with more interest. She had exactly the same feelings I have, but God removed them in his own good time; and I derive a hope from her deliverance, that I shall not be cast away. I will not think

it. I should deny his word—his promises. Sorrow not, Mamma, that I must leave you, we shall not be long separated. Two little ones are gone before me, and will you not rejoice that God has been so gracious to them? They knew not the sin and sorrow of the world. I have known both, and I wish to encounter no more. Not one prayer have I offered up for life; but I have said, Lord give me a converted heart, and do with my life as seemeth thee best. I feel no desire for life. Do not think I want affection. The thought of parting with you all, is more than I can well bear, but God will give me strength.

“You blame yourself for not having talked with me on religious subjects. I am sorry to say you would have found in me a backwardness which I was never able to overcome, but now if you were here I could talk most confidentially with you:

* * May the spirit of God rest upon you. May he comfort you under present anxiety—May he speak to your heart in future sorrows—May you find joy in all your tribulations, and an earnest of that rest which is prepared for the people of God. I am,

Your affectionate

W.”

“The last letter my brother attempted was to Mr.—, in Scotland. It was written under great debility, and was left very unfinished.

“MY DEAR BROTHER,

“Forgive me if I write this letter in a very disjointed style. I cannot write long together, and it is difficult to resume thoughts once broken in their connection. Many thanks for your kind letter. You need not have begun with excuses. You make me anxious to have you with me—I want to un-

burden my heart to you. I wish to hear a voice of comfort from you. I never could speak freely on these subjects—I am sorry you found me so backward to religious conversation, but I could not surmount my repugnance—I found it impossible—I was not near enough to death—I had not known trials and conflicts enough to overcome my reserve, and induce me to unbosom my thoughts and feelings. But now that I am struggling for life, now that I have experienced hours of mental agony, which might often have been alleviated could I have opened my heart, how much do I long to have you near me. How confidently, how freely would I now converse with you.”

“Hitherto Willy’s decline had been so gradual, as scarcely to be observed by those who were constantly about him. He rode on horseback daily, sat much with my father in the study, and appeared to his family nearly as usual, except that an increased anxiety was visible in his countenance. But early in January, 1825, a considerable alteration was apparent. He wasted rapidly—death was evidently approaching. We were taken by surprise, for our fears had been lulled asleep. My dear father wrote as follows,

“MY DEAREST F.

“As I think more uncertainty hangs over the day of your arrival than I wish, I write to hasten your return. Dear Willy droops, he declines fast. He misses you much, and often says he wants you. Many symptoms increase my anxiety about him. He is much weaker within the last few days. Come to us immediately. We want another nurse. His breathing is with difficulty and pain. His sleep and appetite fail—his looks are pale and wan—his whole frame is sinking—his mind seems very calm and

composed, but he still says nothing, I am persuaded that a great deal more has passed within than we know of, and that of an excellent kind. Peace and grace be with him and you, and with
Your affectionate father,

L. R.

“P. S.—Since I wrote the above, I have had a very long, free, unreserved conversation with our dear boy, most affectionate, and affecting, and close to the great point. It is an immense relief to my mind. He is to me an interesting mixture of anxiety and hope. His language sometimes resembles that of your own letter; at other times he can trust more. Oh! that I might see both my beloved children, yea, all of them, living by faith on the Son of God. By grace are ye saved, through faith, and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God.

“Willy’s most distressing symptom is a kind of suffocating feeling. We know not what this may produce. You will not be surprised at my distress. Do not wait for an escort, but trust providence for a safe journey home.

(Tuesday)

“You will be anxious to hear how the dear boy is to-day. He is extremely ill in body, and exceedingly well in mind—in a peculiarly holy frame. He slept a little in the arm-chair last night, but his decay is rapid. He wishes to talk with you on many subjects. I hope he may have strength at intervals to do so. His conversations with me have been most valuable and interesting: praised be God! I am so comforted by my dear boy’s unreserved communications, that I frequently forget the pain of parting. Who could be so selfish as to wish to stop his journey to heaven. Yet how trying to nature is the idea of parting with him. Well, under every bereave-

ment and seperation from others, forget not, my dear F—— the use you may always make of your father who loves you. You also have been too reserved towards him, for he is indeed and indeed.

Your own affectionate parent,

L. R.”

“ My mother was still at B——, to which place she had been summoned to attend the dying bed of her own parent, and my father wrote to beg her return.

“ MY DEAR LOVE,

“ Our dear Willy’s weakness has increased with such unexpected rapidity within the last three days, that I wish you to return home immediately. He is exceedingly anxious that you should not delay an hour in coming to him. Amidst my great anxieties, I have the pleasure of telling you that the spell of silence is happily broken between us, and he has opened his whole heart to me. He is in a very anxious but hopeful frame of mind. By our mutual conversation of yesterday and to-day I am relieved from a heavy burden. All the nameless pangs of my mind, during the last eight months, have been almost blotted out of my remembrance by my present consolations. My prayers are answered at last, the door of utterance is opened, and I am truly thankful. Your mind as well as mine has long anticipated the probable result of this sickness. We must go to the strong hold for help, and we shall not fail to find it. I am staying from church to enjoy a Sabbath with our dear boy ; he has had a very bad night, chiefly in the arm-chair, the fever has been excessively high, and the pulse at the utmost. But take comfort from the state of his mind. It is truly interesting. All its natural superiority mingles with its spiritual characteristics. He that once comforted

you in your own dangerous sickness will comfort you in the distress of your soul. Let us trust God in overruling all for the best. When not oppressed by debility and pain, Willy's countenance beams with sweet smiles of composure and love. He often inquires when you may be expected : * * Of my other feelings I can say but little. No one but God knows all that has passed in my heart for more than eight months, I may say years, concerning Wilberforce, but God is good and gracious.

Most affectionately yours,

L. R."

"All reserve was now banished from my brother's mind. He opened his whole heart to his father, told him minutely of all his past conflicts, spoke of his present comforts, and begged that he might be closely examined. He wished to satisfy his parent and pastor that his faith was scriptural and sincere. He seemed to go beyond his strength in conversing—even to extreme exhaustion, and appeared very anxious to tell how God had enlightened, converted, strengthened and comforted him. He would sit for hours with his dear father in the study, supported in an easy chair, telling him all he had gone through—entreating his pardon for the uneasiness he had occasioned him by his past silence, and expressing his great joy at now being able to converse with freedom, and mingle their souls together in the delightful interchange of confidence. It was now that our beloved father was indeed comforted, and that he received a full answer to patient prayer. Edified, refreshed, and soothed by the holy language of his child, his mind was supported under the expected and long dreaded pang of parting. These conversations, which were continued until increasing weakness rendered them impossible, induced my father to form the resolution of writ-

ing a memoir of Wilberforce, the imperfect outline of which is all that is left to us. I have often heard my father and brother give the same opinion of the reserve which occasioned so much pain on both sides, and to which frequent allusion has been made. They considered it as God's way of dealing with a peculiar state of mind—intended to humble the pride of the understanding, and silence a love of argument. It was the Holy Spirit, as a sovereign, converting without human agency. Wilberforce said, that for more than three months, he had never looked into any book but the Bible; that God's word had been his only study, and that amidst all his anxiety, often amounting to agony of mind, he could find no relief, either from religious books or religious conversation; but was obliged to go to the Bible for every thing he wanted to know:—that whenever he opened the Bible, he turned verse after verse into prayer as he read, and that in so doing he felt a force, a sweetness and consolation passing all understanding,—that though he knew he had a father who loved him tenderly, and was so able and willing to instruct him and remove his perplexities, he felt himself as one who was spell-bound, and could not break silence—and so he retired to his solitary chamber to weep and struggle on in darkness—until the Holy Spirit became his teacher, showing him the piercing spirituality of a perfect law; amidst conviction and terror of conscience, leading him to the cross to seek for mercy through him that was crucified upon it; and enabling him to receive the promises of free salvation in Christ by his blood and righteousness unto justification. I have built, he would say, all my hopes for eternity on God's word, which is unerring truth. I have found peace there, and have been sealed by the Spirit which indited that word, an earnest of the heavenly inheritance.

It was without human aid, that I might give God the glory.

I have mentioned to you some interesting conversations which passed at this time between Wilberforce and my dear father. The following paper in my father's hand-writing, is the only one sufficiently connected for insertion.

Subjects of conversation with me on Friday.—“Warburton—examination of evidences—acknowledgment of errors—God's reasons for taking him away from the ministry—prayer—Christ's love—God's way of humbling pride—infidel temptations—on mere educational religion—his secret conflict for four years past, between love of science and love of religion.”

“On Saturday he expressed a wish to see our family surgeon; “not,” said he, “that I want medicine, which will do me no good, but I wish for his opinion of the progress of the disorder; it will be a great satisfaction to me to know precisely, how long he thinks I may live. My strength fails, yet the symptoms vary very much.” The surgeon arrived in the evening. Willy conversed freely with him, and begged him to be open and explicit. Mr. — saw clearly that he was now in the last stage of consumption, and he was surprised at the cheerful and unembarrassed manner with which he discoursed on his present situation. I left them together for a few minutes. On my re-entering the room, I was struck with his countenance, which presented a mixture of calm and lively satisfaction, as he was conversing with his medical attendant, who on his return to the family spoke with great feeling of his patient. He said, ‘the danger is imminent, though it is impossible to say how long he may remain,’ and added, ‘I have scarcely ever witnessed so much cheerfulness and composure in

any one in the prospect of death ; certainly never in so young a person.' * * * *

I returned to my son, who said that Mr. ——'s visit had afforded much relief to his feelings, "I see what he thinks of my case, and it was right I should know it." There was a union of thoughtfulness and serenity in his manner which affected me exceedingly, but it filled me with gratitude and thankfulness to witness in this well-ordered and calm state of mind, an evidence of God's work, and of a divine change. He observed, "I have no expectation of any advantage from medicine, but it may palliate distressing symptoms. The great Physician alone will regulate all for the best, both for body and soul. Oh ! I want to *trust him* more and more !"

"In the evening, as we were sitting alone in the study, I asked him whether he had read the book I had put into his hands, and whether he had found its contents satisfactory. Instead of giving any direct reply to this question, he looked at me with an earnest expression of countenance, and said, 'Papa, do not be afraid ; I wish you to examine me. I am anxious neither to deceive, nor be deceived in respect to my spiritual estate. You cannot be too plain with me.' I had been for a long time past earnestly longing for a full disclosure of his thoughts, but his reserve had hitherto kept me from all knowledge of his real state. In answer to questions of a personal nature, he would only reply, 'I hardly know what to say ; another time I may tell better.' On religious subjects in general he never refused to converse freely, but he shrunk from every attempt at personal application. I was therefore delighted when he thus voluntarily afforded me an opportunity of knowing the secret state of his mind, for which I had long and most anxiously prayed. I told him how much I had wished to gain his confi-

dence, and feared I had not urged him to freedom of intercourse with sufficient earnestness. "Indeed, papa," he said, "the fault was not yours. I have felt a backwardness, particularly of late, to disclose what was passing in my mind, and had you pressed me more than you have done, to speak of myself, I believe you would have failed to have obtained your object. But now I feel quite at liberty to talk of myself; and I first tell you that I think I see God's design in keeping me thus shut up from you. It was his gracious purpose to teach me, in the privacy and solitude of inward meditation, my state as a sinner, and the nature of salvation by a Saviour; here I learnt the deep things of God, and now I would come forth and tell you what Christ has done for my soul." His countenance brightened as he uttered these words; a tear dropped from his cheek, and his eye glistened with animation, as he said, "I have had great exercises of mind of late, but God has been very merciful to me in the midst of them."

"And what," said I, "are your present feelings, my dear boy?" "I feel, papa," he replied, "more hope than joy. I have read of ecstasies in the view of dying, which others have experienced, and to which I am still a stranger; but I have a hope founded on the word of God, which cheers and supports me. I know in whom I have trusted, and I believe he will neither leave nor forsake me. I am not afraid of death; but as I think my time will not be long, I wish to put myself first into the Lord's hand, and then into yours, that you may search and try me, whether I am in any error." Such an important moment was not to be neglected. I received my child's confidence as an answer to many an anxious and earnest prayer which I had offered up to God, and I resolved to use it, as affording an opportunity of peculiar interest to us both. Satisfied as I had long been with the general

view of his religious and moral character, strengthened by a discovery of many evidences of inward principle, still, when I considered the near approach of death and eternity—the value of an immortal soul—the danger of spiritual delusion, and my own immeasurable responsibility as a parent, I resolved to leave nothing unsaid or untried, which would bring our hearts into mutual repose on the great subject of salvation, and my dear child's personal interest therein.

“I found his mind perfectly clear as to the great principle of his acceptance with God, solely and unequivocally through the death and righteousness of Christ. In the most simple and satisfactory manner he renounced all dependance upon every word and deed of his own. “It is, said he, as a guilty sinner before God, that I throw myself on his mercy. I have no excuse to offer for myself, no plea to put in why God should not utterly destroy me, but that Jesus died to save, to pardon, and to bless me. It is his free gift, and not my deserving. Oh! papa, what would become of me if salvation was by works? What have I ever done, and above all, what in my present state could I now do, to *merit* any thing at his hands? God forbid that I should rest on such a flimsy, fallacious system of divinity, as that which ascribes merit to man. I have no merit. I can have none. I have long known this. I fear many trust in themselves, and thus rob Christ of his glory. Is not this true papa?

“Yes my dear Wilberforce, many do deceive themselves, and build for eternity on a wrong foundation. But I have endeavoured to impress on your mind from your childhood, that salvation by grace, and not of works, is the peculiar feature of the gospel of Christ; and do you not now see that this is the doctrine of the Bible?

“Yes, papa, and it is because, after long and repeated study of the Bible, I have found the doctrine there, that I believe, and am now comforted by it. You will pardon my saying that the opinions which I have formed, and the doctrines on which I rest, have not been imbibed from the sermons I have heard, or the books which I have read, but from a close study of the scriptures themselves. I have been accustomed to bring sermons and books to the test of the Bible, and not the Bible to them. You cannot think what light and comfort I have found in reading God’s own word. I never found any thing like it from any other book.”

“I particularly inquired into the history of his mind for more than three years past, in reference to those sceptical temptations which he had formerly described to me; and whether he had been lately tried by the same doubts and difficulties in respect of the truth of the scriptures.” “Never,” replied he; “no, never. From the time to which you allude, I have felt the most perfect reliance on the word of God; and by much reading of it, and praying over it, I have been so confirmed in my persuasion of its divine origin, as not to have had my confidence once shaken since that period. I have been tried deeply in other respects, but I have never again varied on that important question. The book of God, by God’s blessing on its contents, has proved its own heavenly character to my understanding. How thankful I feel for this!”——

“A flush of hectic fever occasioned at this moment a short period of debility; and he paused for a few minutes. He soon resumed his affecting conversation, and said, “I am not ignorant of my besetting sin. It was the pride of the understanding. I always loved to examine thoroughly into the grounds of an opinion before I received it, and generally, though not always, to be deliberate in coming to a

conclusion. This habit has often made me appear over-confident in what I said, and I know you have felt and lamented it. I do entreat your forgiveness of any instance of my folly which has hurt and grieved you." Then he added, "The recollection of it has greatly humbled me; I trust I have seen my fault, and have not applied in vain to the blood which cleanseth from all sin."

"I asked him what had been his views of the ministry in case God had spared his life. He replied, "You know, papa, it has always been my wish and expectation to be a clergyman, and with this view I have sought to attain various kinds of literary knowledge. I have very often prayed to God to fit me for this office, and I have thought much of the doctrines I should have to preach to others. But I can see a reason why God has put an end to these intentions and prospects. He is removing me out of this life, and does not permit me to enter into the ministry, lest I should be tempted, from the peculiar turn of my mind, to seek the honour and praise of men in my ministrations, more than God's glory, and the salvation of sinners. I think I can see both wisdom and goodness in this dispensation."

"I remarked that the same God who had convinced him of his danger, could have humbled his heart in a variety of ways, and prepared him for the service of the sanctuary, without endangering his safety; and doubtless would have done it if he had seen good to have prolonged his life. "Such discoveries of your own heart, my dear boy, are evidences not only of what God can do, but a pledge of what he would have done for you." "True, papa, but if he is pleased to humble me in the valley of death, may it not be safer and happier for me? The Lord's way must be the best way."

"He then adverted to another subject. "I have been much occupied of late," said he, "in thinking

of man's natural depravity, and the deceitfulness of the human heart. I have discovered it in many things in which we are apt to overlook or make excuses for it. I am sure *I* have no ground of hope except I stand with St. Paul, and cry out, I am the chief of sinners." I referred to a conversation which I once had with an individual, who objected to an application of that expression to himself, and said, it was intended only to describe the peculiar circumstances of St. Paul. "Then I am sure," replied Wilberforce, "that person could not have been rightly convicted of guilt in his own conscience. I do not know what the critics may say on such a passage, but I am quite satisfied that when the heart is opened to itself, the expression, *chief of sinners*, will not appear too strong to describe its character. I have often heard you say, papa, that the view of religion which most honours God, is that which most debases the sinner, and most exalts the Saviour. I never felt this to be so true as at the present moment."

"His pallid but intelligent countenance as he said this, seemed to express more than he could find words to utter. He paused a while and continued, "What a comfort I find in this conversation with you! It is such a relief to my mind! and I am very thankful for it." My own heart was too responsive to that of my beloved child, not to re-echo his own sentiments. I knelt down and returned thanks to God for the consolation afforded to us both, and prayed earnestly that he would continue to us the same holy interchange of kindred spirit and feelings.

"In another conversation my dear boy expressed great satisfaction at the remembrance of the preparation for the Lord's Supper, while we resided in the Isle of Bute the preceding summer; a preparation carried on for several weeks before he

first received that sacrament in the Episcopal Chapel of Greenock. He observed that in his daily opportunities of reading and conversing with me, he could seldom express his thoughts with freedom, though he deeply felt the importance of the subject before us, but "I shall always feel thankful to you, papa, for the diligent and affectionate manner in which you instructed me. I love that book of Mason's. I shall never forget that day at Greenock Chapel. I was greatly comforted. You preached from Isa. lv. 1. "Ho! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters; and he that hath no money, come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk, without money and without price."—I did indeed thirst for the waters of salvation. Poor Charlotte B—— was there also. Her unexpected death affected me much."

"What were your thoughts," I said, "when you wrote those lines in her album the night before you parted from her."*

"I thought them," he replied, "very suitable to my own feelings, but I little thought she was to realize the sentiment before I did." "She has joined her father in a better world," I said. "Yes, and may I soon be with them; but God knows best, and I wish to commit myself into his hands, for life or death." He then sunk for a while into his chair, and dozed. When he awoke he began again to converse. "But, papa, papa, do you indeed think I am on the right foundation? I cannot bear the thought of being deceived; but I do think Christ loves me too well to cast me away, and that I may

* It matters little at what hour of the day
The righteous falls asleep. Death cannot come
To him untimely who is fit to die;
The less of this cold world, the more of heaven;
The briefer life, the earlier immortality.

say, *Faithful is he that has promised, who also will do it.* I love God. I love his word, I love his ways. I love his people, though I feel so unworthy to be counted one of them. Surely such feelings as these do not fit me for hell." An indescribable look of animation pervaded his countenance as he uttered these words, and bespoke the love, faith, hope, and sincerity of his heart, too plainly to be mistaken.

"If," he continued, "God meant to destroy me, would he have shewn me these things?"

"I am persuaded not," I answered. "Manoah's wife has proved a comforter to many, and I rejoice that her argument for the merciful designs of God prevails with you."

"I am now fatigued, and must go to bed," said he. "Pray with me, and then, good night!"

"Having the assistance of a much-valued friend to undertake the public services of my church, and feeling great anxiety to avail myself of this opportunity to devote myself to my son in his critical and alarming state of health, I remained at home with him the whole day. Although much oppressed by the rapidly-increasing progress of disease and consequent debility, yet he was able to engage in some interesting and very important conversations at intervals during the day. He was carried into the study about eleven o'clock. At his breakfast he expressed a hope that there were many now engaged in prayer for him in the congregation assembled for divine service. "I should love to be in the midst of them, but it cannot be now. It never will be in this world. What a comforting consideration, papa, that wherever two or three are gathered together in his name, Christ has promised to be present with them. Do you not think he is here." I replied, "I cannot doubt it, my dear boy. It is one of the most consolatory views of the word of

God, not only that he is constantly present with every individual believer, in every place, and under every circumstance, but he is also especially present with all such, however great or small their number, who unite together in acts of worship and religious intercourse. He is alike present at this time with our friends in the church, and with you and me in this room. May God give us grace to realize this and be thankful.

“Soon afterwards, while the servant was removing the breakfast things, I was stirring the fire, as he complained of the cold; and a short silence ensued. He said presently, with a playful smile, “I was thinking while you stirred the fire, how much easier it is to rake the ashes from the grate than to get rid of sin from the heart;” and then relapsing into a grave look, he added, “how often the ashes of sin deaden the flame of religion in the heart.” This remark—originating in an apparently casual incident—led to a close conversation on the nature of sin, and the difficulties with which a Christian has to contend in his conflicts with indwelling and inbred corruption. I was much struck with his deep acquaintance with the exercises of his own heart, and with the gospel plan of salvation, which he evinced as he continued to dwell on this subject. I rejoiced to observe in him a personal and practical application of the grand truths of revelation to his own heart; the result of much prayer and meditation, and reading of the sacred volume: his inmost thoughts were thrown into our discourses, which manifested a power and demonstration of the Spirit of God far beyond what I ever anticipated. The reserve which had caused me so much solicitude was entirely removed. With a sweet and endearing freedom of heart and tongue he expressed himself so openly, and with such sincerity, as filled me with gratitude, and rendered me for a moment

insensible—comparatively insensible—to the pang of bereavement which was so soon to be undergone. To possess such satisfactory evidences of my child being an heir of glory, that my temporary loss would prove his eternal gain, and the hope that we should one day meet in the presence of God to part no more, cheered my spirit and tranquillized my mind, under an affliction otherwise insupportable.

“I was making a reference to some expressions in the seventh chapter of the epistle to the Romans, on the nature and character of St. Paul’s own experimental acquaintance with the truths which he enforced on others, when I was summoned to join my other children at the dinner-table. I told him my absence would allow him a respite from the fatigue of conversation, but that I would soon return to him and resume the subject, and begged him to seek repose for a little while in his own arm-chair. This appeared to me the more necessary, as I had observed an evident and painful struggle between the debility of his frame and the animation of his thoughts. The hour of the afternoon service arriving, I returned to my son, whom I found with the Bible opened before him. He looked at me with a smile, and said, “Well, papa, I have not been asleep. I have been otherwise employed. I revived almost as soon as you left me, and as I wanted to converse with you on the epistle to the Romans, I have been reading through the first eight chapters, whilst you were below, in order that I might have this subject more clear in my recollection.” I was surprised and pleased to find that he had strength sufficient for such an exertion, and I reflect on the circumstance with greater interest, as this was, I believe, the last time he was able to read at all.

“He observed that he had purposely stopped at the eighth chapter, because the apostle had there

seemed to make a division in his subject and argument. "What a beautiful summary of doctrine these chapters contain, papa! I have thought on them again and again. St. Paul lays his foundation deep in the corruption of human nature, and shows so plainly that neither Jew nor Gentile has any hope from works, but only from faith in Christ Jesus. I have found great comfort from that view of the righteousness of Christ, which the Apostle declares to be the only way of salvation. There is, there can be no other. We have no righteousness of our own—all are under sin—every mouth must be stopped, and all the world become guilty before God. I have been at times perplexed about the principle of acceptance with God, but now I see it quite clear. With what earnestness does the apostle labour to prove the vanity of all human dependence. I have been thinking as I read these chapters, how entirely the walk of a believer depends on his faith in Christ, and how closely connected the holiness, and the comfort, and the reliance of the soul are with each other. He proceeded to comment on the fifth and sixth chapters, as a train of experimental and practical reasoning deduced from those which preceded them, adding, "but the seventh and eighth chapters have been my delight. I have found my own case so exactly, and so clearly described in the seventh, and have been so much comforted by St. Paul's description of his own feelings about sin and Christ, as I can never express. And then the eighth crowns the whole. Oh, what a chapter is *that*! Every word has given me instruction, strength, and comfort." I here said, "And can you make an inward application of the latter part of that chapter to yourself?" "Indeed papa, I hope I am not deceiving myself, but I do think I can. It lifts me up with such hope and confidence, the language is so sublime, and the doctrine so convincing.

It sometimes seems too much for a sinner like me to say ;—but all things are possible with God, and he whom God saves, has a *propriety* in all things.” He then went through the whole subject of the chapter, making a variety of sensible and solid remarks upon it, and entreating me to examine him as to his personal application of these glorious and gracious truths to his own heart. After he had made some animated observations on the concluding part of this chapter, he said, “But now I want to add one sentence from another part of the epistle to wind up the whole, and that is, “Oh ! the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God ! how unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out ! For who has known the mind of the Lord ? or who hath been his counsellor ? or who hath first given to him, and it shall be recompensed to him again. For of him, and through him, and to him are all things, to whom be glory for ever, Amen.” I shall ever retain a vivid recollection of the tone of his voice, and the sparkling look of his eye, which accompanied the utterance of these words. He became immediately much exhausted—the difficulty of breathing increased—the fever ran very high—he bent over the table and fell into a doze, which lasted half an hour. He gradually awoke, and I observed him to fix his eyes on a globe of water which stood near the window, and contained a gold fish. I enquired what he was looking at so earnestly. He replied, I have often watched the mechanical motion of our gold and silver fish in that globe. There is now only one left, and that seems to be weak and sickly. I wonder which of us will live the longest—the fish or I ?” He paused, and then added, “That fish, my dear papa, is supported by the water in the vessel, but I hope I am supported by the water of salvation. The fish will soon die and live no more ;

but if I am upheld by the water of salvation, I shall live for ever."

"His remark led me to make some observations on the practical use which may be made of natural objects, and the advantages of cultivating a habit of seeking something of God and the soul every where, and of accustoming the mind to seek such comparisons and allusions as tend to improve and delight it. Wilberforce observed, "This is the very principle exemplified in our Lord's parables, and in all the figurative language of scripture." At this moment a gleam of light from the setting sun shone upon the gold fish, and produced a brilliant reflection from its scales, as it swam in the glass vessel. "Look," said he, "at its beauty now." "So, my dear boy, may a bright and more glorious sun shine upon you, and gild the evening of your days." "I hope," he replied, "although I sometimes feel a cloud and a doubt pass across my mind, that in the evening-time there shall be light, and then in his light I shall see light."

"Thus, the gold fish furnished us with a kind of parable. It so happened that the fish survived my son two or three weeks, but I never afterwards saw it without a lively recollection of the conversation to which it gave rise ; and the ideas associated with it still mingle with the cherished moments of his latter end."

CHAPTER VIII.

“How calm their rest,
Night dews fall not more gently on the ground,
Nor weary worn-out winds expire so soft.”

Blair.

“FROM this time my brother kept his room, being too weak to be removed to the study. He sat up during a part of the day in his arm-chair, and conversed with his father in the same strain of elevated piety. His mind was at times strong and vigorous, full of faith, rejoicing in the prospect of death, his heart trusting in God,—then trembling and leaning on his spiritual guide, who watched over him with the overflowings of tenderness, gratitude, and love, while his dying son besought him to probe his inmost soul. My father, when with us, usually preserved a dignified composure; speaking little, and with tears; pouring forth his soul in the family devotions; and seeming to say, “He will soon leave me, but blessed be the name of the Lord.”

“I returned to Turvey on the 10th of January. My father met me in the hall. He wept much as he told me there was no hope of Willy’s life; but he soon recovered himself and said that the agony of bereavement was forgotten in the blessed thought, that he had trained up a child for glory. He then took me up stairs, where I found the dear invalid in a chair before the fire, looking very pale and emaciated, but with a countenance full of peace

and love. His eye glistened as I entered. He leaned his head on my shoulder, but was too deeply moved to utter a word. He continued silent a long time, and scarcely spoke or answered the usual inquiries of affection. In the evening he revived, and seemed disposed to converse. I asked if he could view the approach of death without fear.

"Yes, dear F——, I have no wish to stay one day longer on earth, but I must not be impatient. Lord Jesus! come quickly! If it be thy will, I would not linger here, but I pray for patience. Ah! F—— how I long to be free from this poor body, and see my Saviour's face. You can never know how I long for this, till you also have heaven in view. I know in whom I have trusted. He will save me, for he has promised, and he never changes." He then fell into a kind of stupor, murmuring distinctly, "Christ the sinner's hope." When he awoke, the fever was very high, and his mind seemed to wander. My father entered. He looked up and said, "He fights hard and I fight hard, but Christ fights harder." He began to pray aloud, struggling for strength and thought, and intreating God that he might not be given up to delirium, of which he had a great dread, and then he praised and blessed God for giving him strength to offer another prayer.

"I sat up with him the greater part of the night. He once startled me with the energy with which after a long silence he cried out, "I know in whom I am trusting. I know he never yet left one soul that trusted in him. I will not doubt." He passed a painful night, with alternate fits of fever and shivering. He continually expressed a fear that the fever would occasion delirium. He felt his time so precious, that he could not bear to lose a moment by insensibility; he exclaimed with the utmost vehemence, "O God! most merciful;—O God!

do not afflict me with the greatest of all evils—insanity. I long to glorify thee in my death. Can I glorify thee in delirium, when I know thee not? Yet not my will but thine be done.”

“About five o’clock on Wednesday morning he said, “Now call up papa, and ask him to come and talk with me. I feel as if I should have much to suffer to-day, and I want him here that I may call up some comfort and strength.” He came immediately. I retired and did not hear their conversation. My father has more than once told me of the interesting subjects of their discourse, but I am afraid to trust to recollection at this distance of time. I again regret that my beloved father did not live to fulfil his own intentions. I extract from his very imperfect notes, what may possibly apply to their present interview.

“I read Hooker’s death to him—substantial calm on his mind, only interrupted for the moment by disease—he told me of his grapplings with infidel objections—of his weeping when a litile child, at a sermon I preached from Jeremiah.”*

“After breakfast I returned to relieve my father, who, amidst his daily sufferings, was not unmindful of his family or his parish. “*I must work while it is called to-day*,” seemed to be the prevailing sentiment of his mind, and his beloved child’s death gave additional weight to the admonition, “what thou doest, do with all thy might.”

“Wilberforce sat silent for some time, then looked up and said, “Come, and sit close to me. Let me lean on you.” Then putting his arms round me, he exclaimed, “God bless you, my dear”—He

* Jer. iii. 22. Return! thou backsliding Israel, saith the Lord, and I will not cause mine anger to fall upon you; for I am merciful, saith the Lord, and I will not keep mine anger for ever.

was agitated and ceased speaking. Presently he said—"I must leave you—we shall walk no further through this world together—but I hope we shall meet in heaven. Let us now talk of heaven. Do not weep for me, dear F—, do not weep, for I am very happy; but think of me, and let the thought make you press forward. I never knew happiness till I knew Christ as a Saviour." He then exhorted and encouraged me to study the Bible with perseverance. "Read the Bible—read the Bible. Let no religious book take its place;—through all my perplexities and distresses, I never read any other book, and I never felt the want of any other. It has been my hourly study, and all my knowledge of the doctrines, and all my acquaintance with the experience and realities of religion have been derived from the Bible only. I think religious people do not read the Bible enough. Books about religion may be useful, but they will not do instead of the simple truth of the Bible." He then spoke of his regret at parting with us. "Nothing convinces me more of the reality of the change within me, than the feelings with which I can contemplate a separation from my family. I now feel so weaned from the earth, my affections so much in heaven, that I can leave you all without a regret. Yet I do not love you less, but God more." I asked him whether his mind had been distressed for the last few months at the thought of parting from us,—for knowing the strength of his affections, I fancied he must have suffered much in subduing and controlling them. "Oh! my dear F——, the pain, the agony I have felt, when I said to myself 'I must leave them all.'—You will never know what bitter hours I have passed;—none but God knows what it cost me to break those ties which bound me so strongly to earth. Never, never will you know

what I suffered, as I looked at you all, and felt my strength declining, and remembered it must soon be a last look. I thought this must be the bitterness of death; and even after I had found acceptance and peace with God, I still suffered deeply in the prospect of separation, and never supposed I could willingly part from my family. I knew that God would support me, and carry me through this trial; but a trial I felt it must be to the last;—and yet, see me now in the immediate prospect of parting—I am quite happy, and can leave you all without a tear—I know God can unite us all again; and I can trust him here as I can in every thing else. Now this change must have been effected by God. It is so evident, I cannot mistake it. I could not have acquired this composure myself, God has done it, but I have suffered much in the process.” He always appeared comforted when he heard that any one had prayed for him, and frequently intreated those about him to pray, but he used to add, “Do not pray for my life, but that I may have comfort in death.” I was writing to W—— and asked him if he had any message to send. He said, “They have been very kind to me, but I am too ill to think of them.” Afterwards seeming to recollect himself, he said, “Come and hold my head while I try to remember them. I would send some message. Tell dear M—— that I am suffering very much, but I can and do rejoice in my sufferings, for every pain is bringing me nearer to heaven. I shall not see her again in this world;” here he seemed quite exhausted. After a while he revived a little. “I want to say something to dear Mr. W——, you told me he had been praying for me. I wish him to know how much I have been comforted by this. How grateful I feel to him, tell him how much I value his prayers, and that they have been answered; for Christ is now precious to me.

Through him the fear of death is taken away. I want to tell him more. If I can I will to-morrow, but say this." He now became exceedingly ill; he breathed with great difficulty; he panted for breath, and his struggles were distressing. The sufferings of his body affected his mind, and he seemed to lose his comfort and confidence in Christ. He cried out many times, "Oh! pray for me, pray for me, pray for me. This is hard to bear, how different the pains of death are from any other. It is such a struggle to get free." He appeared to suffer much in his mind. My father said, "My dear boy, Christ is still with you. Where he once fixes his love, he never takes it away. You may not see him just now, but he is not the less near to you. Nothing can, nothing shall separate you from Christ." Willy cried out, "And did not he say, 'My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?'" Then he twice repeated, "For a small moment have I forsaken thee, but with great mercies will I gather thee." "Oh! papa!—what shall I do—I am suffering so very much!" "Not one pang too many, my child," said his weeping father, while the big tears rolled down his cheek. "I know it, papa," he answered, "I believe it, I feel it." He continued in a state of suffering nearly the whole day. Towards evening he sank into a sort of lethargy. He seemed scarcely to know any thing that was passing. About eleven o'clock at night my father read the 23rd Psalm, and prayed with him. He was able to attend, and it seemed to cheer him. He was better in the morning, and had much comfortable conversation with his father throughout the day. Mr. G—— came to see him. Willy wished to converse with him. He was fearful at first, and expressed some doubt of his salvation; but Mr. G—— encouraged him by his remarks. He assured him that Christ would never give up a soul who

had fled to him for refuge. Here Willy interrupted him, "I believe it, yes, I believe it. Christ has brought me thus far, and he will not leave me. He has said, "whosoever cometh unto me, I will in *no wise* cast out." I feel now quite certain that Christ will save me." He then adverted to his love for us, and the parting with us. "We have been a happy family;—so closely united! Every two of us can say, how dearly we love each other—Our love has been more than common—I think we shall be a family of love in heaven—Two of us are in heaven already, and there will soon be a third—Oh, I feel persuaded we shall meet again." Mr. G—— proposed to read a chapter in the Bible. Willy said he could listen, and Mr. G—— chose parts of the last two chapters of the book of Revelations. He appeared greatly refreshed. His face beamed with joy while he listened to the sublime and glorious description of the new Jerusalem, and anticipated the moment of his own entrance into the holy city, to go out no more for ever; when he should join the melody of the heavenly choir, and make one of the countless throng before the throne of God. "Glorious things are spoken of thee, O city of God." After a short pause, he said to Mr. G——, "Tell me about the song of Moses and the Lamb, my memory is failing. Repeat it to me." Mr. G—— repeated from Rev. xv. "Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are thy ways, O King of Saints; who shall not fear thee, O Lord, and glorify thy name, for thou only art holy; for all nations shall come and worship before thee, for thy judgments are made manifest."

Mr. G——, took leave of him, and some time after his departure, Willy said, "Mr. G—— seemed sent to bring the close of the Bible to be the consolation of the close of my life. It is singular that

he should have fixed on those chapters, for I have read them so often; again and again in my hours of sorrow, longing, praying, but not daring to believe I should ever be admitted to that glorious company; how have I wept over them!"

Mr. F. paid him a visit, and Wilberforce was very earnest in pressing him to examine the state of his mind, saying "I would neither deceive nor be deceived." Mr. F—— replied, "You are now too much exhausted for conversation; I have heard from your papa the state of your mind, and I am quite satisfied with his opinion of you, for our ideas of true conversion are the same." "Yes," said he, "but I would rather you should examine for yourself,—I want you also to search me."

"He asked Mr. F—— whether the feeling of assurance was necessary to salvation. "I do not," he said, "always feel alike; sometimes when illness overpowers me, my comfort is gone, and I am afraid that after all I shall perish; but I know that in my darkest season I still love my Saviour above every thing."

"My dear Wilberforce," said Mr. F——, "you cannot have a more able counsellor in your perplexities, than your affectionate father, and your very weak state inclines me to be brief. Our religion may be explained in few words, at least as far as it is necessary to your peace and safety. You must have a title to heaven, and a meetness for its enjoyment; you need not now trouble yourself on other points. The title is Christ's merits. Do you rest on them alone for acceptance with God?"

"Oh yes; I have no other hope or trust. If I have confidence or comfort, I get it only there." "Well, then, the next thing is a meetness for heaven. If any man belong to Christ he has the mind of Christ; he is a new creature; religion is his life as well as his peace." "Indeed, indeed," he replied,

"I do love Christ ; I long to be where he is, to dwell with him for ever." "Then all is safe, Wilberforce ; I am quite satisfied that he who has worked the one in you, has procured the other for you." "But your eye, Mr. F——, your eye looks as if it doubted of me." "No, my dear Wilberforce, I am not doubting, I am looking on you with a deep interest."

"Mr. F—— went away with a promise to see him again in a few days, but my brother died before the time fixed for another visit.

"He slept for some time, and then suddenly sat up in his chair with apparent ease ; he breathed freely, spoke distinctly, seemed free from pain, and his countenance looked satisfied and happy. I was quite surprised at the change, and said, "My dear Willy, you seem much better." "Yes," he answered, "I am much better. This is a precious moment, and now I hope I shall be able to talk to you a little. This is an answer to prayer, dear F——. I have much longed to glorify God in my death, and ever since last Sunday I have been praying for one hour of ease and strength to speak to you all for the last time, and tell you what I now think of religion. Hitherto you have seen me so overpowered by disease, that you could not judge of my comfort and confidence in my principles. But God has granted my request and I will glorify him." He then began an interesting conversation, and spoke with astonishing ease. He was very plain and sincere. He told me kindly of faults and errors which he had observed in me ; and he endeavoured to correct them, and encouraged me from his own experience to persevere in striving against them. "My dear, my very dear F——" he said, "I hope we shall meet in heaven. I could not talk to you in this calm manner, if I did not believe we should meet again. But you have much to learn—much

to do before you can get there. There is but one road, and without an entire dedication of the heart to God, you cannot walk in it." He spoke of the dangers of a religious education; of having the form of religion, while the heart was still unchanged, and the will unsubdued. He spoke also of what he called *sentimental religion*, telling me how easy it was to write in beautiful poetic language without any real feeling of heart; and he mentioned some instances where religion was but a bright fiction of the imagination; and others where it proved itself a transforming principle in the life and conduct. "My dear sister, be a *real* disciple—Be in earnest—You will want *heart* religion when you come to die—The "poetry of religion will not do then;"—reminding me of some letters I had written to him. He again recommended to me most earnestly the constant study of the Bible. "Here," he said, "I speak in a peculiar manner from recent experience—For the last three months the Bible has been my sole instructor—It has gradually led me on to clear light and real experience, till every promise is my own—I have read the greater part of it through several times during my illness—and often on a Sunday, when I have spent the day alone, I have read the whole of the New Testament, unable to leave off till I had grasped all the mind of the Spirit at once. Perhaps papa has thought I read too few religious books—He has looked anxious at my neglect of many he put in my way—I do not give myself in this respect for an example—but I have found little benefit from books, sermons, or conversations—The Bible, the Bible alone has taught me every thing. If I read books on religion, however excellent, the thought always haunted me—this is human—it may be wrong. I could not rest till I went to the Bible. Here I felt all was divine and infallible; and I found such comfort in the simple

truth of God's word, that I set aside every other book, dissatisfied. I may be earnest then, in pressing you to go to the Bible."

He then said, "But you must pray over the Bible—without the teaching of the Spirit it will do you no good, you must apply it as you go on to yourself, and feel it personally, or you will get no benefit, though you stand the whole day over it.—I have been in the habit of reading the Bible on my knees, and I recommend you to do the same.—It encourages prayer.—I have found it very useful to turn Scripture into prayer, using the very words. There is not a psalm I have not turned into a prayer. I have felt so safe in making prayers from the Bible because then I knew I could not err; and let prayer always be preceded by self-examination; lay your heart bare before God; indulge not even a doubtful feeling; one secret sin will cloud all."

I had marked the depression of his spirit when the symptoms of his disease appeared more unfavourable, and I asked him if he had any fear of death now. He answered me with great firmness,—"No, not any—I have unshaken confidence in Jesus as a Saviour—He has taken away the sting of death, and for his sake the Father will receive me as his child." I replied, "You had, dear Willy, great doubts of your salvation, and many fears of death during some periods of your illness." "Oh! yes, indeed I had! I have been on the verge of despair, and have known its agonies.—My pain of body was at times very great, but nothing in comparison with the agony of my spirit.—I struggled on in darkness and in silence.—It was known only to myself and God, but I was supported and carried through all, and now I would encourage you, my dearest sister, by telling you what succeeded in my case. I will tell you just what I did.—After a

season of much doubt and terror, during which I felt as if all was delusion, and I should be cast into hell, I determined to go at once boldly to God, in the name of Christ, and plead the promises which were then before me in the Bible.—I fell down upon my knees—I groaned—I wept—I prayed most fervently—I said, Here I am, Lord, a poor perishing sinner—My sins are heavy and alarming—I cannot bear them myself—I feel my body decaying—I must soon die, and I dare not appear before Thee, the pure and holy God, as I now am—I read of a Saviour thou hast provided for sinners, and I come to him to be saved from eternal death—I come to the cross of Christ—I cling to it as my only hope—If thou, O Christ, wilt not save me, no one else can, and I must perish—Lord, save me—Jesus! have mercy on me! I persevered thus again and again—I kept on praying in this way—I took nothing with me but a broken heart! and a contrite spirit, and I said, ‘Lord! I will not go except thou bless me!’ I know I prayed sincerely, and I was heard and answered. I found that promise true, “Whosoever cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out.” God was good to me. My soul required severe discipline, but he comforted me in his own time—I found Christ able and willing to do all I required—I was enabled to receive him as my complete salvation, and I sometimes had such peace in believing on him,—such hours of unspeakable happiness, that the remembrance of it makes up for all this suffering. I never again lost my hope with Christ, though for the moment my disease overpowered me and clouded the past. Now I tell you all this for your encouragement and direction. Seek as I did, and you will find the same pardon for sin, the same peace in death.” We next talked about prayer. I told him of the difficulties I felt. I remember well his eager look

as he said, "Not find comfort in prayer, dear F——? It sounds like a strange contradiction to me—It is my only comfort. When I am able to pray, I am sure to be happy, and my prayer is that I may have strength and sense to pray. But I must remember how differently we are circumstanced—I am just entering eternity—I see every thing in a new light, as I never did before—as none but a dying person can see—All my thoughts and feelings are changed—I have not memory now to recollect how I used to feel, when I first began to pray—Perhaps I had the same doubts—my memory is gone—Oh! how the Lord has humbled me—I used to be so proud of my understanding—I can now scarcely answer the simplest question." Presently he seemed to gather strength, and said, "We were talking about prayer; yes, all my comfort is in prayer. There *must* be comfort in prayer—The chief thing is to examine your heart—Ask God to search it for you—Take care you are cherishing no secret sin or hidden idol. God is a merciful God, but he is a jealous God, and he will have the whole heart—Only persevere in praying, and indeed you will find comfort in prayer." He then told me how seriously it had been impressed upon his mind, that his death was to be the life of others. "I think, my dearly loved sister, it is for your good; and will not this thought make you more in earnest? *Oh! I would die ten painful deaths to save one soul!* We shall meet again in heaven. Now come and kiss me, and let me lean upon you." He rested a short time and said, "Now send for H——, I want to speak to her while my strength lasts." His conversation with her was very searching, but very affectionate. He loved this sister very dearly. She was naturally volatile and buoyant in her spirits, and this disposition sometimes betrayed her into levity. The liveliness of her conversation had often pleased him,

but he now thought he had encouraged her in some things inconsistent with real piety. He was earnest beyond his strength in conversing with her. He put very plain and close questions ;—saying, “ I must be answered ;—I must speak plainly ;—I am afraid, my beloved sister, you do not think enough about religion. I do not see decided proofs of real conversion in you. I have not a *sure* hope, that if you die as you now are, I shall meet you in heaven. Oh ! H——, it is my last request—with my dying breath I am intreating you to seek the salvation of your soul. Suppose you were in my place—in this chair instead of me—waiting for death day by day—could you meet it as I do. Oh ! do, my dear sister ! do think of death while you are in health. If I had not sought Christ before I was brought so low, I should have no strength or sense to seek him now. I went to Jesus as a poor weak sinner, and found sweet rest, and I am happy now amidst all this suffering.” He spoke in a very affectionate manner of the subject nearest her heart. “ Your merry peal will soon succeed my death-knell. Take care that the good seed is not choked by the pleasures of life !—Seek first the kingdom of God. Remember H——, *you have to die*. Oh ! I cannot leave you in peace, unless I have a good hope that I shall meet you in heaven. If I thought there was one amongst you—oh ! I cannot bear that thought !”—He continued, “ H——, there is nothing so opposed to religion,—to the mind of Christ,—as levity and trifling. It will keep you back more than anything. Take my solemn warning—I speak from my own experience,—you will never be a consistent Christian, and you will never grow in grace, if you indulge in *habitual* trifling conversation. It is not like the mind of Christ ; your temper is very playful and volatile, and Satan may use it as a snare to injure your soul. *Piety and*

levity cannot long dwell in the same heart. One will destroy the other. * * * *

You see dear H——, I am very plain and sincere. I used to be so shy. But I do not feel afraid of speaking my mind now. How little does one care about the world and its opinions when death is near; death takes away all reserve. I care not if the whole world were assembled around me—I would tell them what I now think of religion—I should like to see many here, that I might tell them what the Lord hath done for my soul.” He then sent for H——, his favourite brother and companion. Willy was much affected. He seemed to say farewell to H—— with deep emotion. He entreated him to supply his place in every thing—particularly in being a comfort to his father, and filling his place in the ministry. On this latter subject he spoke much. He said, “From a child it has been my delight to think of being a clergyman of the Church of England; but it is God’s will to pass me by, and take you, dear H——, and honour you thus. I resign my place to you—Fill it faithfully.”—Then turning to his father, he said, “Give H—— a double portion of your love. He is to fill my place, as well as his own, to you.—I make a transfer to him of all the affection you have borne to me.” He paused for breath and then continued, “We have loved each other very dearly, we always loved as brothers amidst our little quarrels—did we not? I love you now more than ever, and I must talk to you about your soul.” He addressed him in very plain language, asking him questions. H—— seemed confused and distressed, for there were others present. Willy said, “Poor H——, you feel shy on this subject—I used to feel the same once—I could not speak once, but that reserve is all gone.—I am not ashamed to say what I feel now. You will feel as I do, some day.” He then begged that

all would retire and leave H—— alone with him. No one heard the conversation which passed between them. He next sent for his younger brothers:—they wept much as he addressed them. He spoke very touchingly to his youngest sister, who was then a little child. “Would you like to meet poor Willy in heaven, dear C——, then you must love God. Pray to God to make you love him, and to make you a good child. Will you promise me one thing, my dear C——, that you will never go out of your room in the morning till you have read a few verses in the Bible, and prayed to God. If you do not pray to God, you will not meet poor Willy in heaven. I will give you a verse to think of when I am dead. “Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.” Say that verse to yourself every night when you lie down.”

He sent for several people in the village to come and bid him farewell. There was one old person for whom he had a special regard. She had been much with him in his childhood, and he used to tell her, “if he lived to be a man, and had a house of his own, she should come and keep it.” He held out his hand to her affectionately, and, alluding to his promise said, “I shall have no house in this world, Nanny, for you to come and keep—but I shall still have a house—a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.” His countenance as he spoke, assumed a singularly sweet and happy expression—such a beaming look of love and joy, that every one noticed it. The hectic flush glowed on his cheek—his eyes sparkled with a peculiar lustre—and the marble forehead was smooth and placid. It was the parting loveliness of a body irradiated by a soul full of meekness, calmness, joy, and confidence. Instead of being exhausted by such lengthened conversations, as we expected, he

seemed full of vigour, and rather refreshed. He conversed a good deal with both his parents. "What a striking answer," he said, "I have had to prayer; God has allowed me time and strength to speak to you all, and has so filled me with sweet peace and joy, that I never could have conceived there was such happiness to be known here." He then said, "I should like the whole family to assemble round me, that I may look at you altogether, while I am so happy." He then offered up a fervent and touching prayer to God, blessing him for his great goodness, and commending us to him for salvation. He paused a moment and concluded, "Lord! now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

"He remained in this happy frame of mind a short time, when all seemed to pass away as a dream: the fever returned—great suffering succeeded—his whole frame was agitated. At intervals he referred to the past season of happiness, and the recollection of it comforted him. He repeated what he had before said, several times, "I would go through all again for one such sweet hour."

"In the evening he was dejected by a dread of delirium, and prayed earnestly that he might retain his senses to the last often exclaiming, "I cannot glorify thee in delirium." He called this a happy day, because he thought he had done good by his faithful addresses.

"My father came to read and pray with him, before he retired to rest. Willy said, "I am too tired to listen. I should like to dream of the past; papa, there will be no distraction in heaven."

"Friday was a mournful day. My brother's sufferings were greatly increased. He could find no position in which to rest. He breathed with difficulty, and at times seemed almost suffocated; and the soul, as if in sympathy with the body,

became full of doubt and terror. He called out in great agitation—"Oh! pray for me—pray for me—say something to comfort me." I read him some verses from the xlii^{id} of Isaiah. He continued to exclaim—"Oh! pray for me, pray for me! I am in great suffering." I opened the Annals of the Poor, and read to him the account of the Dairyman's Daughter's last hours. He listened attentively, and then repeated the words, "The Lord deals very gently with me, and gives me peace. It is not dark, my Lord is there, and he is my light and salvation." He appeared a little more composed, and I turned to the tract of Little Jane. I read to him some passages. "Ah!" said he, "they got safe through, and why not I? I am glad, dear F——, that you thought of the Dairyman's Daughter and Little Jane. They are just the examples I want. They suffered much, but it was not dark to them. Oh, death! death! what is it? I have still to go through death—the dark valley." He sat for some time in silence, with his head resting on the table. Though he did not speak, I could perceive that there was something passing in his mind which shook his whole frame. Suddenly, with a wild expression of countenance, and in a bitter tone, he exclaimed—"Oh! agony! agony! agony! agony! I shall perish after all." I was much frightened, and went to call my father. I told him Willy must be delirious. When my father saw him, he said, "Oh no! this is not delirium. I know exactly what he is passing through." He sat down beside Wilberforce, and began to talk soothingly to him, but he refused to be comforted. He still cried out with his whole remaining strength—"Oh agony! agony! agony! Satan will have me after all—Papa, pray for me, he tells me I shall be lost—He tells me my sins will damn me—Oh, papa, this is agony!—all is dark, dark—all gone—all lost—and has Christ brought

me thus far to leave me at last ?” My dear father was much overcome at this scene, and struggled hard for composure. He repeated text after text ; and with apparent calmness, and in his own tender and peculiar manner, enlarged on the faithful love of the Saviour. He assured Willy of his full persuasion that Christ’s honor was pledged in presenting his soul safe to the Father : that this was the last attack of Satan : that he took advantage of his bodily weakness, to distress, when he could not harm him. But poor Willy seemed still more agitated. The cold drops stood on his forehead—his look betrayed the deepest anguish, and he shook with terror. “ Oh ! papa ! what will become of me,” he cried ; “ I am going into the dark valley *alone*. Jesus has left me. It is all dark, dark, dark—The rod and the staff do not support me—Satan fights hard for me, and he will carry me away at last.” His bodily sufferings seemed quite forgotten, and were lost in the bitter anguish of his mind, and he still continued to repeat, “ agony—agony.”—my dear father tried again by a variety of arguments, and by a frequent appeal to scripture, to support his despairing child, but in vain. He seemed given up for a time to such sharp and sore besetments as baffled all attempts to administer comfort. After a silence of some minutes, and when he seemed nearly fainting, my dear father solemnly repeated, “ Simon, Simon, Satan hath desired to have thee, that he may sift thee as wheat ; but I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not.” These were the first words that made any impression on Wilberforce. He said, “ Ah ! papa, I used to love those words, but they are gone—I will try to understand them—Say them again.” My father repeated the affecting words of the Saviour to his tempted disciple. Willy listened to them with intense interest. When he heard the words, “ but

I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not," he exclaimed, "Oh, my dear papa, do you think that Christ is praying for me? Does he pray for me in this hour of darkness, when I have no faith?" "Certainly, my dear boy, I cannot doubt it. I am quite sure he is praying for you at this instant. Take courage then. Do you think God will not hear Christ's prayer? 'Him the Father heareth always.'" His mind became a little calmer, but he still looked uneasy, and replied slowly, "Can I have been brought to love him so, only to perish? Can such feelings as I have—such a hatred of sin, be fitting me for hell? No, it cannot be—Such feelings could not exist in hell—He will save me as the chief of sinners." Presently he exclaimed, "Jesus has not left me. I see him again—more precious than ever—my Saviour—my hope. How could I distrust him—I am more than conqueror. Papa, I feel safe—I am Christ's—Why did I doubt? I am so strengthened. Dear papa, I can give you no idea of the anguish of my heart. It exceeded all I supposed endurable;—I thought myself in Satan's hands—it must have been such anguish as this which made the Saviour cry out, 'My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me.' I never knew what suffering was before—I thought I was lost." "And what do you now think?" "I have great peace, firm confidence,—I am so strengthened, papa, in my faith—so strengthened—hell shall not prevail; Christ has saved me—none shall pluck me out of his hand. I should not be afraid to grapple with this dreadful foe again—I should not be afraid if Jesus were standing by"—and then shuddering at his own recollections, he added, "But papa, I hope God will not see it necessary to try me in this way again; I hope not—It was indeed a dreadful struggle." "Why say so?" said his father, "it is possible God may see fit thus to try your faith again. You

see how he has supported you—you have been the conqueror—why then shrink?”

“Oh no! I will not shrink, I could go through it again if it were God’s will—I could not see my Saviour in that dark hour, but now I know he was near me.” And then shuddering at his own words, he added, “but I hope it will not be necessary again to try me thus.”

“This last sorrow attached him more than ever to his father. He could not bear that he should be out of his sight, and listened to every word which fell from him, with the most grateful love and confiding simplicity. He truly hung upon his lips. Never was there a more affecting sight, than to behold this loving father and no less loving son, now blending every feeling and thought of their hearts together, and so closely united in religious intercourse, that they seemed as it were a twin soul.

“My father was obliged to leave Wilberforce for a little while; on his return, the latter looking up with a smile said, “Papa, I cannot pray now—I am so very ill;—but I have been *praising*.” “For what, my dear boy?” “I have been blessing God for giving me such a father:—when I can say nothing else, I can praise God for such a dear father, to whom I can tell all, and who helps me on to heaven.” This was almost too much for my father; he could neither speak nor weep, he seemed absorbed in unutterable feeling—the fountain of tears was dried up.

“Willy did not wait for a reply. “I am sorry, papa, I did not open my mind to you before, how much happier I should have been, if I had done so. I have now no reserve—I can tell you every thing—You *are* my friend and my guide—my dear, dear papa, I *do* love you. You have so helped me in my great trial.”

In the evening he conversed with my father on the bitter agony through which he had passed in the morning, with calmness and faith. Some one present asked him what he thought to be the best evidence of conversion—"A broken heart and a contrite spirit," he replied. "This is what I brought to God, and it was the only evidence I could rely on."

"The next day he expressed some impatience at lingering so long, earnestly desiring that this might be his last day, but he soon checked himself, and prayed against a restless spirit. He sometimes cried out, "How long, how long! when shall I be free! How my spirit struggles to get away from this poor weary body! Papa, do you think I shall linger here another day?" and without waiting for a reply he said, "but my times are in thy hands, O God—I must die daily—I will patiently wait thy will." He called me to him, and gave me a copy of Miss Jeram's Memoir. He said it had been of great use to him, and that God's dealings with her had sometimes comforted him. "We both passed through great sorrows, but God comforted us both in his own time. Read it dear F——; I give you my copy—I have no further need of it; and may God bless it to you." He asked to have the 17th chapter of St. John read to him, and remarked "how very plain is the doctrine of that chapter. I wonder there should be so much controversy about it."

"What is to-morrow?" he asked "It is the Sabbath." He seemed pleased, and earnestly begged that the congregation might be requested to pray for him in the church. On Sunday morning he was much weaker, and his end was evidently fast approaching. To a kind friend who had nursed him, he said, "How do I look now?" She saw the approach of death in his languid eye and pallid coun-

tenance. "You look worse, master Wilberforce, I do not think that you can live much longer." The effect produced by her opinion was truly astonishing. His dim eye lighted up, all his features assumed a new life, and turning to her, he said, "Oh, thank you, dear Mrs. G——, good news! you tell me good news. Shall I indeed be in heaven to-day!" My father came into the room. "Papa," said he, "how do I look—am I altered?" "No, my dear boy. I see little difference in you." He was evidently disappointed. "Do you see no difference," said he, "Mrs. G—— does. She made me so happy.—She thinks I may die to-day." My father sat with him the whole of the day while we were at church, and Willy asked him to read the service for the visitation of the sick. He listened with devout attention, and when it was ended, he said, "Oh my dear papa, what beautiful prayers! what an affecting service! it expresses my whole heart."

"He then said to his mother, "I love to look at you, mamma. I love to smile at you, but I want to smile at Jesus," He asked her to draw near, and let him lean on her bosom. "It is sweet to lean on you dear mamma,—but I long to lean on the bosom of Jesus." He conversed with his father in the afternoon for the last time. Reference is made to this conversation in his papers as follows.

"Agony,—conflict,—triumph,—glorying in this second struggle with Satan—expecting another struggle—not fearing it.—The enemy subdued, bruised under his feet.—Longing to be in heaven—not able to form any idea of another world, yet full confidence of being there.—I know in whom I am trusting—dreading to linger, yet bowing to the will of God.—His joy in the prayers of the church for him—Christ *will* save me."

"He had been accustomed to teach a class in the Sunday school, and begged that his dying message

might be written down and sent to the children that evening. He had not been able to lie in bed for a week, owing to the pain in his side, but on Sunday evening he expressed a wish to be undressed and put into bed, being inclined to sleep. He was accordingly put into bed, and lay very tranquil and comfortable. My father stood watching beside him till he thought him asleep. He then went to his study, as he afterwards told us, to pray that, if it were God's will, his child might have quiet and ease in his last moments; for he much dreaded the severity of a dying agony, which from the past he thought probable. As he was going away he blessed him, and looking at him as he lay, serene and beautiful in his repose, he said, "So he giveth his beloved sleep." Willy opened his eyes on hearing these words, and replied, "Yes, dear papa, and the rest which Christ gives is sweet." These were his last words. He immediately sunk into a long and peaceful slumber. We were sitting near him. Mrs. —, his faithful nurse, stood and watched beside him. We could hear distinctly every breath he drew, and the least change in the sound was perceptible. One or two breathings were slower and longer, which made us get up and look at him. He appeared as if slumbering very sweetly.—There was no alteration in his countenance, and we were going to sit down again, when Mrs. —, said, "Call your papa immediately." We did so, and he came just in time to hear his last sigh. I think he awoke from sleep but felt no pain, nor was sensible of death. My father raised Willy's head upon his arm, and contemplated it for a minute. The countenance looked placid, as if it had beheld the Saviour's face in righteousness, and was satisfied. My father pressed the lifeless body to his bosom, and burst into a flood of tears, struggling with nature's anguish. At length subduing his feelings, he said, "My child is a saint

in glory." He bid us all follow him to the study, that we might praise God for his mercy and loving-kindness. He opened the Bible and read the last two chapters of the Book of Revelations, and then knelt down and prayed with us. It was a moment not to be forgotten. Our dear father appeared so absorbed in the contemplation of his child's entrance into heaven, and its union with the spirits of the just made perfect, as to be scarcely conscious of the presence of his family around him.

"Between the death and the funeral of my brother, my dear father's mind was often severely exercised. Sometimes he would weep, and say, "All thy waves and storms are gone over me," and then, "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints." "He giveth and he taketh away, and blessed be his holy name." He would rise early in the morning to gaze on the peaceful countenance of his departed child. We overheard him giving vent to the mingled emotion of his heart in the chamber of death. But he was comforted in tribulation, and he returned to his family, to sooth their sorrows with the comfort wherewith he was comforted of God. He said little, but his calm and subdued spirit bespoke Christian resignation. He used to teach us that disquiet was the result of distrust, and we saw in his silent submission an example of his own principle, that his heart trusted in God. "Though his hand be lifted up to destroy, yet from that very hand do I expect salvation."*

"A vault was opened for Wilberforce under the chancel. An incident occurred which much affected us, and which shewed the pious and affectionate sympathy of the people in the sorrows of their pastor. The workmen had not completed the vault till past eleven o'clock at night, when they agreed

* Leighton.

to descend into it, and consecrate the place which was shortly to receive our brother's remains, by prayer. The sepulchre of the dead became holy ground. They joined in praises to him who is the resurrection and the life, and who has enlightened the gloomy grave by his own presence. They continued in prayer till midnight, commending their beloved minister to the grace of God—invoking blessings on his family, and intreating that this mournful event might be over-ruled to the increase of religion in the parish ;—and may we not hope that prayer was heard? The subsequent state of the village may be described as life from the dead. In the morning of my brother's interment, my father prayed with his family. I trust that the Spirit of God poured out his special influence on the minds of those present. A friend afterwards observed, "This is the fervent prayer of a righteous man, which availeth much. Can we doubt that it is recorded in heaven, and will long be remembered on earth.

"From this time, our dear father gave himself up to the work of the ministry with redoubled diligence. The congregations were large and attentive. He went daily from cottage to cottage amongst the poor, warning, exhorting, comforting, and confirming the souls of the disciples in the grace of God. He used to meet persons nearly every evening in the week, for prayer and exposition of the Scriptures. Many a heart in Turvey still glows at the recollection of these seasons. There was a general revival of religion both amongst old and young, and scarcely a day passed in which some one did not anxiously inquire, "What must I do to be saved?" There might be in this excitement something that was of a doubtful character, but there were certainly many real conversions, and a general and increased attention

towards religion, unknown at any former period. My father seldom left his parish, or saw any one out of his own family ; to whom he became still more endeared, and for whose progress and improvement in religion, he manifested an anxiety even to depression, and an earnestness which impaired his own health. He had naturally very high spirits, and was at times playful in his conversation ; but now, though he sometimes smiled, he was ever thoughtful, pensive, and silent. He appeared to be wounded by the least approximation to levity, and was continually pressing on us a more serious apprehension of eternity. On one occasion, when he thought we had indulged in a conversation too little in unison with the late event—he made no remark at the time, but the next morning I found on my table the following note.

“MY DEAREST CHILD,

“There is a degree of relief to a tender spirit in the communication of its thoughts and feelings. The affecting scenes of this time twelvemonth have scarcely ever been absent from my recollection even for a moment. In the midst of our (perhaps, too great) hilarities, I have pictured to my imagination Willy dying last week, and this week dead in the house. Have we all felt and done as much as we ought on this most affecting occasion ? Is the sacredness and solemnity of that interesting period preserved in our hearts ? Has the erection of another tablet in the church sufficiently moved our affections ? Monday evening was a trying hour to my heart. My poor Willy died on that day, and as on next Sunday we buried him. Oh ! let you and I, my much loved F——, ponder these things in our souls for good. Amidst the living, let us not forget the dead. * * * *

L. R.”

“My dear father for many years had been accustomed to write pastoral letters to his parishioners, which were read in the school-room to those who chose to attend. The following address to them was written soon after my brother's death.

“MY DEAR FRIENDS, NEIGHBOURS, AND
PARISHIONERS.

“In the midst of my sorrows at the removal of my dearly-loved child, I wish you to know that the Lord supports me wonderfully. I cannot yet come out amongst you, but I cannot be quite silent. I have therefore desired my friend and fellow-labourer to read this letter to you. I have preached the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ to you more than nineteen years, and through his mercy I have seen some precious fruits of these labours amongst you, but never have I witnessed a more beautiful or triumphant evidence, that I have not taught, preached, or lived in vain, than in the case of my dear son, now a sharer of the Redeemer's glory in heaven. Oh, what a call for praise, that he was not only my natural, but also my spiritual child. Such was his love to Christ, and Christ's love to him, that I am lost in wonder, love, and praise. I am persuaded there are many of you, who feel deeply for me. You can weep with me when I weep, and rejoice with me when I rejoice. You have prayed for my child. It was the delight of his heart to hear of your love and sympathy, and he dwelt on the interest you took in his welfare; to the very day of his death. He was indeed a boy of no common mind, and the Lord sanctified his great natural endowments to his own glory. I feel more and more every hour what a treasure I have lost; but at the same time I see more and more what a blessedness he has attained. I have been watching him at home and abroad, with a parent's

eye and a Christian's heart, both for his body and soul, ever since disease fastened on his frame last summer, and no one will ever know what my anxieties have been during that period. But I trust God meant all for my good. The trial, severely as I have felt it, has shewn me more of myself, and more of my God. My prayers for my dear child have been abundantly answered. Blessed be God ! he was enabled to disclose his whole heart to me, and to others, before he was taken away. He conversed with many in a most useful and edifying manner, exhorting them to prayer, faith, and holiness. He could tell them all, that he knew in whom he trusted, and could look at death with perfect peace. Believe me, then, when I tell you, that though I am greatly affected, and humbled in the dust with a sense of sin and sorrow, yet that my mercies are so abounding in abounding chastisement, that I can, and do rejoice in tribulation. Oh ! may it work patience, and patience experience, and experience hope, and may hope make me more faithful and diligent, that I be not ashamed of the gospel in principle or practice, for your sakes, as well as my own. It is a great comfort to me now, as I am kept from ministering to you for a season, that you have one amongst you who preaches the same truth, and in the same spirit. May our common Lord and Saviour bless him, and you, and me together. I beg your prayers, at this season in particular, for me and mine. They are no longer needful for my beloved son. Let them be transferred to the surviving members of my family. Pray especially for those who watch for your souls—that we may experience help and comfort in ourselves, and dispense the word of life with more zeal and love. Pray that there may be no divisions or wanderings of heart amongst us—that we may be all of one mind and judgment in the things which

make for our everlasting peace. Pray that the young children may be brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. My dear boy sent them a message on his dying bed, which was read to them a short time before his believing happy soul entered into rest. May the whole school remember it for his sake, and their soul's sake. God bless you all, my dear friends. I cannot doubt, but that you will bear me on your hearts to a throne of grace.

You affectionate Minister,
L. R."

"When my father resumed his labours amongst the people, he seemed to be aware of his declining health though he said nothing to the family. His usual and only reply, when we expressed our fears, was, "I must work while it is called to-day. The night cometh when no man can work." He appeared moulded into the spirit of the Apostle, "affectionately desirous to spend and be spent in the service of his flock, and to impart to them not only the gospel of Christ, but, if it were possible, his own soul also; and the people caught the holy contagion of his fervent zeal and love. There was between them an almost unexampled reciprocity of regard and desire to glorify God, and walk humbly, justly, and unblameably before him."*

"You will receive with indulgence the overflowings of my heart towards a father whose memory is still cherished by his family and by his parishioners, with the deepest gratitude, and I hope we may add, with an unfeigned anxiety to walk in the steps of his bright example, and meet him again in everlasting glory.

Believe me, my very dear Sir,

Your affectionate and faithful

F——."

* 1 Thess. iv. 8.

CHAPTER IX.

Sure 'tis a solemn thing to die, my soul.—BLAIR.

This only can reconcile us to the grave, that our greatest hopes lie beyond it.—HOWE.

WE proceed, with the same view of illustration, to notice some particulars relating to the third daughter of Mr. Richmond, who survived her father only a year and a half. She also was the child of faith and prayer, and equally the object of his tender solicitude with the rest of his family.

I am not warranted to present her character as an instance of high attainment in piety, but the exercises of her mind during her last illness, sufficiently disclose the salutary effect of a religious education, and while we indulge the pleasing hope that she has joined her beloved father in the mansions of the blessed, her case will afford additional encouragement to the christian parent, to sow in his children's hearts the seeds of eternal life, which, watered "by the early and latter rain," seldom fail to spring up and ripen to reward his labours, as occasions arise in the varying circumstances and events of life.

This amiable young woman "possessed an exuberance of animal spirits and a turn for the ludicrous, which was very difficult to be restrained within the bounds of discretion, and gave her dear father much anxiety."*

* Extracted from Mrs. R's letter to the Author.

A volatile temper is in all cases a grievous hindrance to intellectual and spiritual improvement. Good conversation cannot consist with the indulgence of "foolish talking and jesting," and the mind is diverted by it from solid and useful pursuits. We may attempt to excuse this cast of character, and speak of it as a playfulness of temper; but after all, it cannot be approved. The disposition to amuse ourselves with the defects or peculiarities of *others*, may generally be traced to vanity in *ourselves*, and is a habit of mind wholly inconsistent with the spirit of humility and love, as well as a sad forgetfulness of that solemn caution, "Every idle word that a man shall speak, he shall give an account thereof at the day of judgment."*

There was not, however, any thing cynical or severe in the strain of this young person's conversation. She was naturally frank, open, and kind-hearted, and to oblige another was a real satisfaction to herself. It was rather a thoughtless propensity, common to many young people, "to giggle and make giggle,"† that I am lamenting.

It is difficult to speak of the dead so as not to wound the tender feelings of the living, but when it is required to pourtray character, the simple declaration of the truth is best, and is indeed the only course consistent with Christian integrity. She who forms the subject of my present remarks, affixed a solemn seal to their truth in the affecting review which she took of the past, in her dying hours. It is a source of much congratulation that she is now beyond the opinion of man, whose imperfect knowledge renders him at all times incompetent to pronounce on his fellow creatures, and should remind him of the danger of assuming a

* Matt. xii. 36.

† Cowper's Letters.

prerogative he cannot claim. "Judge nothing before the time."

Mr. Richmond placed his daughter at school at —, where he expected the strictest attention would be paid to her principles and conduct. I have no reason to suppose that he was dissatisfied with the care and vigilance of those to whom he had entrusted his child; but whatever she had acquired in other respects, it does not appear that at the close of her education she had made any advancement in religion.

About this time Mr. R. addressed the following letter to her:

"DEAR H—,

"And now comes your turn. Receive, read, mark, and inwardly digest. I do not know how much you are grown in stature, but I do hope you are growing in wisdom. Then, whether you are to be a woman tall, or a woman short, will signify very little. You will, if your wisdom be of the right kind, be of a tall mind and of tall attainments, and we will call you the little woman with the great soul. I have heard of a person's soul being so mean and small, that if you were to put it into a hollow mustard seed and shake it well, it would rattle. Now that is not the sort of soul I wish to discover in you. I want to see a soul in you which can embrace all useful and requisite knowledge—a soul which can extend its energies beyond ordinary limits—which can feel for all around you, and carry its benevolent activity throughout the universe—which can contemplate the globe, such a one as you study at B—, and find new problems upon it—as how to carry the gospel into all latitudes and all longitudes—how to excite pity for the poor heathen

in every zone and climate of the world—how to equalize all nations in the sympathy of Christian love, and thus make a spiritual equator—how to estimate the coldness of irreligion in the burning regions of the tropics, and how to carry the lively heat of evangelical charity into the districts of the poles. I would have you capable of grasping all these questions in your heart, with as much ease as your hands would clasp a doll, or as mine would clasp your own dear self to my bosom. But why do I wish that your soul may become thus capacious? Simply to this end—that you may thereby resemble him who so loved the world, that he came into it to save sinners; yes, sinners, **H**——, like unto you. Have you ever thought of this great truth as you ought? Is foolishness still bound up in the heart of my child? Is human existence only to be estimated by play-things, and holidays, and all the &c's. of a light minded state? What, a young damsel almost fourteen years old, and no more progress in divine things! Study your Bible, and remember your privileges. Study your Bible, and dig deep for a foundation whereon to build our house. Study your Bible, and say what must become of all the thoughtless little girls in the world, if they do not repent and believe. Once more, study your Bible, and learn what you first owe to God, and then to your parents, and then to brothers and sisters, then to teachers, and then to school-fellows, and then to all mankind. Such a meditation will, with God's blessing, prove a merciful hour to your own soul, and for the sake of your's, to my soul also. I hope you will now pursue your education with earnestness. Now is the time to lay in a stock of useful knowledge. You cannot set too high a value on the advantages which you possess. Whether you eat or drink, or whatever you do, do all to the glory of God. Childhood and its vanities must speedily

pass away, and you must have done with childish things. Learn to pray, and commit your whole soul and body to Christ. He is able to keep what you give into his hand, unto the great day when the secrets of all hearts shall be disclosed. You are now at the age of which little Jane did this. Are you like her? are you as ready to meet your God as she was? Ask the question of your heart, and carry it to the throne of mercy, where all praying souls are made welcome. I hope you like the Bible-meeting at Northampton. I wish you early to cultivate a cordial interest in that great work—the greatest work of the age. In the day when Dame Eleanor's cross* was built, the Bible was unknown to the greatest part of the country. What a contrast now! The angel flies through heaven and earth, presenting it to all. The stone cross was once almost an idol; but the true cross proclaimed in the Bible, is the real Christian's ensign, prop, and delight. Farewell, dear love. I am

Your own dear father,

L. R."

The next letter was written to the same daughter on her birth-day.

"DEAR H——,

"The return of a birth-day is the signal for gratitude. Fourteen years ago, as I sat in my little study at Brading, in the Isle of Wight, about six in the morning, in came a woman bearing in her arms a little baby, and wished me joy of the same—now this little baby was a little girl, and that little girl was my H——, and now is the 15th time that joy has been uttered from year to year whenever that

* This cross is erected about a mile from Northampton, and was once held in great veneration by Catholic devotees.

day was named. But what is joy? Is it only a holiday? But what is joy? Is it only a game of play,—is it merely a jumping, and frisking, and running, and chattering, and doll-dressing, and merry-making, and feast-keeping. Is this all the joy of a birth-day? Away, far away be all such feeble interpretations of the word. Then what is a birth-day joy? Is it not the joy of parents, when they see their children growing up in the fear of the Lord, and in the practice of holiness? Is it not the joy of the husbandman, when he sees his crop ripe and plentiful, and offering the promise of harvest? Is it not the joy of the gardner, when he perceives his young trees thrive, and blossom, and bear fruit? Is it not the joy of the mother-bird, when after all her watchings, and tremblings, and flutterings over the nest, she sees her little ones begin to fly, and become capable of answering the end of divine providence in their creation? Is it not the joy of the Christian instructor, when after hours, and days, and months, and years spent in warning, teaching, guiding, praying for, and affectionately superintending the young pupil's best interests—that pupil proves a living commentary on the precepts received, grows in grace, and love, and humility, and activity and obedience, and as a bud of promise cheers the hearts of surrounding friends with prospects of usefulness through life in all its relative circumstances. If such be the ingredients of birth-day joy when duly estimated, may I be gratified in expressing my joy to-day, and can you also participate in joy thus appreciated? God bless you, my dear H——, on this day, and on every day. Time flies, opportunity flies, the school-hour flies, childhood flies, all things are hastening to a grand consummation,—what a solemn thought! May my child conceive and cherish it to the glory of God, and her own everlasting consolation. May Christ

become to her a gracious Saviour, received, loved and honoured by her. Such is the prayer of her affectionate father,

L. R."

On an occasion of indisposition, Mr. R. writes again.

"DEAR H.

"My anxious wish for your spiritual and temporal welfare induces me to express my thoughts to you in these little notes. I cannot tell you how much I desire that this season of sickness may be blessed of God to your present and everlasting good. This thought is continually before me, and I pray constantly to him that you may be inwardly strengthened by the power of his might. Examine yourself. Prove yourself. Bring your heart and all your thoughts before God, and make a solemn surrender of yourself to him. Employ with gratitude and patience the means which are prescribed for your recovery, but trust in him alone. Physicians can do nothing without his blessing on the medicines. I thank God for your last note, and shall be much pleased when you can and will write me another. Above all things be much in prayer, in the watches of the night speak to God; in the events of the day, tell him how much you need and depend on him. In moments of weakness, ask him for strength; in seasons of pain, petition for contentment. He will of his riches abundantly supply your need. But you must deal faithfully with yourself, and humbly and perseveringly with him. Be not content with merely saying, Christ died for sinners. Try to get an evidence that you have a personal interest in him. This may be known by the state of your heart towards him. "We love him because he

first loved us." His love produces love, and our love to him proves that he has loved, and does love us. Are you ignorant? he is wisdom. Are you guilty? he is righteousness. Are you unholy? he is sanctification. Are you a captive? he is redemption. What is he not to the sinner? his strength is perfect in the believer's weakness. He was tempted in all points like as we are, and therefore knows how to succour them that are tempted. O my child! if you can only cleave to him, and all that he is, and all he has promised to be, nothing can harm you. Meditate on these things, and may God make them quite and entirely your own. Now for a text for reflection. "In all our afflictions he was afflicted."

"Not a pang ever distressed our bodies, nor a trial our hearts, but Jesus has felt it, and he not only felt it in himself, but he feels it for and in us. What a consolation is here! This thought has supported thousands in their trouble. May it support you. Behold Christ in every thing, see him every where, acknowledge him in every trial; for he sympathises in all the trials of them that are his. They have not one pain too many. Even sufferings will all work together for good to them that love him. I wish my loved H—— may see, feel, believe, and enjoy this encouraging thought, and make it her own. God love and bless you. So prays,

Your affectionate Father,
L. R."

On another occasion he writes:—

"DEAR LOVE,

"The heart of man is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked, who can know it? So said the prophet of old, and so will every one say that knows the plague of his own heart. I want

you to employ your whole time now in studying your heart, that you may increasingly feel the need of a Saviour. Who else can cleanse your heart, but he who died for its salvation. Do not be contented with a little religion, a little knowledge, a little hope. Press forward to the enjoyment of a great and gracious religion, much knowledge of Christ, and a glorious hope full of immortality. I am indeed most anxious that you may now in right earnest seek and find the Lord. "What must I do to be saved?" is a great question. How shall my deceitful heart be renewed. Whenever I die, whither shall I go? are all questions connected with it. Ask God with all your heart for a right answer.

Your affectionate Father,

L. R."

This letter was followed by another under the same circumstances.

"DEAR CHILD,

"Your reminding me not to forget to write to you, leads me to hope that you read my little notes with a desire to profit by them. You do not know how anxious I am for your soul's good. What God designs for you in the present illness, I know not; but this I know, that you cannot be too earnest about your eternal state. You cannot mourn for sin too deeply. You cannot love Christ too affectionately. You cannot trust in his blood and righteousness too firmly. I want you to be a monument of mercy; a believing, loving, praying child. If God is pleased to restore you to health, may you adorn the doctrine which you have been taught, and if he should see good to remove you to another world, O may you sleep sweetly in Jesus. Be

much in prayer: "Seek and ye shall find." No favour is too great for God to grant. You are past the age of childish ignorance, and are now an accountable being.

"My H——, nothing will satisfy me short of your being a true child of God. What effect have recent events produced on your mind? What desires, what fears, what hopes, what views of sin and Christ? * * * * May God make you a joy to your affectionate Father,

L. R."

In the year 1825, an offer of marriage was made to this daughter, of which Mr. R. expressed his cordial approbation in the following short note.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"On consulting Mrs. R. and our dear H——. they both agree, that the beginning of July is the earliest period at which the object in view can be accomplished. So leaving it in their hands I simply put my seal of approbation and consent to their decision; and I do so with a heart full of love and esteem for you both. May God bless your prospects, and your souls in them. I love all my children too well not to say, that in committing H——. into your hands, I give you one of my cherished treasures, and sources of domestic endearment. I feel parting with my daughter the more, from the removal of my loved, my much-loved Wilberforce. His death, with all its affecting associations, has had a peculiar, I trust a very useful effect upon all my feelings, sentiments, ministrations, prospects, and thoughts for time and eternity. The subject is wound up with my heart's experience, in a way I can never describe. I pray God to over-

rule it for the present and eternal good of myself and my dear family. Your's very truly and affectionately,

L. R."

Previous to the marriage of his daughter, Mr. R. put into her hands a paper of directions for her future conduct, which for simplicity, affection, and sound practical wisdom, may be considered one of the best dowries that a Christian parent could bestow on his child.

The paper is entitled, "Marriage admonitions to H——. from her affectionate father, L. R."

"MY MUCH LOVED DAUGHTER,

"When your sister Mary left her paternal roof, I gave her a paper of admonitions, which I requested her sometimes to read for her own and for her father's sake. I do the same for you, in the form of a friendly string of maxims, to regulate your conduct in your new and very responsible situation.

"1st. Aim at keeping a devoted heart for God in the least and most common transactions of every hour, as well as in those events which may seem to call the loudest for manifestations of religious conscience and principle.

"2nd. Pray regularly and frequently, not seldom and occasionally, for grace to live and die by.

"3rd. Remember the principles and professions of your father's house, and every where endeavour to preserve its character, by consistency in conduct, conversation, and temper.

"4th. Form no hasty intimacies, and none whatever but such as may promote seriousness of heart, tongue, and demeanour.

"5th. Beware of cheerfulness degenerating into levity, and ignorance of the world into prejudice.

"6th. Guard against hasty judgments of character, and above all against hastily uttering sentiments, and making remarks to the disparagement of others.

"7th. Wherever you are, not only remember that God's eye is upon you, but imagine to yourself that your husband and father are also present. It may be a fanciful, but it is a profitable supposition.

"8th. Keep in constant recollection the wise, prudent, and conscientious example of your dear mother. Be cautious when in religious company, and endeavour to sustain a deportment which may induce the excellent of the earth to desire your society for their own sake as well as your's.

"9th. Particularly avoid making the errors, failings, faults or follies of good people, either in private or public matters, the subject of rash and unguarded remarks. Be known for charity, forbearance, and kindness.

"10th. Keep Christ's golden rule, Luke vi. 31. in perpetual remembrance, it is the panacea for most of the evils of life, so far as they are connected with social intercourse.

"11th. Entertain no prejudices against nations, churches, sects, or parties; they are the bane of truth, charity, and comfort, and are directly opposed to the letter and spirit of Christianity. You may and ought to have a conscientious, well-founded preference, but not one half-formed, ill-formed prejudice against any one.

"12th. Be conscientious towards all, friendly with few, intimate with fewer still, strictly confidential with fewest of all.

"13th. From the hour you marry, you assume the character of a matron; be not a childish, girlish wife; the vows of God are upon you, sustain their gravity and prudence in all things.

"14th. If circumstances and friendly connections lead you into the superintendence of charitable institutions, enter upon your office with prayer and consideration, and persevere in the discharge of its duties with patience and well-guided zeal.

"15th. Let no natural vivacity of temper, no occasionally indulged sallies of humour and jocularly throw a shade over the exercise of solid principle. Little foolish things give a colour to character, and are more easily caught at than grave and good sentiments.

"16th. All eyes are sure to be fixed on a young wife; beware of, while you conform to, that sort of bridal publicity, which is necessarily connected with every circle of residents and acquaintance.

"17th. Choose female intimates with circumspection; many civil, hospitable, agreeable persons, are far from being improving companions; we may owe and pay them the debt of civility, kindness, and gratitude, and yet not be obliged to give them too much of our time and affection. Two or three truly Christian women form a circle sufficiently large for profitable friendship.

"18th. In every, however small a circle of acquaintance, you will find more or less of party spirit, prejudice, and too great freedom of remark on persons and circumstances connected with them: beware of making one of these. Be slow to judge, rather than swift to speak; the best Christians often fail here.

"19th. You are much given to laughter, my dear child, and many a hearty laugh I have enjoyed with you, and I would not turn your laughter into sorrow, but this propensity may prove a snare to you. Watch and be jealous of it, banish what looks like giggling, lightness, and folly, and cultivate a chastened cheerfulness and simplicity of manner in all companies.

“20th. Never forget that you are entering an entire circle of strangers, and that a very few weeks or months will establish your character amongst them.

“Once more, I say, think of your father’s house and reputation. When I look upon myself and all that belongs to me, I feel ashamed of my own feeble, faint, attempts to serve God, and adorn his gospel; yet the Christian world has attached to them, however undeservedly, a value, and by the name and character of their father, will my children be tried and appreciated.

“21. Keep indelibly engraven on your heart the affecting scenes of last January. A dying brother’s faithful admonitions—his last words, his last looks of mortal affection. Our household never witnessed the like, was never so tried. The memorials dwell on my heart with increasing poignancy. I say less but I feel more; there is a solemn silent softening and subduing influence which often overwhelms me. May you retain a vivid recollection, with a perpetuated blessing, of that day when our Wilberforce fled from earth to heaven.

“22. Be especially attentive to the opinion which your demeanor may inspire amongst your husband’s relations. No doubt he has praised you before them, endeavour to prove in all points that he has done you no more than justice; much family peace and love depends upon this.

“23. There are many excellent hints in the book entitled “A Whisper to a new married pair.” I recommend them to your perusal; and there are many more excellent hints to wives and women in the Bible, from Solomon, Paul, and Peter; study them well.

“24. When you think of your father, bear with his infirmities, pardon his faults, but remember his

principles and instructions, so far as they have been agreeable to the will of God.

“25. Be not contented with any thing short of deep, devoted, diligent, decided seriousness. Make not the too numerous half-hearted and decent, but dubious Christians, your patterns for imitation. Set your mark and standard very high, and aim deliberately to regulate your conduct by it.

“26. If you and your husband happen to differ in opinion or feeling in any point, remember whom you have promised to love, honour and obey, and this will settle all things.

“27. Of your husband’s warm affections towards you, I entertain no doubt; strive to preserve them by daily elevation of character, not so much by fondness as by prudence and dignity. Study his character, he will study your’s. May you both learn to raise a fabric of connubial happiness by mutual wisdom and love.

“28. I trust you are taught in the school of Christ; rely not, however, on the past privileges of education, but seek present evidences, such as will comfort you under sudden alarms and distresses, should they occur. Try to get acquainted with yourself by a review of your whole life, and often carry to the Lord in prayer and confidence, the results of examination into your heart and conduct.

“29. Observe great simplicity and plainness in dress. A clergyman’s wife should be a pattern to others in these respects; there is a just complaint made of many females who profess to be religious, that they are far too shewy and gay in their outward apparel;—remember the apostle’s injunction—1 Peter iii. 1—6.

“30. Never think yourself too old to learn; the most valuable period of education is perhaps from twenty to forty years of age. The matured mind is *fittest to become the little child.*

"31. You are bidding farewell to your father's house, the home of your infancy, childhood, and youth; yet the remembrance of the principles in which you have been educated should follow you through life, wherever divine Providence may see fit to call you. May they be a guide to you at all times, a consolation to you in your final removal from a sinful and changing world.

"Christ has been made known to you fully and freely: let Christ be your *all in all*, both now and for ever. Receive my parting advice in love, and be assured, my beloved child, it comes from the affectionate heart

of your dear father,

L. R."

A short time before her marriage, Miss H. R. paid a visit to ——. I was gratified in discovering in a young woman, not yet twenty years of age, so much thought and good sense on the subjects of our conversation. In common with the rest of her family, she entertained a deep sense of her father's affection, consistency, and uniform anxiety for the spiritual welfare of his children.

When I adverted to her responsibility on the ground of past privileges, and to the necessity of a personal application of the principles in which she had been educated, she observed, "I know that religion requires something more of me than respect for my father," and she then proceeded to state to me some of the perplexities of her mind on certain doctrines, which led me to remark that young people were apt to begin where they should end, and as an old author has quaintly said, wish "to matriculate at the university of election, before they have passed through the grammar-school of repent-

ance and faith." I advised her to lay aside the consideration of the deep things of God. These, said I, are far beyond the range of a young disciple. The time may arrive when such subjects may be studied with advantage, for it is a great mistake to suppose that God has revealed any thing which is unserviceable to his church, or needless to be understood ; but infancy, youth, and manhood, are not to be fed with the same aliment. I have no wish to conceal from you that my mind is made up on these subjects, though I am far from being confident in the certainty of my own conclusions on points which are debateable and still debated amongst good and wise men ; but I feel no hesitation in dissuading *you* from employing your thoughts on speculations, which at present will retard rather than aid your progress. To ascertain your conversion, and the reality of your piety, by the plain practical tests of the Bible, ought to be your chief and indeed only concern. Admit that God calls, keeps, and alone can bring you to heaven, and you know all that is essential to your salvation.

" Yes, but if God does not call "—

" Then call on him, " Turn thou me, O good Lord, and so shall I be turned."

" We made a transition to her approaching marriage. I alluded to the pleasing prospect of being united to a man of principle and piety, and to the satisfaction her father had expressed in the anticipation of that event.

She requested me to converse with her on the duties of her new relation.

You entertain my dear young friend, no doubt, the usual expectations of happiness in married life, and I do not wish to damp them ; but I am compelled to acknowledge that I have not witnessed much conjugal felicity. People jog on in life, because they cannot do otherwise ; if they are not

indifferent to each other, nor annoy each other by contention and ill humour, they still appear to me to derive but little satisfaction from their connection ; little in comparison of what the relation is intended and calculated to inspire.

“ What are the causes of the disappointment in such cases ? ”

Shall we say that there is want of affinity of character in the parties—that the connection has been formed on some selfish calculation—that a mutual though not designed deception has been practised—that greater demands are made than a fallen nature can answer—that people are more tenacious of their claims than of their duties, and forget that affection needs cultivation as much or more, *after*, than *before* marriage ?

All these causes are fatal to happiness, yet where they may not exist, much uneasiness often arises in married life, from a disregard to the ordinance of God in that relation. Reference should be made to his rule and appointment. It is true he has made the man a sort of autocrat, (*ὁ δεσπογῆς*)—the head of a house to superintend and direct every important movement in it, but though entrusted with the chief power, he is responsible to God for the use he makes of it. Authority is granted to no one for the purpose of mere self gratification. The trust is abused when it is perverted to this end. Man is constituted the head, for the good of the members ; and he must rule with tenderness, forbearance, and affection. Matthew Henry has prettily expressed the idea, “ God made woman out of man’s side. Not out of his head to rule, nor out of his feet to be trampled on, but out of his rib which lies near his heart, to be loved and cherished.” And when man forgets that his reign is the dominion of affection, he provokes God, by an abuse and misuse of power, to resign his house to disorder and rebellion.

The wife has also her place. She is equal in *nature* but not in *relation*. She must shine by reflection, and will suffer an eclipse in her dignity, and bankruptcy in her happiness, whenever she sets up for herself, and affects equality and independence. Her earthly hopes and satisfactions should emanate from her husband, and centre in him. The rule of duty for a Christian wife is, "in and for the Lord." Her obedience must not vary with the capricious influences of feeling, but rest on the firmer basis of conformity to the ordinances of God. Affection may make duty delightful, but it is not the foundation of it. When a wife has just reason to disapprove of her husband's conduct, she may reason and remonstrate; occasions may unhappily arise in which conscience requires dissent, and even disobedience; but in general it is a woman's privilege, as well as duty, to call her husband "Lord," and to keep within the limits which God has wisely and graciously appointed.

My young friend thanked me for my instructions, which she assured me were in unison with her own views, and that she meant to enter on her new relation with these principles.

The interval between her marriage and early death, might have been more fully described by one who is best able to appreciate her conduct. But motives of delicacy and regard to his feelings, have restrained me from making an application to him, and led me to prefer the insertion of an extract from her mother's letter. Mrs. R. writes:

"Her time was chiefly spent in the retired duties of domestic life. She seldom engaged in any thing of a public nature. She became a most exemplary and conscientious wife—a fond and tender mother to her little boy, whom she regarded with anxiety, and was preparing to train in the principles and piety of her dear father. Increasingly

beloved by her husband, whose comfort and happiness on his return from his daily and laborious occupations, she assiduously studied to promote—her short day of life sweetly glided on, and, like the flower of the desert, she attracted little notice beyond the immediate circle of the few friends to whom she attached herself.”

In September, 1828, Mrs.—— was confined with her second child. An account of the event and its afflictive results, was communicated at the time in the letter which follows.

* * * * *

“I saw our poor H—— in the afternoon after her accouchement. She then appeared extremely well, and nursing a sweet infant with a mother’s joy. On Wednesday she complained of pain, and passed a very restless night. The next day Mr. A—— called in a physician, who seemed uneasy at her symptoms, and enjoined the utmost quiet, particularly requesting that no one should speak of her danger, or say any thing to excite or agitate her mind. On Friday she grew worse, and inquired if there was danger, expressing her own conviction that she should not recover. Her friends, in compliance with the strict injunctions of the medical man, discouraged her inquiries, and endeavoured to draw her mind to other subjects. But in reply, she said, “Is this kind, to keep my thoughts from eternity? I cannot realize death, and you will not help me. Can I think too much of death?” She then inquired for me, and desired that I might be sent for. Aware of the great change in her countenance as I entered the room, she kept her eyes shut, remarking to the nurse, “I will keep my eyes shut, I shall be so agitated at seeing my dear sister’s distress, she will see me so changed.” She was indeed changed; her countenance, which only a

week before had the bright hue of health, was now pale and wan. Oh! my dear Mrs. F——, how awful is the execution of the sentence, “The soul that sinneth it shall die.” Even where Christ has taken away the sting, the expiring agony of death is terrible. Is it not a strange infatuation that our latter moments should ever be absent from our thoughts—that we can trifle where we ought to tremble, and be comparatively indifferent to the only event which is of real importance to us?

“I was earnestly requested, before I went into the sick room, to show no alarm at her danger, and avoid conversing upon death. But I gazed at her marble countenance for a few moments, and all hope of her life fled. The particular appearance of death cannot be mistaken, and I resolved to speak plainly to her of her situation. But H—— began of her own accord. She put her hand into mine as I sat down beside her. “F——, love, we meet as dying sisters this time.” Dear H——, I replied, tell me how you feel. “F——, I feel that in a few hours, I must stand before the judgment-seat of Christ, and there render an account of all the deeds done in the body, and my sins press heavy upon me. F——, talk to me about death. I shall not recover. I have felt assured of this from the first, but no one will talk to me, even my dear husband shrinks from it, but I *must* speak of death now. I hope you will converse with me.” I assured her of my intention and willingness to do so, and I began to inquire into the state of her mind. She lamented her sad neglect of religion in days past, that she had greatly failed to improve opportunities, and had grievously put off preparation for a dying hour. “Now, dear F——, I feel the value of time—now I see why I was sent into this world; my whole life ought to have been a preparation for this hour, Oh! dear F——, how time has been trifled away.”

“She seemed exceedingly distressed at these recollections, and particularly referred to the instructions and example of her dear father—and expressed in the strongest terms her gratitude to him for teaching her to honour religion from her infancy. “Now F——, I feel his worth. Oh, what a father we had—how his prayers, and entreaties, and holy example rise before me. I never, never can express my love for my father. On a death-bed I have learnt his value”—then adding “But on a death-bed I have learnt my responsibilities for such a parent. I shall soon have to answer for many things, but I have most to answer for in having had such a parent. I have enjoyed unparalleled mercies though childhood and youth. Oh! I have much—very much to answer for. *If I am saved, it will indeed be a miracle of miracles*—but, F——, I have a hope, and I cannot give up hope—Christ is my hope; his blood can cleanse me from my sins, and for his sake even I may find pardon.”

“She then named several of her friends and relations who she thought would be shocked at the intelligence of her early and unexpected death. She sent kind messages to them. The poor people of Turvey, and recollections of the home of her youth seemed much in her thoughts, and deeply affected her. “F——, give my affectionate love to them all. Turvey is very dear to me.”

“The state of one of her intimate friends distressed her. “How I regret (alluding to this lady) that our conversation and intercourse has been so little profitable to either of us. I wish I could see —— before I die. I have much I want to say to her. I want to press religion on her mind. O that I could see her a real Christian before I die.” She spoke much of her dear aunt, who had kindly nursed her all the week with the patient tenderness and affection of a mother. “I hope my beloved aunt knows

Christ and his doctrines. I think I shall meet her in heaven." She entreated me to explain the nature of religion to the nurse, "I am too weak to talk to her now, but I hope you will, dear F——. I am afraid she has not a right knowledge of religion. She has been telling me, there can be no doubt of my going to heaven, because I am so good and amiable. Oh! this is false, this is error, this is no foundation to build on for eternity. Explain to her the nature of sin and salvation by Christ. I cannot bear the thought of leaving that kind and faithful creature in ignorance. I have been talking to ——," alluding to one of the servants, "and have tried to show her the importance of preparing for an early death. I wish I had strength to speak to nurse also." H—— then returned to the subject of her own departure, "Oh! I am frightened when I think of dying. I have not accustomed myself to think of dying as I ought to have done." I suggested to her mind what appeared to me best suited to her case—that Christ was our lamp in that dreary valley—our strong consolation in the bitter pains of death. She replied, "I can trust Christ with my soul. I can hope he will pardon and save it; but I feel alarmed about the bodily pains of death—they are fearful in prospect; but I will not dwell on the future, it disturbs me. I will trust God." I said, "When thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death," interrupting me she exclaimed with great emotion, "thou didst open the kingdom of heaven to all believers."

"She now referred to Wilberforce, and said, "Poor Willy went through this awful time before me, but all was safe and happy with him. I trust it will be so with me. My dear, dear father, he also has gone through death. None of us know what sorrow he endured in that awful hour. He was indeed a loss to us all, but I am now glad he is gone before me."

"The prospect of leaving her infants agitated her mind throughout the day. "To be left without a mother! oh this is hard! Oh God, take care of my poor babes." Her chief conversation about the children was with her husband, and I believe she gave him many directions about their education.

"On Saturday, my mother arrived. H—— was too ill to converse with her, but she assured her that her own mind was in peace.

"My sister appeared to be dying the whole of Saturday night, but very gradually. She begged we would all leave the room, as the evening came on, and that she might be left alone with her husband, who sat the whole of the night beside her, to converse as her strength would permit.

"At six o'clock on Sunday morning, she desired that we might be called into the room. We found Mr. —— supporting her in his arms; death was her countenance, she breathed with difficulty and was quite cold. She said, "I wish to see Mr. ——," (the medical man who attended her in her confinement). When he came, she inquired of him how long she might live; he said, perhaps three hours. She requested her husband to send for Mr. W——. On his arrival she exerted her last strength to converse with him, but their conversation was carried on in so low a tone that I could not catch the whole. I heard my sister question Mr. W—— most earnestly about a true and false faith, and whether he thought her faith sincere and genuine. He spoke very decidedly of the safety of her state, and she appeared to receive comfort from his opinion. At her request he administered the Lord's Supper. We knelt round her bed in silence and deep anguish. She clasped her hands, and seemed to be in earnest prayer the whole time. At the conclusion she thanked Mr. W—— and said, "You have refreshed me in body and mind. This

is the hour of extremity, but Christ is all." She then became much oppressed, and struggled hard for breath, and in a little time asked for her children. When the eldest was brought, she clasped him for a moment to her breast, and said, "This boy has been my idol." She next begged the infant might be brought to her. "I want to see if I can bring my will to God's will." The babe was placed in her arms, she looked at it, was much agitated, and exclaimed, "Oh! take it away, take it away, I cannot bear this! O God! take care of my darling babe!" She followed it with her eyes as the nurse carried it away, and seemed to be in prayer for it. She then took leave of each of us separately. To her mother she said, "I shall soon be with my dear papa." The interview with her husband was very affecting. She was most ardently attached to Mr. —. She desired him to kneel down and commit her soul to God in the agony of departure. Presently she whispered, "I cannot hear now." Then—"My sight is failing—Oh! this is death." She begged we would keep perfect silence, and lay her straight down on the bed. We stood motionless and gazing on her. She made several attempts to speak, but in vain, but I heard her breathe out very faintly, "Now it begins to look lovely!" A moment after, fixing her eyes upward, and smiling with a placid countenance, she drew a last deep breath, and all was hushed in silence.

"Are we not allowed, my dear Mrs. F——, to believe, that my sister has joined angels and arch-angels, and all the company of heaven. Her short and painful illness afforded less scope for the exercises and evidences of a renewed heart than we witnessed in the last hours of our beloved Wilberforce. Yet here we have not been left to sorrow as without hope. "Beloved for the father's sake" seemed inscribed in characters of mercy on her

death-bed. The effect of her education and early acquaintance with the principles of religion could not be mistaken. Her father's prayers and unwearied and affectionate solicitude for his child's spiritual welfare—the "line upon line and precept upon precept" which he pressed on her mind—together with poor Willy's earnest addresses and intreaties in his dying hour, seemed to recur to her with new force, and poured a flood of light, conviction, and consolation on her soul, leading her in penitence and faith to rest all her hopes on that one oblation, propitiation, and satisfaction, which was once made for sin by the Lamb of God, in whose precious blood all transgression, known and unknown, is washed away for ever.

Believe me, my dear Mrs. F——

I am your most affectionate, &c."

I would not be thought to cast a shade on the hopes so affectionately expressed in the above letter, the subject of which is, I trust, a happy spirit in heaven. Yet I feel it necessary, as a Christian minister, to subjoin a few salutary cautions, especially to *young* people, against too exclusive a reliance on what may take place in our latter moments. The Scripture makes an appeal to living hours and holy fruits, and these are the tests on which we can more safely depend. The gold passes through the fire, and the result of the purifying process alone determines its character. It is the language of inspiration, "As a man sows, so shall he reap."

Let me remind those young persons whose opinions are correct, but who are conscious that their hearts are yet far from God, not to run the hazard, the tremendous hazard of their souls, by delay, nor expect peace and safety at last, unless they are now seeking to lay up the support of a faith which worketh by love and obedience. "It

is the tenor of the life, not that of the few morbid *and suffering scenes* which precede dissolution, that fixes the character. We are not authorized by Scripture to place any dependance on the last periods of sinking nature, through which the Christian may be called to pass to his eternal reward."*

* Life of the Rev. T. Scott, p. 515.

CHAPTER X.

If I have done well and as is fitting the story, it is that which I desired ; but if slenderly and meanly, it is that which I could attain unto.—2 MACCABEES.

IN reviewing what has now been submitted to the public, there seems little need of further comment, since it is probable that the intelligent reader has anticipated every suggestion which I might be disposed to offer.

Of Mr. Richmond's plans for his children I must leave the Christian parent to form his own opinion ; observing, that whether he adopts them in whole or in part, he should never forget that instruction, however large or correct, is not education—that true piety consists not in a form, in its most scrupulous use, nor in a speculation claiming the bare assent and approval of the mind, nor in an influence occasionally to be felt. It is a principle pervading every faculty of a man's moral nature. Religion is estimated far below its real character, when it is regarded as an affair of dutiful necessity, or as a medicine taken for ulterior relief, rather than as a well-spring of life and health, to which the soul turns for satisfaction and delight, and without which it can neither be peaceful nor happy. The truths of the Bible may be taught in their utmost purity, and yet, unless their spirit be transfused into the affections of the heart and the habits of the life, they will fall short of the effect and design of real Christianity. Mere knowledge of religion, without

a corresponding feeling and practice, often issues in a fatal apathy, and forms a character which becomes at last impervious to every sacred impression. It has been well said by a profound moralist, "To handle holy things without feeling, is to be cauterized in the end." It has been clearly shewn on what principle Mr. Richmond conducted his plan of education;—that his grand aim was to touch the heart, and to make duty and delight synonymous. Yet some caution is necessary in the exclusive application of strictly religious principles. There are a variety of motives which act most salutarily on present advantage, and which impose powerful restraints on the impulses of a corrupt nature; and if we strip a youth of all regard for his interest or reputation, we expose him, in the absence of higher motives, to be driven along by the current of his own passions, till he makes shipwreck of all that is valuable for this world and the next. To this neglect of inferior motives I am disposed to ascribe the misconduct of many children of religious parents; and it therefore becomes an inquiry of no small importance, (though of difficult and delicate character,) whether the entire disuse of subordinate influences is wise, or even safe in a course of education. May we not be guided in this inquiry by the sanction of the Supreme Ruler himself,* who, while he taught the more excellent way, formed laws for human conduct, and held out motives for obedience, not always the best in themselves, but the best in reference to the circumstances and capacities of his creatures. Nor am I inclined to reject any influence for present advantage, where there is nothing opposed to the spirit or command of religion.

Another circumstance which is often undervalued in education, is the establishment of good habits,

* Ezekiel **xx.** 25.

and that too, prior to the full admission of good principles. Habits, it is true, are formed by a series of actions, and actions must spring from principles of some kind; but the principle at first may be little more than custom or association; yet are the habits valuable, as preparing a future powerful co-operation with right principle; for nothing proves a greater obstacle to truth in opinion, than error in conduct. There is a deep and intimate knowledge of the influence of habit in that declaration of our blessed Lord, "If any man will do the will of my heavenly Father, he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God. (John vii. 17.)

Corrupt practice is a fruit of darkness, and increaseth darkness; and though correct habits are not the cause of divine light, they prepare the soil for the heavenly seed, and clear away the weeds and thorns which would check its vegetation, and retard its growth. The language which reflects on human agency as useless, and even presumptuous, until a divine power has commenced its mighty operation, is not in accordance with reason or Scripture, and a propensity to form systems, and distort the doctrines of religion, is often connected with indolence and selfishness, which shrink from the labour of instruction.

Mr. R.'s great care to regulate the private intercourse of his children, is another feature in his system of education which deserves particular attention. It is evident from one remark in his own memoranda, that he intended to have urged this topic in the projected memoir of his son, "The great value of scientific and rational amusement to supply materials for good and useful conversation."

The unprofitable manner in which hours of social intercourse are too often spent, has been lamented by many. It may not be desirable, nor is it always profitable, to introduce strictly religious subjects on

every occasion. Sacred things should be handled with reverence and feeling, or we shall be in danger of making an unholy use of that which is holy. But it is very possible to converse on ordinary things in the spirit of religion; we may aim to improve ourselves or others, and not merely pass away the time in tales of wonder. We cannot be walking with God in a heavenly, tender frame of mind, or with any just sense of our position, as standing on the brink of eternity, while we propose to ourselves no higher object than amusement—no accession of ideas—no elevation of devout affections. Can our communications “administer grace to the hearer” *when the amount, if written down, would shame a wise man, and distress the mind of a sincere Christian?*

There is also with the young and old a prevalent and bad habit, of talking of persons, rather than of things. This is seldom innocent, and often pregnant with many evils. Such conversation insensibly slides into detraction; and by dwelling on offences, we expose our own souls to contagion, and are betrayed into feelings of pride, envy, and jealousy; and even when we speak in terms of commendation, “we are sure to come in with a *but* at the last, and drive a nail into our neighbor’s reputation.—*Bacon*.

The disuse of good conversation proceeds from poverty of ideas, no less than from want of heart-religion. Persons select light and trivial subjects, because they have no materials for a higher interchange of sentiment. If more pains were taken to cultivate the mind, there would be less difficulty in speaking to edification, and less need of having recourse to amusements, which differ little in their effect and influence from others, which, by common consent, have been denounced as inconsistent with vital religion.

If the "Domestic Portraiture" should fall into the hands of any one who has been accustomed to associate the idea of folly and delusion with a serious profession of religion, he may observe in what is there detailed, that a sincere Christian may be a man of taste and intelligence, and that it is not necessary to be illiterate or enthusiastic to believe the Bible, and regulate a family in accordance with its principles ;—that elegant accomplishments and a becoming attention to the usages of society, as far as they are innocent or useful, may be found in alliance with the warmest devotion, and a most conscientious regard to the laws of God.

In taking farewell of this little work which I have now brought to a conclusion, one thought enters my mind, and produces deep emotion. I have increased the responsibilities of Mr. Richmond's family, by holding them up to public observation. Wherever the present volume may obtain circulation, their father's honour, and—a still more important consideration—their father's principles, will be intimately connected with their conduct, and the value of them be appreciated by their effects. His eye is no longer upon them, nor his bright example before them, neither has every member of his family enjoyed the full benefit of his affectionate and careful superintendence. But I am persuaded that the traces he has left are too deeply engraven ever to be erased from their remembrance, and that a father's blessing will follow them to the latest hour of their earthly pilgrimage. It is my heart's desire and prayer to God, that they may retain a lively recollection of his instructions, and continue to walk worthy of their vocation, irreprovable and without rebuke, until they rejoin their departed relatives, and with them "praise God for such a father."

APPENDIX.

FRAGMENTS RELATING TO LYDIA G—, OF NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

THE present volume, as it has been already stated, bears the title, and is formed upon the plan, which had been adopted by Mr. Richmond himself, for a work which he had projected, and had, in fact, commenced. But there was also found among his papers, the outline and materials of another narrative, intended as a companion to his "Young Cottager," and "Dairyman's Daughter," and which would probably, if it had been filled up by him, have been found little inferior, either in interest or in usefulness, to those highly honoured memorials of the triumphs of divine grace.

But it must not be concealed, that the more interesting parts of this story are, as far as this world is concerned, for ever lost. The great charm of Mr. Richmond's former sketches, lay in that part of the story which was personal, and which was peculiarly his own. His conversations, and his meditations, formed always the most attractive and heart-affecting portions of the tale, and those, in the present case, are unrecorded. That part of the sketch which consisted of the contributions of others, remains, being found carefully preserved among his papers, and bearing the title already affixed to it, which he had adopted for the narrative itself, which it was his intention shortly to write. That purpose, like the plan of the "Domestic Portraiture," was arrested by the approach

of his last illness ; and all that can now be done, is, to “gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost.”

The title of the projected tract, as left in his own hand, is as follows :—

MEMORIALS OF LYDIA G——,

Of Newcastle-on-Tyne ; who died Feb. 14, 1825, aged 17 years ; a spiritual child of ‘Little Jane, the Young Cottager.’”

The few circumstances which are recorded, of one whose life was passed without incident and in obscurity, will naturally range themselves in order of time as follows :—

The usual trifling and immaterial circumstances of her being named, did not pass without Christian feelings being called into exercise. Her mother said, “I wish to call the child Lydia.” The father answered, “Call her what thou pleasest, my dear.” But the eldest sister asked, “Why would you call her Lydia, mother, we have no relation of that name.” The mother answered, “I will name her after Lydia, ‘the seller of purple,’ my dear ;—and may the Lord bless her, and “open *her* heart,” as He did that of Lydia in the days of the apostles.”

It is easy to trace in this apparently minute circumstance, the character of the parent’s mind. Little Lydia was offered to the Lord, in the sacrament of Baptism, in faith. The promise, “I will pour my Spirit upon thy seed, and my blessing upon thy offspring,” had been often pleaded in her behalf before a throne of grace : and here, in the ordinary course of God’s dealings with mankind, we may trace the first flowings forth of that purpose of mercy which became afterwards so clearly manifest in the happy end of this child.

Lydia manifested from her infancy, what is called “a good disposition.” She was never known

to utter a falsehood, or even to stoop to an equivocation. Simplicity and uprightness marked every stage of her short existence. Towards her latter days, a striking instance of this occurred. Her elder sister, under whose care she then was placed, was naturally very anxious as to her health; she being then in a very precarious, and almost dangerous state. Lydia, who was then about seventeen years of age, was usually very obedient to her sister, but she felt much pain at being prohibited, in bad weather, from attending the public ministry of the word. On one occasion, when thus left at home, she stole out to the evening service. Her disobedience was undetected, and would have remained unknown. But such was the tenderness of her conscience, that she could neither receive any enjoyment from joining in the worship or hearing the word,—nor could she rest, till she had confessed her fault, and obtained forgiveness; although no detection or even suspicion would have followed, had she maintained her usual silence.

Her mother died in the faith of Christ when Lydia was only seven years of age. The child's health had long appeared to be delicate and unsatisfactory; and shortly after her mother's death, her case was submitted to a physician and a surgeon of eminence. They agreed that her disease was aneurism of the heart, for which there was no cure; but which bleeding might relieve or retard. This mode of alleviation was resorted to, but her strength was thereby reduced to the lowest point consistent with the continuance of life.

It was about this time that "*The Young Cottager*" was placed in her hands. She made no remark upon it; nor was any one aware that its perusal had produced any unusual effect upon her mind. But her father, writing after her death, says, "Although she sat under an evangelical ministry,

yet, until she read that inestimable little book, I believe she never felt the depravity of her own heart, nor sought its renewal by the Holy Spirit."

In the course, however, of a few months after, Mr. Richmond himself, in one of his journeys for the Jews' Society, visited Newcastle. Lydia's health, at this time, was in the most delicate and precarious state. Her disease rendered quietness and seclusion almost necessary to the hourly continuance of her life.

Her sisters were led to hear Mr. Richmond preach, and they mentioned his name in her hearing. Her attention was instantly aroused, and she eagerly exclaimed, "Oh! I must go and hear him! He taught little Jane the way to heaven, and he will teach me." Her sister told her that she could not permit her to think of it that evening, (Sunday,) ill as she was; but that Mr. Richmond was to preach again on the Thursday, when she might perhaps be better. "But," she added, "how will you be able to get there—you cannot walk?" "O dear!" she answered, "but I will try, and we will go by the bye ways, and you will carry me when I cannot get on." In the interval between Sunday and Thursday, her sister remarks, she was more careful of her health, and anxious to gain strength, than young people usually are when expecting to join a pleasure party. The sisters set out, and an idea may be inferred of the state of Lydia's health, from the fact, that they congratulated themselves on being so happy as to reach the church after a painful struggle of an hour and a half. "Now," says Lydia, "I must be where I can see Mr. Richmond." In this, too, they succeeded, and the sister expected that when the service was concluded, she would contentedly return home; but to her great surprise, the poor girl's agitation increased, and she exclaimed, "I must speak to him!"

Her sister's astonishment at this desire was naturally very great. Lydia, who was then under ten years of age, was naturally timid and bashful. She was now in a weak and feeble state of body, inducing great nervousness; and it may be judged from these circumstances, what must have been the ardent feelings of her soul, which could break through all these obstructions, and force her to seek a conversation with one so far removed from her, in age, circumstances, and education, as Mr. Richmond. "My dear Lydia," said the sister, "I cannot go to speak to him; and what would you say, if you could get to see him." "Oh! I want so to talk to him; and you must go and speak to him, and tell him so; I am sure he would not be displeased; I know he would not!"

Her earnest beseeching quite distressed her sister; who not daring to go into the vestry to Mr. R.— followed him, with Lydia, along the street, watching for an opportunity of addressing him. When his pace quickened, Lydia had to be carried, lest he should get out of sight. He stopped to speak with some one, and on his parting from the person, Lydia begged her sister to go and speak to him. "My dear," she replied, "what can I say to him, you must speak to him yourself." "Oh! tell him," said Lydia, "I want to talk to him about what he said to little Jane!" Mr. R. reached his friend's door, and entered the house. Her grief increased, and she exclaimed, "Oh! I shall never see him again,—oh! what shall I do!" She stood opposite the house, weeping, and lamenting the loss of the opportunity, and was with difficulty persuaded to leave the spot. Her sister, on returning home, acquainted her father with her earnest desire, and her grief. He hesitated what to do, but at last, through the intervention of a kind friend, Mr. W—,

Mr. Richmond was made acquainted with the circumstance, and called upon the little girl.

Here we have to regret a deficiency in the history, which no pen but that of Mr. Richmond himself could have supplied. The conversation must have been deeply interesting; but the parties engaged in it have now both left this lower world, and we may suppose, have enjoyed many happy and holy hours of converse in the abodes of bliss. A letter, however, remains to us, which was addressed to Lydia, as its own language shews, on the following day. It is as follows:

Durham, Nov. 1, 1817.

“MY VERY DEAR CHILD,

“As God in his tender mercy permitted me to witness for a little while, yesterday morning, how much your heart has been interested in the story of my ever dear child in the faith, Little Jane, the Young Cottager, I wish to tell you once more how sincerely I desire that it may please our gracious Saviour to make you like unto her. If my little book has in any way been the means of stirring up in your young mind a real desire to be found in the way everlasting, surely I may be permitted to call you, in that respect, one of my little ones, and to feel for you something of a father’s love and affection. Had I known your wish to have seen me sooner, I would have gladly come, and talked to you more about Little Jane, and about the things that belong to your everlasting peace;—as it is, I feel my heart strongly inclined to give you these few lines, as a proof of my good-will and true regard for your soul’s welfare.

“Our acquaintance, my dear little girl, has been short, but perhaps both you and I feel, as if we

were indeed friends in the Lord already. May my prayers for your salvation and support in trials, and your patience in suffering, be answered for the sake of Him who died upon the cross to save sinners. What a Saviour is He! Oh! my child, seek him, love him, bless his holy name! Think of Him when you are in bodily pain, and remember how much greater were his pains. Think of him when you want instruction, and may he be your wisdom. Think of him when you reflect on your sins, and may he prove your righteousness. Are you afraid to come to Him? What? afraid of Him, who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me." No, my dear girl, fear not, he is willing that you should come, for he is the way, the truth, and the life. He is the way to heaven—there is none other; Oh! may you walk in that way, and find rest to your soul therein. Little Jane and I used to talk about heaven and hell, and Christ, and sin, and mercy, and pardoning love, till our hearts burned within us;—you have read a little of our conversations, in the Annals of the Poor; but that is only a small part of what we said to one another. I often think of those days with great thankfulness, and it makes me very glad to see that she, though dead, yet speaketh to the living by her simple story. Behold, how good God is! she died before you were born, yet you are become acquainted with her, and can see how the Lord blessed her in life and in death. Her faith, and love, and humility, are a pattern for you, and through God's loving kindness, I hope you will be like her in these things.

"You probably may be too young or too unwell to write to me, and tell me something about your thoughts and feelings, and what first made you feel a desire to be saved, and what you have felt when you read the story of the Young Cottager. I could wish to know more of your heart, and what you

think about sin, and pardon, and Jesus Christ. But this perhaps cannot be, unless some one should write for you ; but then every word and thought must be your own. The Lord save you, my child, and give you the gospel blessing, and may you trust in Christ with all your heart. Remember Little Jane, and in your prayers remember likewise,

Your affectionate friend in the Lord,

LEGH RICHMOND."

"Give my Christian regards to your sisters, pray with them, and may you all meet in heaven at the last, as sinners freely saved by the blood of Jesus Christ.—Farewell, my dear child."

The conversation and correspondence of Mr. Richmond was made the effectual means of conveying true peace to her soul. She was shortly after enabled to speak of her heart, as being "filled with the love of God ;" and to contemplate her probable dissolution with joy and hope. The following letters were addressed by Mr. R. to Lydia and her sister in the course of the ensuing year. It will appear from these letters, that both the sisters were indebted, under God, to Mr. R. for their first impressions of religion, and for their subsequent confirmation in the ways of holiness and peace.

"And now once more, my dear little Lydia, (for such I apprehend is your name,) let me again press you to my bosom and talk of Jesus. What a sweet name to the believer's ear ! It contains all that a poor weak young sinner, like you, can want. "His name shall be called Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sins." Comforting thought ! may it comfort you, my child, and render pain, sickness, trial, welcome. Lay your heart and all its troubles upon that blessed rock ; cast your burden upon him, and he will (indeed he will !) sustain you. Disease may weaken and destroy your suffering body, but

it cannot injure your soul. Love Him, who loves you; never be afraid to ask him for patience and resignation, and he will show his tender mercy to you. Pray, as well as you can, and always remember that he is praying to His Father for you; it is this which encourages us to go to him. Your life may probably be a short one, but then the sooner shall you be with Christ. Think of Little Jane, and how God supported her; and do not doubt but he will freely grant you the same help. His ear is not heavy, that he cannot hear, nor his arm shortened, that he cannot save. Let me hear from you, if you can so far oblige me, and trust in me as a true friend. Farewell, dear little child, and pray for me, as I do and will for you.

“Faithfully and affectionately yours in Christ Jesus.

LEGH RICHMOND.”

“Jan. 25—I received yours last night.

Newcastle, Tuesday, 12 at night.

“MY DEAR CHILDREN,

“I cannot do more than write two or three lines now. But I wish to give you my blessing before I leave the town, and to ask you to write to me. A letter will find me during the next ten days at the Rev. Dr. Buchanan’s, Canongate, Edinburgh. I wished to have spoken to you again after the service of the chapel, but could not see you. Grace, peace, mercy, and love, be with you, from God our Father, and our Lord Jesus Christ. So prays

Your truly affectionate friend,

LEGH RICHMOND.”

“I hope the Lord was with us to-night at public worship. I felt it was good to be there.”

Glasgow, June 25, 1818.

"MY VERY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND,

"Nothing can be more fallacious than the mere testimony of language, most especially in so infantine a case, to ascertain the genuineness of conversion to God. I am frequently grieved in observing the undue importance which many good but mistaken people attach to this evidence. I am sorry that any such source of uneasiness has arisen in regard to my dear child Lydia. But it may eventually be well; it may teach you to look more for solid and operative testimonies of true faith than mere readiness of conversation. I fully concur with you, that the marks of a divine change are far more satisfactorily proved by such observations as you are able to make, than can possibly arise from the mere expressions of the lips. God in his great mercy carry on in her dear soul a work so evidently begun, and complete it to his own glory in Christ Jesus. I have met with many instances of the conversion of souls in Scotland, owing to the blessing of God on my feeble performances. Elizabeth, William, and Jane, have produced several fruits to God here. To him be all the glory. I am constrained to conclude from the hurry of travelling. Perhaps I may see you next month; it is uncertain. But nothing is more certain than that prayers for you, your sisters, and family, are ardently offered up to heaven by

Your true friend in Christ,

LEIGH RICHMOND.

"To Miss E—— G——."

*Queen's Head Hotel, Pilgrim Street,
Tuesday Morning, 9 o'clock.*

"MY RESPECTED YOUNG FRIEND,

"I am just arrived here from Morpeth, and as my time will soon be much hurried and broken in

upon, I write to ask you in the first place whether it would be quite convenient to you to come to me here, while I am breakfasting, to save time, that I may have the pleasure of some Christian conversation with you on the subject of your last letter to me. I shall also visit my little girl while I am at Newcastle, but I thought the present opportunity might be previously desirable. Believe me,

Yours faithfully,

LEGH RICHMOND.

Miss E—— G——.”

Turvey, Jan. 24, 1818.

“MY RESPECTED YOUNG FRIEND,

“You have taken no liberty beyond that which every principle of religious confidence and esteem must fully justify. I have been long hoping to receive a few lines written by or in the name of your dear little sister; and now through the goodness of God, another of the family claims me as a spiritual friend, and even father. May grace, peace, and mercy rest on each and all of you. I will say something first as it concerns yourself. At your period of life the grace of God is indeed most valuable. Youth is a season of peculiar temptation, and needs the strong fortifications of divine principle in the soul to protect it from falling a prey to a thousand snares and devices from without, and from as many foul corruptions striving for mastery from within. “May you be preserved, through faith, by the power of God, unto salvation.” Be much in prayer, and like a wrestling Jacob, you shall prevail. By faith in that Saviour who is the wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption of his people you shall triumph over sin, death, and hell. “Faithful is he that hath promised, who also will do it.” Oh! “cast your care on him, for he careth for

you." If the Lord was pleased to make my visit to Newcastle in any degree a comfort or source of instruction to your soul, I ought to thank him for so great a mercy to us both. What am I but your fellow sinner? and if God make use of one poor sinner to minister help to another poor sinner, to whom, but to himself, great, wise, and merciful, can the praise be due? I shall ever remember my visit to Newcastle with much pleasure, and in particular I shall never forget the short interview which I was permitted to enjoy in your house. Your little sister, my little Jane, and the dear Redeemer of them both, seemed on that morning to be all brought to my affections with singular emotions, and now I feel that there was another link in the chain of Christian affection which mercy bound around my heart. I thank *you* for enabling me to say so. I heard of your sister some time since from my dear and respected friend, Mr. W——, and I shall be truly glad if she is still able and willing to write to me herself. Pray do not let her imagine that she need be afraid of writing to me. I love my little lamb too dearly in the Lord not to prize whatever she can and will say to me. It would give me much satisfaction if I were permitted to receive some regular account of the dealings of God both with her, and with you, from the first beginning of serious affections in both your souls. Perhaps you will favour me with them at your leisure. This will confirm our Christian friendship, and whensoever it shall please the Lord to take the dear child to himself, will be a memorial which I shall greatly prize. You may probably be spared to serve God in your generation, when she shall have joined Cherubim and Seraphim amongst choirs of angels and ransomed spirits, in heaven. Be it so—and may you so taste that the Lord has been gracious to you, that your temper, example, conversation, and whole life

may testify that you love him for all his goodness to your soul. If, my young friend, you have really felt the burden of sin, and have seen the awful consequences of remaining in a graceless state, what views will you have of the Saviour's character and office ! what exalted ideas of his love to sinners. In Him a perfect righteousness is wrought out for and applied to the believer ; his riches will supply *your* poverty : *his* wisdom, *your* ignorance ; *his* strength, *your* weakness. Live upon his fulness by faith, and see in him a provision abundantly made for every difficulty and every danger. Commit yourself, soul, body, and spirit to him. He is mighty to save, and will save to the uttermost.

“ And now I return to *you*, my friend and correspondent : you will pardon my digression to your little sister ; God bless her. I commend you to the Lord and his grace. Go forward in that path that leads to glory. Fear not the lions in the way ; stronger is he that is with us, than they that are against us. Present my Christian regards to your father and sisters ; remember how much I need your prayers, and believe me, &c. &c.

Turvey, Aug. 6, 1818.

“ MY DEAR LITTLE CHILD,

“ I thank God for kindly permitting me to visit you and your family, when I lately travelled in the North. I love you for Jesus Christ's sake, and wish to do you good. But this must entirely depend on God's blessing. It is not *my* word but *His* that must change your heart. My visits are only the visits of a poor fellow creature, who needs the grace of the Redeemer as much as yourself ; but when Christ visits you, then there is true light and peace. Then you may cry out with young David, “ Lord,

what is man, that thou art mindful of him, and the son of man, that thou visitest him?" My child, pray to him—read his word daily, and never be contented without seeking to understand every word and every sentence. Read it for faith, that you may trust your soul and body entirely upon him. Read it for the government of your temper, that you may shew forth the inward light which God gives you, by patience, kindness, gentleness, obedience to your father and sisters, and every becoming disposition of mind. You ought to consider that your life has been spared beyond our expectation, and that every hour of it is a fresh call for love, honour, wonder, and praise to God. Read the word of God, that you may learn the value of time. Every hour should have its due occupation. Read the word, that you may know how to feel towards your dear friends. For those who love and fear God, how thankful ought you to be! They watch over your soul, and are daily praying for you. For those who do not love and fear God, how ought you to pray! Who can tell but that your prayers may be the special means of bringing down blessings upon them. Most especially let your temper and behaviour towards them show that *you* yourself fear God, and love Jesus Christ. Example and prayer may go together in all God's children. I hope he will not leave one of your brothers and sisters, without manifesting a blessing to their soul.

"Will you write to me again, Lydia? or, if your dear sister is kind enough to write for you, let every thought and every word be all your own. I shall now call upon your young friend Ann W——, whom I also love tenderly in the Lord, to fulfil her promise to me, and I will say a few words to her on the other side. Give my christian love to your Father, brothers, and sisters; and may they, you,

and I meet at last in that happy place where Christ is in glory. Pray for yourself, and for

Your true friend in the love of God,
LEGH RICHMOND."

"My own little children send their kind regards to you, and I beg you will remember them also when you pray."

Monday Evening, November 1818.

"DEAR YOUNG FRIEND,

"I have been thinking how, amongst my numerous engagements, I can best see you and your sister, and as I wish also to call on Mary H——, I wish you would both come to her house on Tuesday morning, at a quarter before ten o'clock, and I will meet you there on my way to the chapel. Tomorrow I shall be engaged at North Shields, till it will be too late to see you before the Bible Meeting. On Tuesday I have a service at the chapel at eleven, then a meeting of some young people about Church Missionary business, and a public meeting in the evening. On Wednesday evening at five o'clock, I go to Lancaster: you will see by this how much my time is occupied. I hope Lydia is well enough to come out. I wish you and your family every blessing in Christ.

"Please to give me a line. I was very much obliged by your last communication. May God bless you and your's.

I am,

Your's very faithfully,
LEGH RICHMOND."

"Miss E— G——.

Lydia, to use the words of her sister, "continued for about three years after this, to walk in the light

of her Redeemer's countenance, blessing and praising God continually." After this period, however, the enemy was permitted, for a time, to gain a partial advantage over her. The sister already spoken of, who could have aided and protected her steps in the narrow road, was removed from her by marriage. She went to reside with another near relative, who educated young ladies in her own house. This new association with a variety of gay and worldly people, soon produced its natural effect upon Lydia's youthful and ductile mind. Her outward attention to religious duties continued unre-laxed, and her chief enjoyment was still the worship and service of God, but she lost that simple and child-like confidence which she had heretofore enjoyed; she was secretly unhappy because in heart she had backslidden.

But soon the Lord sent her a warning, by an increase of her disorder, which brought her a penitent to the feet of Jesus, where she afterwards recovered her peace of mind. At this period, Mr. Richmond, who had heard something of her state, addressed to her the following letter.

Glasgow, June 28th, 1822.

"MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND,

"A report has reached me that you are in a very declining state of health, and that it may soon be the will of the Lord to take you hence. I am desirous of knowing what the state of your mind is, and how far the young beginnings of religion which I witnessed in your early infancy, have at length ripened into a due preparation of heart to meet your God in eternity. Has the blessing of the Saviour accompanied the means of grace to your soul? Can you rest your all upon him who died to save sinners? Can you, with little Jane, the Young Cottager,

commit yourself to God as a faithful Creator, and sure Redeemer? Have the pains of your body been sanctified to the instruction and consolation of your soul? Do you feel yourself to be a lost, undone, and helpless sinner? Can you flee to the strong One for help; and see wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption in Christ? Have you really sought the pardon of your manifold offences against God? If you cannot write me these things yourself, ask your sister Elizabeth to do it for you. I have often thought of you with mingled hopes and fears. May God answer my prayers for your sake. Give my Christian regards to your father and sisters, and believe me,

Your sincere friend in the Lord,

LEGH RICHMOND."

Of her own letters to Mr. Richmond, no traces remain. A short note to a young friend, written about this period, is the only specimen we have of her train of thought and experience, but it will be seen from it that she recognizes the afflicting hand of God, as having a second time brought her back to his fold.

"MY DEAR ALICE,

"I received yours, for which I return my most grateful thanks. My dear friend, I sympathize with you in the death of poor little Rebecca. I heard of it soon after; I think your brother told me. You truly say there is no passing through this world without trouble; when we look around we see nothing but confusion, but in the breast of the Christian there is solid happiness. You know this very well; but I hope, my love, you feel it too. Oh that we could cast our care upon Him that careth for us. See how He invites us to draw near

and taste that He is gracious. I have much cause to be thankful for my afflictions, for He has brought me a second time into His fold. O let us not waste our youth in doing nothing for our Saviour. Dear friend, if you have felt any of these things, as I trust you have, do write and tell me of the Lord's dealings with your soul; it would so delight my heart to have a friend like you to go hand in hand to that heavenly country. Remember, my friend, this is not our home; we have a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens, and we have a crown of glory that fadeth not away.—What encouragement for young people! He has said, "They that seek me early shall find me;" then let us take up our cross daily and follow Him who hath bought us with His own blood; but I need not say more at present, as I know you are well acquainted with the subject. So adieu, my dear, and believe me,

Your's affectionately,
LYDIA G——."

Her disorder began soon after this to make such progress as gave warning of her approaching dissolution. In the near view of eternity, she once expressed to a friend her apprehension, that the work in her soul had not been genuine,—that her religion had been too much that of a Pharisee. Her friend then put into her hand, the Life of Miss S——, whose experience greatly resembled her own, and appeared so exactly suited to the exigency of her own case, that she derived much comfort from it, and shortly attained such a degree of composure in the near prospect of death, as to be able to say, "I am now perfectly happy, and would not exchange situations with any one." To another friend she said, "I have had a sore conflict, but all is peace now!"

She became so ill as usually to be unable to enter into conversation. At intervals, however, she

obtained a little relief. About three days before her death, a friend called, whom she requested to pray with her, and then to repeat one of her favourite hymns,

“How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,” &c.

She appeared to dwell with delight upon every word, and repeated with great animation the last couplet,

“That soul, though all hell should endeavour to shake,
I’ll never, no never, no never forsake!”

On parting from this friend, whom she was to see no more in this life, she sent her remembrances to a little Christian society to which they both belonged, saying, “Sarah, give my love to my young Christian friends, and say to them that I hope to be the first to hail them when they land on that happy shore, to which I am now hastening.”

She grew rapidly weaker, but still retained her senses, and her peaceful serenity of mind. On Sunday evening, as one of her brothers was weeping over her, and not expecting her to survive the night, she said, “I shall see you again in the body.” Soon after, holding the hand of each brother in her own, she said, “Oh! that I could tell my mother, when we meet, that you are all coming quickly after me.” She was asked if she had any message for another brother, then in London. She answered, “Tell him, that though he may be in perfect health at present, yet

Short is our longest day of life,
And soon the prospect ends ;
Yet, on that day’s uncertain strife,
Eternity depends !”

About an hour before her death, a pious lady called to see her, and prayed with her. She was unable to converse, but her friend said, "My love, I do not wish you to speak; but if you are able, tell me, by holding up your hand, whether you are quite happy." Immediately, as with a last effort, she raised her half-dead arm as high as she could. Shortly after, the flickering flame of life rose again, and having tasted nothing for four and twenty hours, she asked for something to drink. Her sister brought it to her, when she put her arms round her neck, and said, "Now raise me up." The last struggle of nature prompted this desire, but on being moved, her agony was extreme, and she cried out, "Oh! pray that I may be suffered to go now." Folding her hands in the attitude of prayer, she continued for about three minutes, and then said, "I want breath!—Hold me still!—I am going—now!" and sunk into her sister's arms, a corpse.

She had desired a little silver purse, being the most valuable thing of the kind she possessed, to be sent after her death to Mr. Richmond. She said, "he has been my best friend on earth,—I wish him to keep it in remembrance of me."

The following letters appear to have been written by Mr. Richmond to the married sister of Lydia, on his receiving the intelligence of her death.

Turvey, Feb. 26, 1825.

"DEAR CHRISTIAN FRIEND,

"I am much obliged by your affecting intelligence. I am weeping and rejoicing over the grave of a dear and glorified son. My heart is sensibly affected by every similar case, and be assured, I have not forgotten Lydia. I received the dear child's letter long since, and thought I had answered it. Oblige me with a full and detailed account of

all you remember respecting her, from the earliest impression, previous to my first sight of her. Describe her feelings, progress, backslidings, recovery, and whatever you think most interesting and valuable relating to her. Accompanying it with any remarks of your own, and be assured that I shall receive them with friendly gratitude. What a change ! from earth to heaven ; from sorrow to joy : from mortality to immortality ! May you and I experience it in God's own time. Give my Christian regards to your father, sisters, and family, and to your husband. Do not fear to write at full length about your sister Lydia, and believe me,

Faithfully yours,

LEGH RICHMOND."

September 28, 1825.

"DEAR CHRISTIAN FRIEND,

"I have received your parcel just as I am setting out on a journey, and can only at present give a hasty reply to your kind communication, which gives me much satisfaction. I receive these tokens of esteem, both from yourself and your departed sister, with much gratitude. I have never ceased to think of her with Christian regard, for although during a season she seemed to fall back from the earlier marks of converting grace, yet the Lord again so abundantly owned his work, that we can now only say, "How excellent is his name in all the earth." She died but a short time after my own dear son, whose memory is most dear to me, —dear beyond my powers of expression. I shall preserve her bequest as a tender memorial of her spiritual regard. I thank you for your explanation relative to the letter written some years since. It is quite satisfactory ; you did perfectly right in not allowing it to be inserted in any printed publication.

I should by no means consent to that. The cause of Christ prospers much in this place, and I have reason to be very thankful. I am under apprehension relative to the reported dangerous illness of my eldest son in India. The rest of my family are pretty well. I hope Mr. W——, whom I ever loved affectionately in the Lord, is better than he was some time ago.

Your friend in the Lord,
L. RICHMOND.

Mrs. B——.

This sister, Mrs. B——, who was also a spiritual child of Mr. Richmond, died in the faith, on the 21st of April, 1826, and, as her father remarks, "would be among the foremost to hail his arrival on the happy shore." Conjecture would be useless and vain, as to the numbers who, similarly blessed through the means of his writings, will throng to form his "crown of rejoicing" in the great day; but nothing can be more certain than this, that he will be found among those who have "turned many to righteousness," and who will "shine as the stars for ever and ever."

THE END.

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